

Walls

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Walls

by [24notfound](#)

Summary

He had the awkward tenderness of someone who has never been loved and is forced to improvise.

When George is finally able to visit Dream in Florida, they start to face a lot more complications than they'd anticipated.

Notes

This is fanfiction, obviously. These characters are simply just characters based on Dream and George. We all know this, but obviously if they're not comfortable with this being up, you best believe I'm taking this shit down.

I'm not sure what content warning I'm meant to include other than swearing. There's gonna be a little bit of angst, you hate to see it. Tension ☹️, you love to see it. And it's a slow burn baby, but there'll always be tension to keep you guys fed, I promise.

Okaaaay enjoy, you cheeky bastards 😊

11/10/21 - this shit is in deep need of editing holy fuck best of luck new readers, yall stay safe out there x

Alt Stream Energy

"Russia." George deadpanned.

"You're such an idiot." Dream scoffed a soft laugh. "Sapnap?"

Sapnap sighed. "I'm not even gonna bother. Every time I suggest an answer, you're like, *George, you really think so?*"

"Well, I'm asking the *both* of you—" Dream began.

George giggled stating his deliriousness; they'd been streaming GeoGuessr on Dream's alt for about two whole hours. George could tell Sapnap wanted to play CSGO—or quite literally anything else that wasn't GeoGuessr, but fighting to keep his eyes opened, George couldn't think of anything worse than having to go live after Dream.

So, reaching for his phone, George pulled up his and Sapnap's texts, typing out, '*Can I pass on csgo today?*'

An immediate huff was heard following the green ring that blinked around Sapnap's discord icon, deriving a small laugh from George, augmenting in volume when he received Sapnap's text.

I guess

Having one socked foot propped up on his chair, knee hugged to his chest, George watched through hooded eyes as Dream moved through the familiar streets on the discord shared screen.

Turkey, George thought to himself, smirking winningly.

George cleared his throat, "Romania." forcing nonchalance in his tone.

Swaying Dream's thought process and instinct was George's favourite thing to do because he *knew he could*. The warmth he felt within himself when Dream would blindly follow his advice, no matter wrong, gave George a sense of pride. George did this to boost his own ego. That's what he convinced himself, ignoring the possible truth behind why Dream never second-guessed him.

"I was thinking Turkey..." Dream huffed, "...but I mean, I don't know, yeah...it could be Romania."

George hung his head, suppressing a laugh as he grinned at his lap, but hearing Sapnap chuckle quietly, knowingly, reeled a laugh out of George. The two of them continued in a course of ping-ponged chuckles. George knew that Sapnap knew: an unspoken connection, an untold inside joke.

"What are you guys laughing at?" Dream joined in, cluelessly.

"Just pop a Romania. Trust me." George urged, anticipating the chorus of Dream's complaints when he would eventually get it wrong.

Because it was Turkey, you idiot.

George glanced at the clock that rested on a shelf above his desk: 3:48 PM. He usually went to bed at half-past two around the same time that Dream did, but he received a text from him earlier saying that he was alright to keep the stream going for a little longer. He wasn't going to object because they helped each other out all the time and George figured that he could sacrifice a few

more hours of sleep for him.

A couple of hours had passed and Dream was wrapping up his stream. Sapnap left a little earlier, telling the stream he was tired when in reality, he was going to play Rainbow Six Siege off-stream. George and Dream moved onto Minecraft towards the end of the stream; not really playing for anything and just roaming around on the server.

"Thank you guys, this was fun, as always. I don't know when I'll stream next probably—"

"Next month or something." George chimed in.

Dream chuckled. "No, I'll probably stream in a couple of weeks."

"Wow," George drawled out the syllables, foot slipping off his chair as he leaned into the mic to say, "You better hold him to that, chat."

"Well, I said probably—"

"He owes you guys a face reveal if he doesn't stream—"

"You're so annoying." George could practically imagine Dream rolling his eyes following the powerless insult. "Look, I can't promise anything. I might be busy working on something—"

"Oh," George spoke through a pout. "He's got *priorities*, your honour."

Dream laughed. "What is wrong with you tonight?"

"I need *sleep*," George yelled into his mic.

"What? Did you not sleep last night?" Dream asked, a serious tone overlapping his laugh.

"Obviously not, *Dream*." He sulked in his seat, letting out a deep sigh.

"George does this thing where he's tired, but he won't do anything about it," Dream spoke and suddenly George realized they were still on stream, causing his eyes to open slightly.

His eyebrows furrowed, "That's not fair—that's not fair. We were gonna—I was gonna end the call to sleep, but you were like, *uh, I'm not tired*," He imitated a scratchy American accent, sounding the furthest thing from Dream's voice.

Dream's wheeze sounded through his chuckle. "Is that how I sound?"

George broke into a grin. "Yes. It's your fault I'm sleep-deprived. And I'm sacrificing sleep once again for your stream."

"Well, you could have said no," Dream mumbled, seemingly distracted by something.

And purposely pestering Dream for his attention, George spoke through a smile as he said, "No, I can't 'cause then you'll message me begging for my attention like you always do when I try to cancel."

George wouldn't normally say these sorts of things on stream, but the statement derived from his sleep deprivation. There was this undying urge to be the most unhinged he could when sleep possessed his tongue, wringing out words *for* him. It was paradoxical; having the most energy to pester Dream when George was exhausted himself.

And just as expected, Dream sputtered out, "*What?*" through a light laugh, reeling one out of George. "I beg for your attention—that's funny—I'd argue that you can't say no 'cause you can't get enough of me, George."

George scoffed. "Okay."

"Because you *love* me, George." Dream pressed, falling into the habit of upping George when this side of him jumped out.

George's eyes shot up to his screen. "Stop."

No matter how tired, there was a limit to George's forwardness. Especially when Dream challenged the bit with *that* tone; one that he recently began using with George. There was this instinct within George to always dismiss Dream's notions when it got to this point because if he didn't, he feared where it would bring them—where the line or boundary grew blurry in their vision.

They discussed this part of their friendship when the fans started shipping the two of them. They discussed how they're pretty open to making jokes with one another because of how comfortable they were with each other—how long they'd *known* each other. However, lately, George has noticed a shift between them. Dream's usual terms of endearment held a lot more weight and some of the things he said, off-stream, when it'd be just him and George, had him questioning the grounds they were standing on.

He didn't want to look too deep into it, but what was scaring him was the way he found himself playing along. George noticed that the instinct that he had, in the first years of knowing Dream, to fight off the playful flirting when it got a little suggestive, slowly ceased to exist as the years passed. George would get this weird feeling, nowadays, towards some of the things Dream would say. And he'd have to snap *himself* out of it, with force. Because George started feeling embers in the fire that camped itself in the pit of his stomach, rising in heat with the questionable things Dream would say.

Because then at that point, at that point, it'd get a little too real.

"George?"

Snapping himself out of it, with force, George huffed in feigned annoyance. "What'd you want, Dream?"

"I'm ending the stream—"

"Bye!" George yelled in the mic once again as he glanced at his second monitor indicating that Dream's stream had ended.

Dream let out a deep sigh and George could hear him recline in his seat. He sounded exhausted and though it's probably no comparison to George's fatigue, he knew Dream had a lot on his plate with all the projects he was working on.

"Aw, is Dweam tired?" George mocked, standing from his chair and stretching his arms.

Dream let out a tired laugh. "Not as much as you, apparently."

"You're probably right." George nonchalantly said before abruptly ending the call, giggling to himself.

George secretly loved doing that for the reason that followed: he'll get a call from Dream in 3, he

turned his monitor off, 2, walked over to his bed,...*I*, halfway through pulling the duvet covers over him, a ring erupted from his cell.

He smirked at his phone screen that displayed 'Dream' and scoffed before answering. "Pathetic."

"Did you just *hang* up on me?" Dream boomed from the other line.

"What was that earlier about me being in my clingy arc 'cause—"

"Alright, okay," A shared laugh. "Are you going to sleep now?"

"Yeah, are you gonna try and stop me again?" He put him on speaker before placing his phone next to his head.

"No," Dream's voice shifted into a soft tone.

It usually did; the transition in his voice from when he's streaming to when they're on call together. It's to be expected, George supposed, but he's been in a three-way call when it was Sapnap, Dream, and himself, and his voice was *way* different then than it was now.

George hated that he noticed these things. Why did he notice the way Dream's voice dropped two octaves when it was just the two of them, or how his words sounded less rushed and more thought-out, or how he'll laugh softly and quietly when he knows George is on the verge of sleep, or how he'll melodically say his name—

"George?"

There it was.

"Yeah?"

"One more day."

George's eyelids flew open.

"Holy shit. One more day." George breathed out, "I can't believe it's actually happening."

"I know," Dream paused. "I can't imagine what it'll feel like."

"I might pass out."

Dream laughed. "I'll catch you."

There was a brief moment of silence that fell between the both of them; it wasn't awkward, it wasn't weird—it was pensive. Having to still process that there was truly one day left before George boards his flight. He wondered how they'd act around each other.

"It might be harder for you to fall asleep with all of that in your head now."

George rolled his eyes. "You're always keeping me up."

"I can't say I'm sorry." He could *hear* the smile on Dream's face.

"That's mean." Is all he managed to say as his brain began racing with thoughts.

Would they shake hands? Or would Dream be okay if he just ran and tackled him into an embrace?

Would Dream hug back? Would it be at all like the made-up scenarios in his head?

Moments of silence pass between them, that comfortable silence that George loves to wallow in because it's all theirs.

"I'll miss falling asleep like this." Dream sauntered through his thoughts.

Feeling himself slowly drift into a deeper state of unconsciousness, George slurred, "Me too."

George wasn't sure if he heard the next bit in his dream. If he imagined it. But through Dream's cadence sounded, "I'm scared, George."

George *didn't* know, until much later, that Dream had stayed on call long enough for the blonde, himself, to have temporarily dozed off in his chair.

And whether that statement—sounded through a dream or not—were true, George knew it was because they both weren't ready to see each other, and yet they were still so impatient.

You're So Obsessed with Me

Chapter Summary

The filler/conversation-heavy chapter of Dream pretty much making "George's #1 simp" his personality trait.

George woke up around midnight, and to say he felt like absolute dog shit would be an understatement. He couldn't remember when he fell asleep: to be fair, he was asleep halfway through Dream's stream, but he would never tell him that. He smiled to himself at the thought of how Dream's ego sometimes got the best of him.

After laying in bed for a couple of minutes, he glanced over at his nightstand and the first thing that he met eyes with was that goddamn quartz elephant. He lazily reached for it and analyzed the figurine. The way he had a genuine attachment to this object was ridiculously embarrassing; one could argue the reason behind the attachment was even more ridiculous. He considered this stupid thing a token of love from Dream and he would keep that secret until he's six feet under.

He couldn't believe that in about less than twenty-four hours, he'd be in Florida. He would be in the same vicinity--the same room as Dream. This person he'd been talking to since 2015, all the sleepless nights invaded by ten to twelve-hour discord calls, it was all gonna be right in front of him. He'd be able to reach over and touch Dream.

He placed the elephant on his chest and ran a hand down his face before taking a deep breath. It was a scary fucking thought. There'd been a few times where he genuinely considered the idea of canceling the ticket and coming up with an excuse as to why he couldn't go, but he knew Dream wanted to meet him. So did he.

He sat up in his bed and was immediately met with his reflection from the mirror across the room. He grimaced and tussled his hair, not accomplishing much. Before he could get out of bed, a ring erupted from his phone which sat atop the pillow where he last left it. He looked over his shoulder and the screen read 'Dream'.

George snorted and grabbed the phone, answering the call, "You're so obsessed with me."

A warm laugh escaped Dream, "Good morning, sunshine."

He grimaced, "What?"

"So, I spoke with the owner of the house, well both Nick and I did," He cleared his throat, "She said she's down to meet us, like, your second week here."

"You could have just texted this, you know." George rolled his eyes, pretending to be annoyed at the fact that he called, but in reality, he didn't mind one bit.

Dream knew that too.

"But then I wouldn't be able to hear your sexy raspy, morning voice, George." Dream purred.

George gagged, "Are you writing a fanfiction live? Also, it is midnight."

"That's when your day starts anyway." Dream chuckled.

He stood up, nearly stumbling forward as he felt himself get lightheaded, "Woah."

"What?"

"I'm just a little lightheaded."

"I mean, yeah, you slept like less than six hours. Don't you need like, twelve hours?"

"Twelve?" George exclaimed, "I'm not a sloth."

"No, you're baby."

George's nose scrunched, "Oh my god."

Dream's familiar wheeze rang through the line and George couldn't help but smile.

"I think the boys are on TeamSpeak if you wanna join?" Dream asked as George made his way over to his desk.

"Who's streaming?" He turned his monitor on and got settled at his desk.

"No one, but I think Bad wants to play Among Us,"

"I'm so shit at that game," George chuckled.

"Do it for me?" Dream asked, his tone going soft, "I'll enjoy it more if you're there."

George smiled to himself and let out a deep sigh, "Fine. I'll see you in there."

He ended the call before Dream could speak another word. He didn't hate the game, but he didn't necessarily enjoy it, nor would he play it unless Dream was. There are times when Dream had asked him to join games that Corpse was hosting as they needed more people, and he wouldn't join at times because he simply didn't feel like it. However, at the moment that Dream had personally asked George to join because he wanted his company, how could he say no? He couldn't.

He entered the group call after undaunting and unmuting to be greeted by the natural chaos that ensued when both Quackity, Sapnap, and Karl were in the call. He nearly rolled his eyes when Quackity called upon him, imitating a British accent.

"Leave him alone, he just got here." Dream chimed in, laughing slightly.

"I think I'm gonna stream, actually," George stated.

George launched his stream and welcomed chat. The games went as they usually did when they'd play Among Us; Sapnap would get loud and cut a lot of people off, Karl would stumble over his words when trying to get out of a situation, Quackity was overdoing it with his voice mods, etc. Though George enjoyed those parts and had his fair share of laughs, he especially enjoyed the times where he and Dream would go off on task dates and just dance around each other in hallways of the map. They were playing with proximity chat which meant that they could speak to each other in-game, prompting them to leave the others a few times.

As he would glance over at chat, he would notice all the DNF shippers comment on how they kept meeting up with each other in-game; he pretended not to see them and avoided addressing them, something his past self has worked hard on doing.

They were now in a meeting with Punz, Callahan, Awesamdude, and Skeppy dead. George's palms were pooling in sweat as he was, unfortunately, the impostor along with Bad. He had a feeling Dream knew because they weren't together in-game as much as they usually were.

"It's George, It's George, It's George!" Karl said the second the meeting slid up on their screens.

"What?" George began.

"What do you mean?" Dream chimed in.

"How is it me?"

Before Karl could answer, Sapnap rolled in, "There's literally no way it's not George. When I was in admin with him and he was acting so sus, I booked it out--"

"What?" George cut him off.

Quackity spoke through his voice mod, his voice on full autotune, "Where was the body?"

Karl laughed, "It was in MedBay--"

"Wait! MedBay? He literally came out of Electrical as I was about to go in there!" Sapnap yelled.

Over the screaming and yelling between George, Karl, and Sapnap, along with Quackity's autotune voice chiming in now and then, Bad and Dream struggled to hear each other.

"Okay, shut up you muffin heads, I can't hear Dream." Bad raised his voice.

"Bad can't hear *Dreeeeeem*," Quackity sung.

"Shut up, Quackity." George laughed.

Dream chuckled, "No, okay. I think it's Bad."

"It's so obviously George, what do you mean?" Karl exclaimed.

"Oh my god, of course, he's not gonna say it's George." Sapnap groaned.

"It's because we went into Electrical together, Sapnap! If he vented, I would have seen it!" Dream raised his voice.

George grinned and leaned back in his chair, muting himself, he turned to chat, "Dream's lying."

"I haven't been wrong once when it came to voting out the impostor--"

"I don't care! It's George!" Sapnap was now full-on yelling atop his lungs.

"It's not me! I was doing a task in Electrical and crossed paths with you on my way out. Am I not allowed to have tasks in Electrical?" George's tone was not at all confident, but his tactic while playing this game was: deny, deny, deny.

"No, you're not! Cause you're an impostor!" Sapnap rebottled.

"Oh my god." George leaned back in his seat and lolled his head back before running a hand through his hair.

"I'm voting Bad." Dream stated, "I'm ninety percent sure it's him. I'm telling you right now, it's not

George--cause here's the thing; you can have sus on George, but I have not seen Bad once this entire game."

"Okay, well I have—" Sapnap began.

"Thank you, Sapnap," Bad said.

"I'm voting George." Karl and Sapnap simultaneously said.

There a was brief moment of silence before the votes started rolling in and...it was tied.

"Quackity, what the *fuck*?" Sapnap yelled.

He had voted for Bad along with Dream and George. Laughter boomed through the call as Karl and Sapnap continued to berate Quackity.

"I'm so sorry," Quackity sang-through heavy autotune.

"You're such a fucking troll." Sapnap huffed.

After a couple more rounds, it was down to Sapnap, Quackity, Dream, and George. He made his way to Navigation where he then bumped into Dream. He hovered his cursor over the kill button and he glanced over at his chat with an eyebrow raised.

"I can't. I need him to defend me, chat."

"George." Dream's voice sounded through his headphones.

George's head snapped to his primary monitor and he unmuted himself in-game, "Dream."

"I know it's you." Dream spoke.

"It's not." George giggled.

"Listen, you have to kill me." Dream stated.

"I am not doing that, I don't have the ability to."

"George, I've known it's you from the beginning."

"Why didn't you say anything then?"

"Cause I didn't want you to get voted out."

George laughed as he read the chat, "Chat's calling you a simp."

"I am a simp, but only for George." Dream said, his voice sounding soothing.

"Stop," He said and quickly added, "I can't kill you."

"You'll have to. Quackity is cleared, but you can turn it on Sapnap. Kill me, George—"

"I can't—"

"Kill me—"

George hit the kill button and Dream's character was now dead in front of him, just as Sapnap

walked in causing George to explode in laughter.

"*Oh my god,*" Sapnap reported the body.

Both Sapnap and George began yelling that the other did it while Quackity groaned in annoyance.

"I hate this," Quackity sighed.

"I'm telling you, Quackity. Sapnap literally killed Dream right in front of me."

"*He's fucking lying,* Quackity," Sapnap roared.

"Stop *yelling* at me," Quackity yelled and when silence fell upon then, he spoke again, "All I know is that George would never kill Dream, Sapnap however—"

The sound of Sapnap hitting his desk sounded through the call, "I honestly hate you so much."

George clicked to vote on Sapnap at the same time that Quackity did which caused Sapnap to get voted out. The screen before George displayed "Victory" and the chaos ensued.

"*Let's go,*" George cheered.

A few hours had passed and it was now five in the morning for George. He had said his goodbyes to the rest of the boys before turning his attention to the stream.

"Okay, I'm gonna end the stream here, guys. But before I do that, I have some news: I guess, it's not good news, but it's also not bad, I promise. I'm not gonna be streaming on this account for a month or so, but I will stream on my alt shortly. I hope you can understand. Nothing's wrong, everything's fine, I'm just gonna take a little break from the face cam, and I don't want to stream without face cam on main 'cause I want to provide the best quality for the main stream. So, yeah. Anyway, thank you for watching the stream, and thank you for the donos. Bye!"

After turning off his stream, he sat back and picked up his phone. His eyes were burning as he went to his Discord app: he figured Dream was most likely going to bed seeing as it was one in the morning, but it wouldn't hurt to call him anyway. Before he could tap on the 'camera' icon, a ring erupted from his phone; Dream.

"I thought you were going to bed," George said.

"I was watching you end your stream. I like that sweater on you, by the way," Shuffling came from the other end of the line indicating that Dream was most likely in bed.

"Yeah?" George asked, a small smile forming on his face.

"Yeah, red looks really good on you," His tone was laced with a bit of allurement.

George looked at his camera and there was a small pause between the two of them before he spoke up, "I'll keep that in mind."

A breathy chuckle escaped Dream, "I, uh, I can't believe the chat has no idea that you're gonna be in Florida for a month."

George sat up, "I'll tell them when we're fully settled in the house. For now, it'll be a secret."

"Our little secret?" Dream asked.

"Sure. Anyway, I've got to leave for the airport in less than an hour. Wanna stay on here while I finish packing?" George asked as he scanned his room for his suitcase.

"Do I ever," Dream sarcastically said.

A lot of their calls went like that; one of them would be working on something while the other did their own thing and they'd just sit in silence. A lot of people assumed that they were consistently talking when they'd say they've been on a call for ten hours or so, but it was just them sitting in silence enjoying each other's company. George was so shitty at showing affection, so he did it in the only way he knew how: quality time.

He wanted to work on that, but right now, that's the best he could offer.

"Are you bringing the elephant?" Dream asked.

George furrowed his eyebrows, "How can you see that?" He glanced at his nightstand.

"Uh, I can't, I was just asking if you were bringing it. But it's nice to know—" He broke into a laugh when George facepalmed, "It's nice to know you keep it on your nightstand."

George's cheeks reddened and he avoided looking into the camera.

"It was on my desk, I was moving things around—"

"Yeah, sure. Do you keep it there to think of me before you go to bed?" Dream cooed.

"Fuck off," George scoffed, "This isn't fair. I don't even know why I have my camera on when you never do."

"Well, it's cause I appreciate a good view." Dream said, causing the pink in his cheeks to flare up again, "And you know I do, look at you!"

"Okay, stop." George moved his phone so that his camera was now facing the ceiling instead of him.

He loved compliments, who didn't, but it was different when it came from Dream. It made him so fucking nervous and as much as he hated to admit it, it got him flustered every damn time.

George sighed, "I also want to appreciate a good view."

"Ah, nice try," Dream spoke through laughs, George's favorite sound, "But it would break you, George. So, I'm saving it for a rainy day."

"Time's ticking. I'm about to see all of you tomorrow—wait, I didn't mean—oh no..."

Dream choked, "All of me, huh? You wish."

"Whatever," George rolled his eyes, "And I don't have to keep that thing next to me at night because you're always calling me anyway."

"Which is better, the elephant or my dreamy voice talking you to sleep?" Dream asked only half-joking.

"To be fair, I'd take the elephant right about now." George scoffed out a laugh.

"Well, you won't have much of a choice when you're here," Dream started.

He groaned, "This is gonna be the longest month of my life."

"Do you wanna just share a bed?" Dream jokingly asked.

"Wait, is that not what we're doing?" George asked, trying his hardest to sound serious.

"I mean, do you...if you want to do that, that's fine. I could still keep my office—"

"I'm joking, Dream." George deadpanned.

There was a long moment of silence and George stifled a laugh, but he wasn't really sure how Dream took it.

George didn't fear much in life, but being on Dream's wrong side or genuinely making him mad was up there with the things he avoided for safe measure. He thought back to that one time he pranked Dream by texting his mother introducing himself as "her son's boyfriend"; he went as far as avoiding Dream's consistent calls because he just couldn't face him if/when he was angry.

"Dream?" George called out and after no response, he grabbed his phone and saw that he was still in the call, but he was muted, "Dream!" He laughed and took a few breaths to collect himself, "Drea-Dream," He breathed out and chuckled, "Dream."

Dream unmuted himself and George filled the silence with his broken laughs and multiple 'Sorrays'. When he adjusted his eyes to the screen, he noticed a loading icon where Dream's picture was, indicating that he was turning on his camera: George's breath hitched. His face had never dropped so fast: he was faced with a blank wall, silence still very prominent within the call.

"Dream." George raised his voice, "Say something."

In a swift movement, Dream held up his middle finger, and George's shoulders relaxed as he released a breath he did not realize he was holding.

"I'm back in my hating Dream arc."

"An eye for an eye, George. Fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice..." Dream trailed off.

George stared blankly at his phone, "Go on."

Dream paused before rasping out, "You don't want to find out."

"Oooh, you're so intimidating, Dream." George teased.

"You're such an idiot," Dream snickered.

They spent the rest of the early AM's talking absolute nonsense, discussing what they'd do when George lands, and there were the occasional banter and harmless flirting, not to mention a plethora of fighting over the most random things.

A yawn rang through George's phone and he glanced over at it from his stuffed suitcase, "Are you tired?"

"Mhm," Dream sighed.

"You can end the call. We'll have a whole month to make up for it." George said as he clipped the safety belt attached to the suitcase to secure his belongings.

"We'll have a whole month to make up for a lot of things, George." Dream mindlessly said.

"Mm, I'm sure." George hummed and turned back to his suitcase, zipping it up.

Fuck, he thought. This was it. He had finished packing. It was six in the morning and George was about to board his flight in less than two hours. In about twelve hours, he'd physically be with Dream and Sapnap. A stupid smile formed on his face as he took it all in; this was really fucking happening.

"Dream—" Before he could continue his sentence, he realized that Dream was sound asleep.

When he looked at the time after ending the call, it read: 6:09 AM. The taxi would arrive in about twenty minutes, which gave him enough time to fix his hair and pack the last of his things into his black backpack. As he left his bathroom, he looked over at his window where a bit of sunlight peaked through the curtains. He doubted that the sun would shield the brisk air outside, so he grabbed his black corduroy jacket and wore it over his red hoodie. He analyzed himself in the mirror and frowned at his height, he was going to look so short next to Dream.

He had already said his goodbyes to his parents, so he made his way towards the front door and was welcomed by the taxi driver. Once he was in, he placed his headphones on and the bass of *Goosebumps* by Travis Scott filled his ears; his and Dream's song, as Dream would always say. The thought made him open the Snapchat application. He doubled-tapped Dream's name and quickly took a photo of his passport: *See you in a bit, idiot*.

A Good View

Chapter Summary

Before the plane takes off, George receives a Snapchat from Dream which sends him into a whirlwind of emotions for the whole duration of the flight.

It was 7:32 AM when George had checked his luggage in and was now headed to a Costa for a coffee. He didn't really drink coffee, but he figured that he needed a little bit of fuel to keep him up until he's in that plane seat. He had an aisle seat, which he didn't necessarily hate, but he had hoped for a window seat.

Once the cup warmed his hand, he sat on a stool and immediately pulled his phone out of his pocket. He hated eating out or doing quite literally anything in public when he was all by himself. It's crazy the contrast that lived within him when it came to talking to people; online, he felt unstoppable. It was so easy for him to meet new people, but put him in a situation where he has to physically walk up to someone and strike up a conversation and he'd mentally check out.

Dream was quite the opposite, he smiled and hoped that strangers around him thought he found something on his phone funny and that he wasn't just fondly thinking about his platonic friend.

Everyone was drawn to him, he thought, *it was that alluring essence in his voice, his warm and inviting laugh, the comfort that some of his words brought you. It was his fucking mind. He spoke intellectually, beautifully at that.* George could sit for hours and listen to him talk about his epiphanies and ideas, and he has.

What the fuck was he doing, he thought. Why was this all coming to the surface now? Right before he was about to meet him? Maybe it was the realization that he was about to meet the person he's admired for years. That must be it, no other reason. He was aware of his deep love for him, but there was nothing to unhash, nothing to figure out.

A voice spoke through the intercom, "Virgin Atlantic Airways departure to Orlando, Florida, flight number 4122, now boarding at Gate 3."

It wasn't until that boarding announcement that George realized he was sat on this stool for a good half-hour zoned out and looking at his idle Twitter timeline. He chose to unrealize because that was unbelievably embarrassing: how do you sit still for a half-hour losing yourself in someone?

As he stood in line before boarding the flight, a call erupted from his phone. The built man in front of George turned around vastly and shot him a glare. He shot him an apologetic look before fishing his phone out of his pocket. To be fair, it was a loud ringer and it was only 8 in the morning. He glanced down at his screen and it displayed a name that even his phone knew all too well at this point.

"Oh my god," He cursed under his breath before answering, ducking his head slightly, "Yes, Dream?"

"George," His voice sounded groggy and hoarse, "Where are you?"

"I'm about to board the plane, I'll snap you when I'm in the air." He quickly said before going to end the call until Dream protested.

"When are you getting here?"

"Around four in the evening," George answered and shuffled forward as the line moved, "I gotta go," He glanced at the hostess.

"One more thing," Dream quickly added.

"Oh my god. Hurry." George sighed.

"Have a safe flight. Love you, I'll see you soon."

George debated saying it back, but there was something about saying those words so freely to Dream. He didn't want to say it because he felt as though saying it now would not mean much. He did love him though, he loved him like best friends are meant to love each other.

But he just couldn't mouth the words, let alone voice it out sincerely without inwardly cringing.

"Thank you, see you soon too." And he ended the call.

See you soon too?

George fought the urge to facepalm because he'd probably look insane to the third person.

As the hostess scanned his ticket and let him through, George wondered why Dream was up at four in the morning, but he figured he probably couldn't sleep. He wanted to let his ego think that he was up from excitement rushing through him, but he probably just couldn't sleep. It hasn't *not* happened before; Dream could function on the least amount of sleep that George could just never imagine.

He patted the plane before stepping in and spotted his seat pretty quickly. After stuffing his luggage into the overhead cabin, he settled in his seat. Seconds before he could pull his laptop out to edit, a Snapchat notification sounded through his phone. He furrowed his eyebrows and placed his laptop onto the pull-out tray before unlocking his phone.

It was a Snapchat from Dream, probably replying to the one he had sent earlier. He wasn't fazed that it was a red square; Dream had sent him pictures before, just never of himself. So when he went to open it carelessly, almost looking away for a split second to adjust his laptop onto the tray, the corner of his eye caught a figure and his heart skipped a beat: it was a picture of Dream.

A full snapshot of his reflection in the mirror. And George felt his heart almost flatline when he realized that Dream wasn't shielding his face with his phone; his face was staring right at him--his green tender gaze was accompanied by the brightest, lop-sided grin. George's eyes fluttered to his tousled, messy dirty-blond hair; some strands sticking out in different directions. George's dilated eyes traveled down to the veins that sprung from Dream's knuckles and spidered to his wrist, his fingers were parted as it wrapped itself around his phone. George captured his bottom lip between his teeth as he analyzed his outfit; the loose white shirt that had a few rips at the top hem exposed his defined collarbones. The fabric outlined his firm chest too perfectly for the picture to have been lazily taken. The grey sweatpants were ribbed at the top of thighs, the bathroom counter shielding the rest.

The dryness in his throat caused him to swallow which pressed his lips into a line as he braced himself to look at the text, but not before he did another take at the full image; he hated when

Dream was right because he felt broken looking at that. He was paradoxically broken and mended altogether.

His jaw clenched as he forced himself to look at the text and his breath hitched once again; *just in case the view on the plane isn't appreciative enough.*

"Fuck." George breathed out.

"Sir, I'm gonna ask you to briefly turn your phone off." A hostess spoke, breaking him out of thought.

As if a kid caught watching inappropriate stuff on his phone, George nearly threw his phone to the seat behind him.

"Uh, I, yeah. Sorry, I'll, I'm gonna do that. Now." He gulped.

Her eyebrows furrowed but she sent him a warm smile, "Thank you."

Eyes wide and lips pressed in discomfort, he slipped his phone into his pocket. He shut his eyes and leaned back in his seat before taking another deep breath.

Why the *fuck* was this affecting him as much as it was? Why was his heart racing? Why did he feel as though his lungs had shrunk?

His eyes flew open when he realized he hadn't screenshot the photo. Frantically looking for his phone, he was thankful that it was still displaying Dream. Dream. This was him. He squeezed his eyes shut and shook his head slightly. He probably looked insane, but he just couldn't believe it. The way the fanart didn't miss much almost triggered George. How? And why? Why didn't he expect him to look this good? Had Dream given him any doubt? No, Dream had given him nothing until now. There was no build-up, no preparation, it was inexplicably unexpected.

He was fucking stunned.

He felt a sense of discomfort that he'd never had before; he always looked at Dream the same and he still did, but now *this* was piled on top of it. He didn't know how to deal with these new feelings.

He almost appreciated the fact that Dream sent this earlier in his flight, though he felt as though twelve hours was not enough time to recover.

What the fuck? Recover? George inwardly groaned. *Why was there a need to recover?*

Was it jealousy? No, he's felt that before. Envy? Was it wishing that he looked like him? No, that wasn't it. Was it a competition? In some way, yes. It wasn't so much as competing against him as it was competing with those who were in the same position as George, had they had the pleasure of witnessing Dream in its entirety.

The rest of the flight was spent in a pit of inner conflict. Now, it was all happening way too fast. Twelve hours were spent through several trips to the washroom with splashed water on his face, sleep being disturbed by his poisoned thoughts, unhelpful distractions displayed on his laptop, and a lot of fights against the urge to down an entire bottle of wine in hopes to silence it all out.

A voice on the intercom, for the second time this day, snapped him out of his head: "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Orlando International Airport. Local time is 4:03 PM. And the temperature 77 degrees Fahrenheit. For your safety and comfort, please remain seated..." George zoned out once

again, this time his anxiety was at an all-time high.

Oh. My. God.

He was here. He was about to land. And as he felt the wheels of the plane hit the tarmac, he lost all his senses, numbness swallowing him whole.

He was here. And Dream was most definitely less than 4000 miles away. The ocean between them had been surpassed. There were no roads left to be traveled. Only a few footsteps. He was *footsteps* away from seeing him.

Found

Chapter Summary

As they meet for the first time, George struggles to decipher the difference in how his mind and actions operate around Dream.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Every step felt heavier than the next as he walked down the corridor that led to the international pick-up. His brain challenged the willingness in his legs to keep walking towards the end of the terminal; the voices around him were muffled by the deafening thoughts running through his head. Dream would be waiting at the end of this endless passageway: he was in between wishing this path would elongate itself somehow, while also hoping that it was nearing its end. Dream would spot him before he could, George knew that because of how familiar he must look to Dream. He only recently found out what Dream looked like and he was still sort of processing it.

He realized he was nearing the end when he noticed the setting sun peer through the tall windows of the airport. *This was it*. Now, he scanned. Scanned for a face that should be familiar, but wasn't. He felt weak, which he partially blamed on the sleep-deprivation knowing damn well that his thoughts were fully responsible for the damage to his current state.

Every second spent looking for Dream sped up his heart rate. He didn't want to be dramatic, but he genuinely felt like he was going to pass out. It seemed as if everything around him had fastened in pace; people were walking a lot faster, voices zipped in and out of his ears, and there was this sudden relentless buzzing that began to get louder with every turn he made.

He looked lost, he felt lost. Why did he suddenly forget how to walk? He had never experienced a panic attack and he knew this wasn't that, but he felt stuck in this one spot. In the middle of this terminal, he was looking around for help like a lost child. He felt his cheeks redden as an uncomfortable warmth snaked itself around his body.

The buzzing was getting louder. The voices around him started making less and less sense. His vision started to blur.

"Geoooooorge," An all-too-familiar voice sounded from his right.

He turned and about ten feet away from him stood Dream. There was a nanosecond where time felt like it genuinely slowed down for the both of them. In the sea of people, their vision tunneled to each other.

At the moment, George caught his breath and relished at the sight before him, the threatening voices he'd been hearing for the past twelve hours were exonerated. With one sincere inviting smile from Dream, George's mind was at ease.

"Dream," He spoke under his breath.

At that moment, George had completely forgotten about his calculated moves to approach Dream.

The ground beneath him blurred as he felt a surge of adrenaline rush through him; he hadn't realized how fast he was running towards Dream until the only option was to leap at him with his arms aiming to hook themselves around his neck for support. Dream lifted him up with ease and supported his weight by locking his arms under George's thighs. The pace at which George had run at him caused him to stumble back a little, but he steadied his footing until they were both locked in an embrace that held a million muted words.

"Oh my god," They both uttered through a breathy laugh, disbelief clear in their tone.

George smiled as he felt both of their shoulders relax simultaneously and his smile only grew wider when Dream began swaying them gently. He could feel Dream's soft laugh against the nape of his neck, which caused him to tighten his arms around him.

George shifted his head so that his lips were a little closer to Dream's ear, "I was so lost, how did you find me?"

"I'd recognize that red hoodie anywhere," His left shoulder warmed as Dream spoke into it, causing a small shiver to run down his spine.

This snapped him out of their moment; *was this too much?* George immediately unclasped his arms from around Dream's neck at the same time Dream released his hold on him. Upon breaking away, George was faced with another conflict, one that was too late to debate but anxiously rested in his mind regardless.

Letting go of Dream meant that he would no longer be able to avoid eye contact, but holding onto him made him feel weird inside. He didn't know why, maybe because physical affections were never really his thing, but also because he wasn't used to this. He'd never been this intimate with his friends he'd known for years, so how would it be any easier with someone he just now physically met?

But at the moment they locked eyes for the first time, it came so naturally. He had never felt more free and comfortable to ditch his suitcase in the middle of the terminal to run straight into an unfamiliar embrace.

"Are you alright? You look exhausted, George." Dream broke him out of thought.

George had just then realized that his eyes were zoned out on the scene happening behind Dream. He reluctantly broke his gaze from the group of strangers conversing and looked up at his best friend; the way he had to lift his chin up slightly to properly look into his eyes made him feel so small. His small frame came apparent to him as he stood in front of Dream who was built proportionally bigger than he.

"I'm tired, I guess." George found himself saying, his voice quiet and substanceless.

What was he even meant to say? Where would he start? He had so many things to tell him but he couldn't get any words out because he was standing right in front of him, less than an arm's reach away from *physically* touching him. And it didn't help that Dream had the upper hand in looking down at him, especially with those faded emerald eyes.

"I guess it's probably weird seeing me face to face," Dream brought his hand to the back of his head in a sheepish manner.

George's eyes widened slightly in a sarcastic way, "You guess?"

"To be fair, I sent you a picture so that you wouldn't have to be too overwhelmed when you finally

did see me." Dream shrugged.

"Overwhelmed?" George derided, "You would say that, you egotistical maniac."

Dream laughed and shoved him lightly before pulling him back in for a side hug, "You're even more annoying in real life."

George wanted to throw a paper bag over his face because of how red he probably looked. He was just so fucking uncomfortable. It wasn't because of Dream or how he made him feel, but it was because of how his brain decided to perceive this moment.

When they pulled away after the brief hug, George cleared his throat, "Where's Sapnap?"

Dream juttet his thumb behind him, "He's bringing the car 'round. We were just waiting in the parking lot."

He communicated with his hands a lot, George realized in the few minutes that elapsed between them.

"We should probably grab your suitcase from the ground." Dream stifled a laugh as he nodded his head to the abandoned suitcase.

George looked back and let out a small laugh, "Fuck, that's embarrassing."

"A little bit, but it was also kind of adorable," Dream said with ease as he brushed past George to retrieve the suitcase before making his way back to him.

Dream had a quizzical look on his face as he looked over at George. He felt several questions resting on the tip of Dream's tongue, but he knew he was considerate enough to not press.

The sound of two suitcases colliding caused George to break away from Dream's gaze: it's the background noise of the airport that reminded George of the fact this wasn't just his and Dream's world. Though it was hard not to slip back into it when Dream was now so easily accessible.

Dream nudged his arm with his elbow, "C'mon. Nick won't shut up about seeing you."

George laughed, "What?"

They walked side by side, something George was now registering in his mind as something that would be happening quite a lot during his time here. The things he felt he had to work hard to adjust to felt so futile, but it was all happening so fast. Going into this felt like learning how to ride a bike for the first time: except, he wasn't coaxed into taking the training wheels off, they were ripped from underneath him leaving him completely dumbfounded with every event that was to take place as he struggled to peddle forward.

"I'm not even joking. We got into a screaming match about who got to see you first," Dream said, shaking his head as he looked ahead and maneuvered his way around people.

George followed closely, and somewhat, behind him. Dream was tall and sported long legs therefore he covered the area at a quicker pace.

"What was your reason for being the chosen one then?" George asked, amused at the image he created in his head of Sapnap and Dream yelling at each other on who *deserved* to see him first.

As they made their way to Sapnap, George was somewhat thankful that he didn't have to look

Dream directly in the eyes while talking to him. He had to ease into it and he was still getting accustomed to hearing his voice so clearly. So close to him.

"Oh, come on. As if *I* need a reason." Dream said pompously.

They continued to walk as silence fell between them; George couldn't decide whether or not this was a comfortable one. They'd both gone pensive, that's all he knew. He was thankful to note that he wasn't the only one who had a million thoughts running through his head. He stole a glance at Dream whose eyebrows were knitted together as he looked in deep thought. George wondered what he was thinking about.

"GEORGE!" A voice bellowed from a few feet ahead.

George's head turned to the direction of Sapnap's familiar voice and he broke out in a grin. The two boys walked towards each other, the happiness on their faces as clear as day.

"It's so good to see you, Georgieeee," Sapnap cooed as they both locked themselves into a hug.

George couldn't help but note the obvious difference in the embrace; not only in the emotional weight it carried but the physical positioning of it all. The hug took no physical effort, it was just about the most casual and mindless thing George had to physically do today.

Nothing was funny, but they were just filled with giddiness as they stayed in each other's arms giggling like idiots. Dream took this time to plop George's luggage into the trunk of Sapnap's dark blue Subaru.

"It's good to see you too, *Nicholas*. " George said as he pulled away from the hug.

George was beyond grateful for his presence as it alleviated some stress from his mind. Having Sapnap's and Dream's banter fill the thirty-minute car ride to their house liberated George from his intruding thoughts. He would occasionally catch a glimpse of the sky from his window; the way it was slowly turning from a darker shade of what he assumed was red mixed with orange, to a dark blue as the night started to settle in. The fresh air rolling through Dream's ajar window would flow through his hair, causing him to feel like he could finally breathe a little.

George wondered how the rest of the night would unravel, but for now, he was content with being in the backseat as he admired this proximity to his friends that he never imagined would be possible.

Chapter End Notes

the way i *struggled* to write this chapter is sickening luv
also, the hug was entirely inspired by this tiktok im- [https://t.co/uX1kLOK1QL?](https://t.co/uX1kLOK1QL?amp=1)
amp=1

Don't Think Too Much

Chapter Summary

George makes it his mission to avoid Dream like the plague until it all catches up to him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They arrived at the house a little after 5:00 PM; Sapnap unloaded the luggage as Dream walked George towards the entrance. Sapnap followed closely behind as he spoke to Dream about something that George couldn't quite catch: he was too busy analyzing his surroundings.

It was a modest house at the end of a street in a suburb. He took note of the plethora of trees covering the front yard that wasn't too spacey, just about the right size. As Dream unlocked the front door and let him through, George realized that the previous statement he'd made on space could be said about the whole house. The lighting was soft, the walls weren't too high where it made one feel lonely, and all the furniture resembled a soft or dark brown. It was an open floor plan living area; the living room was the first thing he saw, there were a few paintings on the walls and George just *knew* this shit came with the house. There was no way he could picture a pair of fresh 20-year-olds intentionally buying abstract paintings to hang up.

On his first impression from just standing in the foyer, he was surprised to see that it didn't resemble a frat house. He knew Dream to be a little classier than that, but ultimately, they were still young men. He also noticed how impeccably clean and put-together the house was; suspiciously clean almost.

A firm hand on his shoulder broke him from his thoughts. As he glanced at the hand and immediately recognized it as Dream's, he lifted his chin up to look up at him expectantly.

"Would you like a *humbling* tour?" He tried to joke but his eyes went soft when they looked down at George's facial features.

"Mhm—yeah. Let's do it." George forced a smile.

"Sap, are you...?" Dream retrieved his hand from George's shoulder and glanced at his friend.

George turned around as he wondered the same thing, but the younger waved them off as he looked up from his phone.

"I gotta take this call, I'll be there in a sec." He quickly said before walking off the front porch.

For fuck's sake, Sapnap. George mentally cursed as he let Dream walk ahead. The car ride was so peaceful; he wanted to go back to that seat, admiring his mates as they spoke so freely with each other. He wanted to go back to admiring Dream as he jokingly bullied Sapnap for his bad driving. He liked his company, *God*, he was so happy to be here, so he didn't understand why he felt uneasy as he and Dream wandered through the house alone, together.

He shouldn't feel like this--he *can't* feel like this. This wasn't some stranger, this was his best

friend.

Get out of your head, George wanted to let out a groan as frustration encased him.

"And this is you," They had finally reached the last bedroom at the end of a rather long hallway.

This hallway held three rooms, they were decently spaced. He hated himself for mentally noting how many steps it took from Dream's room to his. The living room separated two wings of the house and *of course*, Sapnap's room had to be in the opposite wing.

George almost stepped in but felt as though he had to ask permission to which caused a small chuckle to escape Dream.

"After you," He motioned to the room with his hand.

"Thanks." George clipped and walked in.

It was a respectably sized room, not that George really cared but he calculated a 10x10 area where a double-sized bed sat in the middle with an armchair next to a patio door that led to the garden.

"I didn't think to decorate--I mean, well, I didn't think you'd really care. It was my stream room, so there were some posters up, but I took them down and put them in my room." Dream rambled, which George couldn't help but smile at.

He was thankful that his back was faced to him as he overlooked the garden from the glass doors. His silence prompted Dream to carry on with explanations; the tone in his voice seemed as though he felt the need to justify everything George looked at.

"And, obviously, if you need to stream you can go into my room and I'll leave, give you privacy."

George wanted to ease his anxiety, but he himself was at a crossroads in his mind so he was in no position to help him out. Instead, he settled for a subject change--something he was quite good at.

"I like the garden." He stated and looked over his shoulder briefly, forcing another smile.

Dream seemed to return the gesture, his smile weak, but sincere, "The backyard."

George's smile dropped as he rolled his eyes, "*The backyard*." He mimicked his American accent before fully turning to face him.

Dream laughed through his nose and shook his head, "That's what it is."

"We *are* in America, so I'll give you that one." George held up his hands, feigning defense.

Another silence passed them as George looked over things to occupy his mind with: *where the fuck was Sapnap?*

"You should test out the bed," Dream offered.

George knew something was off when Dream had completely missed out on the opportunity of making a flirtatious joke about 'testing out the bed'.

George pointed his finger to the bed and raised an eyebrow as Dream nodded, his smile widening at how awkward this obviously was. They were both aware, it was an unspoken agreement, but there was this heaviness in the air that pulled them from addressing it so openly with each other.

He walked over to the bed and plopped down, digging his palms into the mattress to get a good feel. He could feel Dream's eyes on him as he kept his gaze focused on the way the fabric of the duvet cover shaped itself around his pale skin.

"Comfy." George giggled nervously as he looked up at Dream who had yet to take his eyes off him.

Sitting down didn't help the churn in his stomach he got from the height difference between them. Even from a couple of feet away, Dream stood tall. Even in the obvious anxiousness that emitted from his demeanor, he looked intimidating.

George lifted his gaze from the bed and diverted it towards Dream; their eyes locked, the air got heavier, and the tension between them thickened. *What the fuck was going on?*

He noticed how Dream's features hardened, how his adam's apple bobbed when he swallowed as he focused on George, how his collarbones poked through the hem of his shirt as he inhaled slowly and deeply. George had no idea how he looked to him, but from what he felt, he assumed Dream took note of how his grip on the duvet cover tightened, how his lips parted slightly with the flutter of his eyes. And if he were to assume that he looked a little deeper, he'd notice how his pupils dilated due to the surge of dopamine that coursed through his brain at that very moment.

Either time had genuinely slowed down or George was so sure that they were standing in this deafening silence for an unreasonable amount of time.

"Don't the bare walls make you feel like you're in a fucking asylum?" Sapnap's voice spoke from the doorway.

The way it made both of them jump slightly caused Sapnap to look at them in a quizzical manner.

"Are y'all good?" Sapnap asked, a small laugh emitting him.

After getting a mere mumble from the both of them, he carried on speaking, "I told Clay to leave the posters up,"

"It's his room, he can decorate it however he wants." Dream sounded like he had found his voice again as he shot a glare to Sapnap.

"He's here for a *month*, dumbass." Sapnap shot back.

"I *am* here for a month," George started as he stood up, "Which is also why I don't care how the room looks, posters or not. You guys are worrying too much,"

"Tell that to him. I was ready to give you the couch, maybe a blanket and a pillow if you deserved it enough." Sapnap jokingly said as he looked at George.

"I was ready to give *your* room to George and keep both of my rooms," Dream chimed in.

George laughed as offense washed over Sapnap's face, "What the fuck? Where would I sleep?"

"Sounds like a 'you' problem, buddy." Dream said as he brushed past George and patted Sapnap's back on his way out.

"I literally pay rent!" Sapnap began the infamous back and forth that would last them a few minutes.

George found it amusing for now because it derived him from thinking too much about what had just happened before Sapnap interrupted them.

The rest of the evening was spent filled with laughter, newfound inside jokes, playful banter, and George bullying Sapnap about his girlfriend.

"Okay, but, how did I not know about this?" George said, shocked but entertained.

"It's been like a solid month or two, as well." Dream snickered as he stood up from his chair.

They had just wrapped up dinner which consisted of lamb, sauteed onions, and mashed potatoes--courtesy of Dream's cooking.

"You didn't *not* know. Remember the whole girlfriend arc talk on stream the other day?" Sapnap chuckled.

"I was *joking*. I thought you were too," George caught Dream cleaning up the table in the corner of his eyes.

"I didn't deny it." Sapnap raised a finger.

George refrained from saying: *Dream and I don't deny our made-up relationship either, but that didn't mean it was real*, and when he felt eyes on him, he caught Dream's glance, which they quickly broke from the realization that they'd both probably thought the same thing.

"Well, congratulations, I guess." George stood up from his chair as did Sapnap.

"Aw, don't worry George, we can still cuddle?" Sapnap cooed.

"No," George nonchalantly declined as he playfully pushed past him.

He liked the layout of the house; how the kitchen, dining room, and living room were all connected. It felt homey.

George didn't understand why he was making his way to the kitchen as he'd been trying to avoid being alone with Dream the whole night, but he felt bad for not contributing to the dinner in the slightest. He realized he was the guest and that they had to treat him, but Dream cooked this meal for him so the least he could do was help with the clean-up. Sapnap followed closely behind George as they both filed into the kitchen.

Sapnap leaned against a counter as his eyes remained glued to his phone causing Dream to roll his eyes at him, "Your help is always so greatly appreciated."

"What?" Sapnap mindlessly asked as he tore his gaze away from his phone and looked at the dishes, "I'm not doing that shit, that's child labour."

"You're twenty years old." George and Dream chorused.

"To be fair, mentally he's, like, twelve so." Dream went to open the tap until he noticed George stood next to him.

"I can help," He offered.

Dream smiled warmly, "I wash, you dry?" He nudged the cloth to George, who only lightly pushed it back towards him.

"I don't know where things go. I'll wash,"

"Fair enough," Dream stepped back and let George shuffle in front of him to where he previously stood.

The running water and occasional *clinks* of cutlery filled the silence that had fallen between the three of them. George would occasionally duck his head slightly as Dream would reach over him to file the cups into the cupboard above the sink.

"Uh, guys?" Sapnap asked from behind them.

Dream opened the cupboard above George, a dry plate firmly in his hand, "Watch your head," He warned and looked over his shoulder at Sapnap, "What?"

"Karl and Alex wanna visit." Sapnap sheepishly said.

Dream closed the cupboard a little louder than expected as the news surprised him, "Wait, what?"

George turned around and furrowed his eyebrows, "Doesn't Quackity live in Mexico?"

"He's visiting Karl in North Carolina right now, so, they're not too far from us..." Dream mused as he grabbed a plate from George's idle hands before turning his back to them.

"Do I tell them they can or...?" Sapnap awaited Dream's answer, his eyes trailing to George.

Something about Dream's aura had shifted; it went from calm to tense in a flash of a second. It definitely wasn't a question of whether or not Dream liked Karl and Alex, so what was it? George wondered as both he and Sapnap looked at each other knowingly aware of the shift in Dream's demeanor.

"Uhm," Dream began, his back still to George and Sapnap.

George shrugged at Sapnap and returned to the dishes as the three of them once again stood in a brief silence.

"How long are they planning to stay for? We're already a full house." Dream stated, sounding distant.

"I don't know, I'll ask," Sapnap said before returning to his phone.

"Is that okay with you?" Dream asked George lowly, the tone of his voice initiating a conversation that was meant to stay within their range.

"Me?" George asked, "I don't care. I wouldn't mind seeing them."

Dream took in a deep breath and nodded: no other words were said.

"For a weekend," Sapnap reported shortly after, "Next weekend."

Dream agreed, only after getting George's confirmation, and they carried on with the dishes. Sapnap left the two of them in the kitchen shortly after stating that he was going to call Karl to let him know.

As George was washing the last dish, he felt himself get lightheaded. He knew something was wrong when he had to drop the sponge to grip the counter in order to steady himself. He felt the alleviated weight of the pan in his other hand as Dream took it from his hold.

"George?" He placed a careful hand on his shoulder as he peered down at him, "What's wrong?"

He had shut his eyes and hung his head low, "I think I need to--I think I gotta take a shower or something,"

"Yeah, go. I got this," Dream said quietly, "Do you need, do you want me to--"

George shook his head and looked up, recollecting himself the best he could, "I got it. Thank you."

The distance traveled from the kitchen to his bedroom was barely processed. The last time he felt this out of it was when he was in UNI: he had been awake and drowning in coursework for forty-eight hours. A few hours into the third day, his housemate found him passed out on the bathroom floor from pure exhaustion.

George had a really bad habit of thinking his body could handle a lot more than it should, which usually got him in the worse kinds of situations. Some situations holding contexts more concerning and dire than others.

After he gathered some fresh clothes, he decided that a shower would do him good. He just needed to freshen up and clear his head. The way the warm water cascaded down his bare skin and eased his tensed muscles caused him to loll his head back as pure bliss overtook his senses. He spent a good ten minutes relishing in the warmth but were it his home, he would've been in there for an extra fifteen. After drying himself off and mindlessly throwing on his grey sweats and a plain t-shirt, he walked over to the fogged-up mirror that blurred his reflection. He messed around with his wet hair until he had gotten most of the drops out. He fixed the hem of his loose navy blue shirt as he exited the bathroom and made his way to his bedroom.

Before he could close the door behind him, a figure sat in his armchair caused him to jump.

"What *the fuck*, Dream?" His hand flew to where he felt his heart beating out of his chest.

"I'm sorry," Dream's eyes widened as he straightened his posture in the chair, "I just wanted to check on you."

"It's fine, you just scared the shit out of me." George chuckled nervously before realization hit that Dream was just *sat* in his room, "Are you...okay?"

"I think I should be asking *you* that." Dream laughed lightly.

"I'm...good. Somewhat," He scrunched up his nose causing a small smile to form on his friend's face.

"Good, good. I'm glad."

George noticed how Dream was consistently tapping the edge of his phone on his thigh as his eyes were fixated on the ground and the sight immediately brought him back to the discord call that happened in late May last year when Dream was recovering from a breakup.

"I'm here if you wanna talk about it. Whenever." George said, choosing his words carefully.

"Thanks." His voice was cold, distant.

A consistent tap began from the other end of the line and George furrowed his eyebrows. He waited on it to stop, thinking Dream was just fixing something at his desk, but the silence never came.

"Dream?" He asked.

The tapping continued.

"Dream." He raised his voice.

"What?"

"What are you doing?"

The tapping stopped, "Nothing."

"You were hitting something."

"Sorry, I was...tapping my phone against my desk."

"You don't have to be sorry, I was just wondering what it was."

"Okay."

"Obviously, if it helps you, like, think, or something--"

"It doesn't. It makes it harder for me to think. This tic is like, my head trying to fight off what I'm thinking when all I'm trying to do is understand...the things that I'm thinking...if that makes sense?"

"Yeah, I think it does."

"Can you do me favour?"

"Yeah,"

"If you catch me doing it, call me out on it because it drives me fucking insane, but I can never seem to stop myself."

George walked over to where Dream sat, reached for his phone mid-tap, and slowly took it from his hand. Dream's head snapped up to look at him and a weird sensation rushed through his chest as he realized this was the first time he'd seen Dream from this angle. His chin inclined upwards, lips slightly parted in relief as George's action rescued him from his thoughts. George dismissed this weird feeling because for once, Dream clearly needed his emotional support. For the first time today, he could afford to silence his thoughts.

"Thank you." Dream breathed out.

George nodded and placed the phone on his nightstand. He lightly leaned against the bed, not fully sitting, not exactly standing, with his palms pressed in the duvet covers for support. He couldn't help but notice how nicely the overhead lighting in the garden complemented his features; it brought out the darker shade of brown in Dream's hair. He wondered how the color of his hair changed from chestnut brown to a near dirty blonde but had looked completely different in the picture he had sent him. Even after seeing Dream face to face, he felt like he was still discovering new aspects of his physical attributes as time passed between them.

"George," Dream said at the same time that George said his name, "Sorry, you can go first."

"Honestly, I think you should."

Dream leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees as he took in a deep breath, "Did I do..." He

looked up at him, their eyes locked, "Did I do something? Or said something? Anything that threw you off?"

George's eyebrows knitted together, "You didn't."

"But I'm not imagining these things, right? You've been weird *all day*," Dream's eyes darted as he searched George's face for an answer.

"I've been weird? You have also been weird," George frowned.

"I've been weird 'cause *you've* been weird." Dream wanted to raise his voice, George could tell from the strain in his voice.

George bit his lip as he racked his brain for a way to structuralize his words, "Dream, we spent our entire friendship online and then all of the sudden, we're thrown into the same room--I'm bound to have a hard time adjusting to this." He motioned between the two of them.

"Yeah, I get it." Dream seemed to have gone pensive as he broke eye contact with George.

"We're just really close, you know? And I think the fear of messing that up actually caused me to mess things up." George ran a hand through his hair out of small frustration.

Having to talk about his feelings made him inwardly gag, but if it meant that Dream got some answers, he would do it. Although, this conversation started to feel like it wasn't just to alleviate some stress from Dream's mind, but also from their relationship that had gone to utter shit over the course of a few hours.

Dream blinked before his eyes darted to the ground then back up at George as he sat back in his seat and rested his arms on the armrest, "Can I ask you something?"

"Yeah,"

"Did you hear me?" George cocked an eyebrow and Dream sighed, "When I told you I was scared."

George was lost for a moment as he tried to rack his brain for the memory that Dream was referring to and as he was about to give up, a frail and tired voice resurfaced in his mind, *I'm scared, George*.

"Shit," George's breath hitched, "I thought I dreamt it."

Dream gave him a half-smile, "It's okay, you were like, half asleep anyway."

"What was it?" George asked after silence had washed over them.

"What?"

"The thing you were scared of,"

"Exactly what's been happening all evening." Dream breathed out as if he had finally gotten the one thing that's been bothering him this entire time, off his chest.

George's shoulders relaxed at the sight of seeing *Dream* relaxed; it's funny how that seemed to happen a lot between them. The way they fed off of each other's energy, losing themselves in it--it explained everything that had happened today: all the poisoned thoughts and all the tension--they weren't able to get out of it because they were both fuelling it.

George also took note of how easy it was for him to walk into this conversation: the tension that was there all evening had somehow dissipated.

"The way I get in my head sometimes ruins a lot of things for me," George admitted and looked at the ground, "I'm just not as open as you are. When it comes to confronting things that I feel deeply...it's just...a fucking process."

He knew that he knew, which is why he felt comfortable admitting it. At that moment, George's mind was at ease; this person he'd been avoiding all evening was no longer tainted with his toxic thoughts.

Dream nodded slowly, "I was in my head about not knowing how to...act around you...and it drove me fucking insane because you're *George*, you're my best friend. I was thinking about how we're thinking too much when we shouldn't be. Then I realized that I was thinking about it instead of talking about it with you, which is what we should have done the second we started feeling off. Our whole relationship is built on communication when you really think about it."

"We're kinda gone without it," George nodded in agreement.

"Is that why you haven't slept, by the way? All the thinking?" Dream frowned as he analyzed his features once again.

"Sort of. Is that why *you* called me at four in the morning?" George rebottled.

"Yes."

He felt as though every breath he took from this point on cleared him of the noxious thoughts that swarmed his mind since he boarded that plane.

"I'm sorry, I probably caused all this tension." George rested the side of his face onto his palm as he looked at Dream apologetically.

Dream laughed, "You know, George, when I imagined there being tension between us, this is not what I had in mind."

"Shut up, you idiot." George immediately rolled his eyes as Dream broke into a wheeze.

He couldn't explain how a simple and small conversation had fixed a problem that was on the verge of pretty much ruining his life, not to be dramatic.

Once Dream had entered George's room that night, he was not caught leaving it until next morning. Both of them had been craving sleep after admitting to each other that they had not slept on the account of their anxiety regarding the meetup.

A few hours ago, that room was filled with so much tension it made them sick to their stomach, but now it was filled with everything that encapsulated their little heaven. All those long hours spent on discord calls had been brought to life and neither of them would ever be able to explain what that felt like, nor did they want to.

Their throats turned dry from the non-stop chatter about everything and nothing; George made fun of the way Dream flexed a little too hard in the Snapchat he sent, Dream poked fun at him for wearing that red hoodie because George *knew* he would comment on it--alongside small weightless talks: the coffee George had, the way Dream had woken Sappnap up at six in the morning to clean, and whatever Dream had concocted for breakfast.

It was around 12:10 AM when they started to feel themselves drift off to sleep; George was laying on his side, his cheek resting in his palm as he had his back to Dream. A few inches away from George laid Dream, the back of his head cupped by his hand as he laid on his back. The two of them had been silent for a few minutes, but they were still semi-awake as they both smiled like idiots at the fact that they had made a fucking circus out of today.

George went to bed that night feeling at peace with himself and most importantly, with Dream. The entire duration of George avoiding him could have been fixed if he had just listened to what his entire being was begging for; Dream. He was right in saying that their friendship rode on communication, that's all there was to it; *don't think too hard, just talk about it.*

Surely, it couldn't go wrong from this point on.

Chapter End Notes

i am insanely sleep deprived so if there are grammatical errors or anything like that, i am so very sorry lmao. i will re-edit when the my energy has been replenished. && thank u so much for the love x
i can't wait to write more and further develop their relationship. letsaagooo.

I'd Like It Better Off

Chapter Summary

Dream gets a little jealous, George gets a little flustered, and Sapnap wants to get a little drunk.

Bright rays of sunlight peeked in the room at around 10:15 AM. A single ray of light hit George's fluttering eyelids as consciousness rose in him; he felt groggy and tired, but a lot more awake than he had yesterday. He lazily lifted the back of his hand to shield the sun from his eyes as he squinted. Before he could prop himself up, he felt a weight on his other arm and realization hit him; he had fallen asleep with Dream next to him. He wondered if their limbs had bumped throughout the night, but he dismissed the thought immediately: if it had happened, he would have noticed it, felt it, even in sleep.

He glanced to his right, where he had last seen Dream, but the weight he assumed to be Dream was actually a ball of dark grey fluff. A small gasp escaped him as he realized it was Patches. He was so wrapped up in his own head that he hadn't bothered asking of her whereabouts yesterday. And George noted that for two men who treated their pet like it was their child, Sapnap and Dream surely did forget to mention her as well.

"Where have you been hiding?" George spoke quietly, trying his best to not wake Dream.

Patches moved from her position against Dream's back, which faced George, and she walked around the small space between their bodies until hopping onto George's stomach. He propped himself up with his elbows and caressed her head which caused her to emit a few purrs.

"She likes you," A voice spoke from beside him.

George glanced at Dream who had now turned to face him as he laid on his side: sleep was still clear in his voice, his fringe covered his semi-opened eyes and his lips seemed a lot fuller.

He playfully rolled his eyes at him, "Of course she does."

Dream's own hand found its way to Patches as they began showering her with affection. She moved from George and immediately camped on Dream's lap.

"But she likes me better." Dream sang.

They stayed in bed until noon. A growl from Dream's stomach indicated that they should probably go out and eat something. On their way out of the bedroom with Dream in the lead, as George followed closely behind, they could hear Sapnap's cries of frustration from down the hallway.

Dream plopped down next to Sapnap and George laid down on the long part of the couch before Sapnap looked at them with a smirk on his face.

"Did you guys just fuck or something?"

George burst out laughing, his face red from the initial comment.

"WHAT?" Dream exclaimed, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Sapnap chuckled, "I'm just saying. I checked your room this morning and you weren't in there," He looked down at his leg when he felt something brush up against it, "Oh, hello baby." He smiled down at Patches.

"Did you feed her?" Dream asked, changing the subject.

"Yes. Now the question is--" Sapnap aimed the gun in the game at his opponent, but failed miserably as the three of them watched his body fall back after getting shot.

"*Aw*h, unlucky," George said insensibly.

"What are we gonna eat?" Dream finished Sapnap's sentence that had been cut off from the game.

"I don't know, but I'm starving, daddy," Sapnap whined.

Dream laughed through his nose, shaking his head.

George mindlessly caressed Patches as his arm hung off the couch, "Sapnap's in his sexual arc?"

"I'm in my hungry arc." Sapnap groaned.

"We could go get lunch somewhere," Dream spitballed, "I mean I could make breakfast, but I don't really want to."

"Well, I mean, dinner was pretty good," George said as he sat up from his spot.

"Which is surprising since he never actually cooks," Sapnap laughed but it was cut short as he received a look from Dream.

George couldn't see, but he imagined he wasn't the happiest about that getting out, so he pressed, "What do you mean?"

Sapnap looked at George then back at Dream as a menacing smirk formed on his face, "He only made dinner 'cause you were here."

"Okay--" Dream began, but George was already on it.

"Aw, *Dweam*," He said, poking fun at him, "Were you trying to *impress* me with your cooking skills?"

"Pick your head up simp king, your crown is falling," Sapnap added.

"I'm gonna go get ready," Dream stood up vastly and walked to his room with the sound of his friend's relentlessly teasing him.

George couldn't see his face, but he knew Dream was smiling about it. After going to his room and getting changed, they climbed into Dream's black truck. Dream didn't like buying expensive things for himself, but he did invest, *cause he was smart like that*, George thought, only half-admirably.

On the way to the Millenia, as Sapnap and Dream referred to the shopping center, George noticed how hot it had gotten. The morning wasn't too bad, but that may also be because the house had AC, something George was not accustomed to at all. As he sat in the front seat, he found himself overheating. The sun was blaring through the windshield and he felt like he was melting in his seat.

The small monitor that displayed the navigation, as well as the temperature, informed George that it was currently 88 degrees.

You must be joking, George thought as he glanced at Dream and Sapnap who seemed as comfortable as ever, just having chats, *they're psychopaths if this weather didn't bother them in the slightest bit*.

"You're insane for wearing a hoodie in this weather, George," Sapnap said as they sat at the table in the quaint Italian restaurant.

Dream and George were sat opposite of Sapnap, leaving an empty seat next to the younger at the four-seater table.

"I didn't think it'd be this hot. How do you survive in this?" George groaned in annoyance as the heat suffocated his upper body.

"By not wearing a hoodie. Just take it off." Dream chuckled.

"I...can't." He said through gritted teeth.

"You're not wearing a shirt underneath," Sapnap concluded as he rolled his eyes.

George sat back in his chair with a huff, "I didn't pack any shirts other than the one I wore to bed last night."

"You came to Florida in the month of April with a suitcase full of *jeans and hoodies*?" Sapnap grabbed the menu, "You really are dumber than you look."

George cocked his head to the side and crossed his arms over his chest, "Yeah, I've spent so much time around you, it's starting to wear off on me."

"Boys," Dream warned with a light laugh.

"Good afternoon gentlemen, can I take your order?" The waitress kindly chimed in.

As she jotted down Sapnap's and Dream's order, her eyes would occasionally flicker to George, who also found himself looking at her. She smiled sweetly at him and he returned the favour; her rosy cheeks and soft lips had George momentarily entranced. Until he felt Dream's arm on the back of his seat—his hand dangling at the edge of the backrest as his thumb ever so slightly brushed against George's shoulder. Before he was able to react, he noticed the waitress's eyes flicker to Dream's; her smile faded only slightly before she returned her attention to George.

"And what will you have?" This time, her eyes remained fixed on her notepad.

The waitress dismissed herself to the kitchen and George stifled a laugh at what had just happened; could he assume that the waitress made Dream jealous?

He could still feel Dream's arm against his shoulder blades and he allowed himself to sit further into his seat, almost to fully press himself against his arm. In the corner of his eyes, he saw Dream's hand shift and as he glanced at him, he felt the other's knuckles caress his arm rhythmically slow.

This entire time he was complaining about the heat, but the warmth that radiated through his body as Dream continued to subtly brush his knuckles against his arm was different; this warmth, he was completely okay with.

The boys wrapped up lunch around 1:45 PM and they all sat back in their chairs feeling extremely full.

Sapnap glanced at his phone, "My girl's here."

"Like *here*, here?" Dream asked as he took a sip of his water.

Dream had only taken his arm off of George's chair to eat, but as he placed the water back down onto the table, his arm was back to where it was prior to the meal. This time, George inched a little closer to Dream, which caused the younger to grip the edge of George's seat to pull him in closer until their sides were fully pressed and resting against one another.

"Yeah, I might have to ditch you guys," Sapnap pursed his lips.

George felt relieved when he realized that Sapnap hadn't heard the scrape his chair made against the ground when Dream pulled him in. His forearm was flush against George's arm and he didn't know if it was the weather or the position he was in, but he found himself spreading his legs to release discomfort until he felt his knee bump against the other's.

"That's fine," Dream said and lightly poked George's side, "I could take you home so you don't overheat."

Before George could answer him, Sapnap objected, "I actually kinda need you to stick around 'cause I'll need a ride back home."

"She can't drive you back?" Dream furrowed his eyebrows.

Sapnap shook his head before looking at him pleadingly, "Dude, please."

"I guess I could buy a couple of shirts," George pocketed his hands, "I don't really like shopping and neither do you," He nodded at Dream before looking at Sapnap, "But since you need to see *your girl*, we can figure it out."

"Really? Are you sure?" Dream asked at the same time that Sapnap cheered, "George, I really do love you sometimes."

George furrowed his eyebrows, a small smile begging to form itself on his face, "You literally called me dumb earlier, but pop off."

"I said *sometimes* for a reason," Sapnap winked before standing from his seat.

"Are you just gonna leave right now?" Dream said, slightly alarmed.

"I'll Venmo you if you cover my bill. I gotta go. See you soon, boys." Sapnap quickly said his goodbyes and had disappeared out of sight within a minute.

They were left alone once again. George felt the heat getting a little unbearable causing him to loll his head back, his neck resting against Dream's bicep.

"It's *so hot*." A throaty groan escaped him.

Though his eyes were closed, George could feel the other's eyes on him as well as the small shift in his seat. He'd never actually admit to it if confronted, but sometimes he did things that he knew would get a reaction from Dream.

"Let's go. It'll be a lot cooler in the mall," Dream suggested, but he didn't move until George did.

Reluctant to separate their bodies, George stood up, Dream shortly after, as they walked to the counter to pay for their meal.

They'd been walking around the mall for a couple of hours, not really shopping, more so browsing. They stopped by a kiosk to grab ice cream which Dream refused to let George pay for. When they reached a familiar clothing store, George decided to go in and get those shirts he so desperately needed to escape this heat. He wasn't really one for trying clothes on, he usually guestimated the fitting and hoped for the best, but since they had time to kill as they awaited on Sapnap to call, George grabbed an arm full of shirts and disappeared to the fitting rooms.

As he pulled the last of the shirts over his head, the curtains to the fitting room slid open and Dream slid in.

"What are you doing?" George spun around as he finished tugging the fabric down.

Dream sighed as he took a seat on the backless bench sat against the wall, "I got bored out there."

George turned to face the mirror, "Are you even allowed to be in here?"

"Why wouldn't I be?" Dream sounded distracted.

George looked away from his reflection and noticed a pair of green eyes slowly travel from his legs and upwards until they locked eyes.

He cocked his eyebrows at him, a small smirk dancing on his lips as he telepathically transferred over a: 'were you checking me out?'. Dream let out a small knowing laugh before leaning his back against the wall.

"How does this look on me?" George asked.

Dream cocked his head to the side as he sized him up, "I'd like it better off,"

"What?" He asked under his breath.

He watched Dream rise from his seat, clearly to make his way towards him, and all he could do was stand frozen in spot. There was something different about flirting like this in front of their friends, but doing it one on one, especially now that they could so easily physically reach each other, was terrifying.

Once Dream was towering over him, George felt absolutely helpless. There was that familiar fire that rose in his chest, one that he was accustomed to putting out when things got too overwhelming, but at that moment, it was completely out of his hands. Their bodies were inches apart, they could feel their hot breath dancing in the space between them.

Dream's fingers tugged at the bottom of George's shirt causing him to stumble into him; they were centimetres apart and George had to droop his head fairly back to look up at him. Dream's fingers gently fiddled with the fabric until they brushed up against George's bare skin, causing his breath to hitch. Dream dipped his head down as he continued to lift the side of George's shirt, this time placing a firm hand on his exposed waist, pulling him in and fully closing the gap between them. George's head lolled backwards in one swift movement, a barely audible gasp leaving his parted lips.

He felt Dream bring his lips to his ear as he whispered, "You'd make anything look good, George."

George's head was absolutely empty as he felt Dream's other hand place itself on the side of his

neck. As George lifted his hand to mindlessly place it anywhere on Dream's body, the space between them slowly returned. Dream took a few steps back, his touch only a ghostly feeling on George's skin that was once again shielded by the shirt.

Dream fought back a smile and George looked at him, dumbfounded.

"That was for teasing me about dinner," Dream smirked.

George's mind was still trying to grasp what had just happened for him to even formulate on how to react; he didn't know whether he wanted to laugh or hit him, but when a ring erupted from Dream's pocket, he was indescribably thankful.

"Can you pick me up at the liquor store entrance?" Sapnap's voice boomed through the speaker of Dream's phone.

That request caused George to snap out of his head as he quizzically looked at Dream, who seemed to have the exact same reaction.

-

"Why?" Those were the only words that Dream could utter as he looked at the 750 mL bottle of Tequila that sat on the counter before the three of them.

"Consider this," Sapnap said as he turned to Dream, *"Why not?"*

"I can think of a few reasons," George spoke from Dream's left.

Sapnap's shoulders slouched, "You guys were supposed to get hyped over this,"

"He doesn't even drink," George and Dream simultaneously said as they pointed at each other.

Dream fought a smile before looking back at Sapnap, "You're not even twenty-one, how did you get your hands on this? Do *not* tell me you have a fake."

Sapnap chuckled and shook his head, "I don't. My girlfriend got it for me."

Dream scoffed, "I'm gonna pretend I didn't just hear that your girlfriend bought you, her *underage boyfriend*, a massive bottle of tequila--"

"It's not even massive, it's an acceptable size." Sapnap glanced at the bottle.

George jutted his bottom lip as he studied the bottle, "That's...questionable."

"It's not massive if we're all gonna be drinking from it," Sapnap reasoned.

"Which we will *not* be doing." Dream lifted his finger at his friend before fetching a glass of water.

There was music playing in the background: Sapnap was the one to Bluetooth his phone to the JBL that sat on the dining table. George couldn't pinpoint the song, but he felt he recognized the voice to be that of Post Malone's.

In the time that Dream had his back turned to them, Sapnap leaned over the counter to have a one-on-one with George.

"I don't want to drink alone. Don't make me drink alone," He begged.

George bit his lip as he feigned being in deep thought, "Hm,"

"C'mon dude, don't let me down."

"My mum warned me to never give in to peer pressure," George kept his voice low.

Dream was genuinely not paying attention to them, his eyes fixated as he read something on his phone.

"Your *mum*--" Sapnap mocked, "Your mother isn't here, Georgie. Drink the fucking tequila."

"Alright," George snickered, "What's in it for me?"

"A good fucking time."

This was ridiculous, George thought. There was no way he had flown all the way to Florida to be perched over on the counter, whispering and gambling over Tequila shots with his best friend.

"I want *money*," George grinned.

Sapnap rolled his eyes, "You would want money, you gold-digging bitch."

"Why do you think I became his friend?" George nodded his head to Dream who stood clueless to the situation before him, eyes still fixated on his phone.

Sapnap bit back a laugh as he raised a fist at George, "Oh my God, you too?"

George slapped his fist away, "A hundred dollars."

"Who the *fuck* do you think I am? Fifty."

"Eighty."

"Seventy-five."

George pretended to think before looking back at him, "Eighty."

A silence fell between them before Sapnap stuck a hand out, "Fine."

"Per drink." George reached over to shake his hand, but Sapnap pulled back, "Alright, fine, whatever. Eighty."

They shook hands and broke away from each other, standing up from against the counter.

"Okay, but Dream also has to drink," George announced.

Dream's head shot up from his phone, "Why am I getting dragged into this?" He whined.

George knew that Sapnap was going to be relentless with the begging and he usually got his way at the end of it, but he also knew that Dream absolutely despised how persuasive he was, and George simply wanted to get back at him for what had happened in the fitting rooms.

"I will make your life a living hell if you don't say yes--"

"Alright! Oh my god?" Dream shoved Sapnap lightly, "I've never seen you this excited to drink before, are you okay?"

"To be honest, I just want to see George drunk," Sapnap said as his hand flew to the neck of the bottle.

"Oh, thanks." George rolled his eyes, "I'm having *one* drink, by the way."

When he caught the look Sapnap and Dream shared, he realized that one drink may possibly lead to more.

Way more.

We're in the Stars

Chapter Summary

As their minds are laced with traces of alcohol, George and Dream decide to turn their sexual tension into a game.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A song that sounded as though you'd hear it at a festival played through the Bluetooth speakers that had now been moved from the dining table to the counter where their cups sat in a line.

"That is *not* a shot," Dream said as he watched Sarnap pour a double shot into his clear cup.

"I'm eye-balling it," Sarnap said, "Ye know since we're 20-year-olds without shot glasses," He muttered under his breath.

It was around eight-thirty in the evening when they had decided to start drinking. George was dreading it. The last time he drank, he had gotten way too plastered, and when his friends recapped the night the following morning, the events that resurfaced in his mind were so traumatizing that he made a promise to himself to never drink again. Yet, here he was.

George would have been fine getting drunk if that little moment he shared with Dream in the fitting rooms didn't actually happen, but it *did*. He could still feel Dream's touch against him, his hot breath on his neck as he whispered those words into his ear. It was a joke, at the end of the day, and if anything like that were to happen again, George wasn't sure if he'd want to stop it.

It was a funny thing; when he landed George could barely look at him and now he was letting Dream's hands wander on his body, he even craved it. He reckoned it was because of their dynamic and the way they'd joke about similar things on Discord calls, but now they were actually able to follow through with it. Now that they were back to being comfortable around each other, why would he stop these things from happening? He wasn't opposed to it.

It was just some harmless fun.

Sarnap brought the neck of the bottle over George's cup who immediately pulled his cup away from the younger, "I'll pour my own drink, actually."

"George," Sarnap dragged out, a threat laced in his tone, "Give me your cup."

"No. I don't trust you," George shielded his cup with his hand.

"George, if I gave you a hundred bucks to drink tonight--"

"What?" Dream exclaimed as he looked at George, "That's all you bargained for? You would have tried to get a lot more out of me."

"Well, we can't all make millions like you, Dream." Sarnap rolled his eyes, evidently joking with a sheer bit of seriousness.

George sighed and nudged two fingers against his cup as it moved towards Sapnap, "Go on then."

When Sapnap poured a *generous* amount of alcohol in there, Dream's eyes widened, "Are you trying to kill him?"

"He's *Brih-ish*, they start drinking when they're, like, twelve," Sapnap said causing a laugh to escape George, "He can handle it."

"Don't feel like you have to," Dream ignored Sapnap as he frowned his eyebrows at George.

His cup was filled with a clear liquid that most definitely did not equate to a shot, but Sapnap was right, he could handle it, he just wasn't sure if he wanted to.

"Oh my God, stop babying him, you simp," Sapnap smirked at Dream.

"Oh, fuck off." Dream smiled, shaking his head as he walked to the fridge to retrieve the chase.

As Dream walked over to the two of them, George noticed the way his hand grip the two cans of Rootbeer with ease. He had always found himself zoning out on Dream's hand and how they looked gripping the steering wheel, or how the leather sounded as it slipped through his hand in a turn--George swallowed the thought away as he diverted his eyes to his drink.

"We doing this?" George let out a deep sigh as he leaned his hip into the counter.

"Let's do it, Papi," Sapnap raised his glass after cracking open the rootbeer.

Dream nudged a can to George, but the brunet dismissed it, "That's grim."

"That's *grim*," Sapnap mocked his accent causing Dream to laugh, "Are you really just gonna go in raw, dude?"

"I think the chase might make it worse," George raised his cup, "Let's go."

Dream counted them down before they simultaneously knocked the liquid down their throats. Sapnap let out a curt cough, grimacing only a tiny bit as Dream gagged a little. George, on the other hand, had taken it with absolute ease. His lips were pressed together as he pushed down the inward suffering that the acidic taste caused to his stomach; at the moment that Sapnap and Dream looked at him, surprise etched on their faces, George was thankful for his UNI experience as it gifted him the poker face following a nasty shot.

"Ay yo, what the fuck," Sapnap eyed George.

Dream smirked as he sized him up, "That's hot."

George glanced at him as he broke into a smile, "That sucked."

"Another?" Sapnap wiggled his eyebrows as he lifted the bottle of tequila in the air.

Dream examined it and sighed, "I mean...we're gonna have to toss it out anyway 'cause this is *not* gonna be a regular thing."

A mischievous grin formed on George's face as he grabbed his cup and pointed it at Sapnap, "Let's pop off!"

"Are we popping off, George?" Sapnap exclaimed, his voice booming over the music.

"We're going feral, Nicholas." George chanted.

So it might have hit him a tiny bit, that was his only explanation for wanting to go again.

"I'm going to take one more, but that's it." Dream waved his hand.

Sapnap filled their cups, the liquid measuring up to at *least* two shots. George wasn't sure why he allowed Sapnap to be in charge of serving them because he was pouring *way* more than just a single shot causing the effects to hit them harder, and at a faster rate.

Thirty minutes had elapsed between them as they continued to fill the kitchen with their chatter over the music that continued to play in the background. George felt something shift in himself, as well as the others; he noticed the faint blush in Sapnap's cheek, how much more talkative Dream had gotten, and he most definitely noticed the familiar warmth of the alcohol that kissed his face and the back of his neck. He hadn't felt this since he'd been at University.

Through the haze that was slowly clouding his mind, George managed to count how many shots they had each taken. Sapnap and George had downed about eight each, while Dream had stopped at five. At the moment he stumbled to the sink to drink straight from the tap instead of grabbing a glass, he could no longer find the word 'no' in his vocabulary when Sapnap suggested another shot. That's how they got to this point and how it always went with George; once he'd start feeling it a little, he would want to keep going.

A Discord notification sounded through Sapnap's pocket and his friends looked at him quizzically, both still shaking off the taste of the alcohol.

"Oh shit," Sapnap laughed and bit his lip as he read the text message, "*Jackbox in 30 minutes, don't forget*," He slowly looked up, "From Karl," He let his voice falter because the look of shock on their faces informed him that he'd stated the obvious.

Oh fuck, George thought as he remembered how a week ago, they'd agreed to play Jackbox on Karl's stream.

"We can't back out, that's so fucked." Dream immediately said as he saw the consideration of cancelling on his friends' faces, "*We can't*."

A silence fell between them, a song by Major Lazer filled the pause they'd all taken as they shared a glance. Sapnap was the first to crack a smile, which then caused a chain reaction until they were all stood in the kitchen laughing like idiots.

"*We can't*," Dream repeated as he slurred.

"No yeah, we literally don't have a choice, we have to show up," Sapnap spoke through giggles.

George laughed, but shook his head violently, "I'm *not* showing up drunk on stream--"

"George, you haaaave to." Dream's hand immediately flew to his mouth as his voice echoed through his head; the awareness of his slurring caught him off guard.

George's eyes widened, "*Dream*. Everything I--we say is going to be live and recorded in front of however many people are gonna show up."

"Also, George is gonna have to be on push to talk 'cause literally no one has any idea that he's here," Sapnap added to the weight on George's shoulders.

"Oh my God," George laid his cheek into his palm as his eyes involuntarily fluttered shut.

He was drunk. There was no denying it. And tequila always seemed to hit George differently than other types of alcohol did; he handled Rum just fine, Vodka barely affected him after a while, but *Tequila*. Tequila was his worst enemy.

A pair of hands cupping his face gently caused his eyes to flutter open; he was met with Dream's white shirt until he felt his face being inclined upwards.

"You're gonna be fine," Dream simpered.

George's head felt heavy as he allowed his forehead to collide against Dream's chest, the younger's own hands loosening around the other's warm cheeks. Dream wrapped two arms securely around George's tiny frame, which caused him to wrap his own around Dream's waist.

"Okay, um," Sapnap snickered, "I guess I'll tell Karl we'll be there."

Dream laid his head on top of George's fluffy hair as he looked at Sapnap, "I'll set it up on the TV, so we can all sit on the couch."

Dream and George stood in the kitchen for a few minutes, Dream swaying them side to side as they both giggled against each other like idiots.

It was around 9:06 PM when the three of them were settled on the couch, in the Discord call with Quackity, Corpse, Tina, and Brooke. This was even more nerve-racking for George because he was *aware* that there were three people he wasn't fully close with, but he also just couldn't give *less of a shit* because the tequila rid him of all his senses. His brain was shut off, his mouth would speak whatever came to his mind--at times, Dream had to cover his mouth and Sapnap fought back laughs as he was both utterly shocked and entertained by this side of George: he was one hundred and ten percent unhinged.

They were halfway through a round of Quiplash when the lobby started realizing that something was different in George: his Thriplash had Quackity, Karl, Dream, and Sapnap in hysterics. George was in tears from laughing so hard and his mind was moving too fast for him to even recognize how out of character it must've looked to others, so he didn't stop himself.

"What the *fuck*, George?" Quackity nearly screamed into his mic.

"Damn," Corpse chuckled, "That's pretty...yeah, that's pretty crazy."

Karl cackled, "I can't believe--is this real? Has George gone feral?"

"He's just--" Dream caught his breath between his wheeze, "He's very sleep-deprived."

"Yeah, from what it sounds like," Sapnap added.

Dream shot him a playful glare before mouthing, "*That was sus as fuck*".

"You three sound drunk," Corpse chuckled.

"No, no," Dream immediately responded, trying a little too hard to sound sober.

"I'm underaged." Sapnap chimed in.

"Who was that? Who spoke, just now?" You could hear the smile in Corpse's voice.

George and Karl burst into laughter at the on-going joke of Corpse knowing who Sapnap was.

"Oh my God, what is happening tonight?" Quackity laughed.

"Yeah, you guys are really coming for each other," Tina added.

"Phrasing, Tina." George finally spoke after recollecting himself.

Once again, chaos had ensued in the lobby as Tina gasped, "*Gogy!*"

"*So sorry*, love," His eyes widened slightly as Sapnap and Dream looked at him, surprised, "But it was gonna get pointed out anyway--" He tried to steady his voice, in a way that could pass him as sober.

"Oh, that was *so* British," Tina giggled, "*Love.*"

"Jesus Christ," Quackity filled the silence that built around the boys and Brooke.

"I gotta go pee," George announced.

Karl alarmingly said, "What? You can't leave--"

"I have to *pee*, Karl." George's voice drawled out into his mic.

"Okay, I'm allowing you twenty seconds," Karl said nonchalantly.

"Oh, you're allowing me, are you?" He rolled his eyes before ripping his headphones out and stumbling off the couch.

Dream muted himself before looking up at him, "You gonna be okay?"

George gave him a curt nod before disappearing to the bathroom; he couldn't remember how he got to the bathroom, but he was thankful for making it here in one piece because one more second spent out there and he was sure he would have pissed himself. Once he had flushed, he tripped in front of the mirror above the sink and slowly lifted his head to meet eyes with his reflection.

His eyes were *bloodshot* and puffy, "Fuck." He breathed out before opening the tap and splashing cold water on his face.

George needed to sober up, but he was also kind of having the best time of his life. He felt so confident in everything he said and did, but he had a feeling that might've been the alcohol talking. He never said he'd stop drinking because of the feeling he felt in the moment, but more so the regret that surfaced the following morning. However, at the moment that he looked at himself in the mirror, a lazy smile etched across his face as he felt an incomparable warmth encase him, he didn't hate the idea of going for another drink.

Dream, Sapnap, and George had been playing Jackbox for a solid two hours when the alcohol started to slowly dissipate from their system. Sapnap looked like he was good to go for another hour, but George was getting so tired of sitting on the couch. For once, he wanted to get up and do something.

While their friends were conversing on the Discord, George took off his headphones and motioned for Dream to do the same. Dream took one earphone out and cocked an eyebrow at him.

"I want to leave," George pouted.

"Won't you miss Tina too much?" Dream deadpanned.

There it was, George smirked. When he had returned from his trip to the bathroom, he formulated an idea in his head and it was to get back at Dream for what had happened in the fitting rooms, so he made it his mission to playfully flirt with Tina (he knew she would never genuinely take anything he said seriously); voting for the things she said in the game when she was up against Dream. Any time an opportunity to make him jealous arose, George snatched it as quickly as he possibly could. And he was good at it, too. According to Karl's chat, *'Top George is scary'*-whatever that meant, he just knew something worked. And when he saw Dream's mood switch off from playful to quiet and pensive, he was 100% sure he succeeded.

"Come on," George nodded his head to the kitchen.

Dream looked him up and down before ditching his headphones and getting up from the couch.

"Ha," George grinned winningly; *Dream could never actually say no to him*.

Before Dream could walk away, George stretched his limbs at him mentally asking to be carried. Dream fought back a smile as he turned around and bent down slightly so George could mount his back as the younger hooked his arm around George's legs, who tightened his grip around his friend's broad shoulders.

Assuming that Sapnap had muted, he asked them, "Where are you two going?"

"I think we're gonna--woah," George was cut off when Dream stood up from the ground almost causing him to slide off until he felt the grip around his legs tighten, "--get a glass of water."

"Oh, can you get me one, *please*?" Sapnap whispered.

"Of course, mate." George smiled down at him.

"You turn more *Brih-ish* and also nicer when you're drunk," Sapnap returned the smile.

George flipped him off before Dream began walking to the kitchen, keeping George steady on his back. Once they arrived, Dream loosened his grip around the shorter boy's leg causing him to land straight on his feet. He was definitely starting to sober up and the thought made him want another drink.

"Water?" Dream suggested as he went to the tap.

"Tequila," George corrected.

Dream turned around vastly holding up two fingers, "Two hours ago, you refused to even go near it until Sapnap had to pay you, now you're, like, *begging* to blackout."

"It's only for tonight, right?" George leaned his hip into the counter, "I didn't know it was possible to miss this feeling."

"What's it like for you?" Dream leaned against the counter opposite him with his arms crossed over his chest.

George sighed, "I don't know...I can just say and do whatever I want without my thoughts holding me back."

"You're definitely a lot more confident," Dream shifted on his feet.

A laugh boomed from the living room, "QUIPLASH. Let's. Fucking. Go!" Sappnap cheered.

George and Dream glanced at their friend with adoration before turning to each other.

"It worked, didn't it?" George said after silence fell between them.

"What?"

"You got jealous, Dream." A smirk eroded onto George's face.

Dream cocked his head to the side before pushing himself off the counter, making his way towards George who started to stand up straight, "Do you like it when I get jealous?"

George took a deep breath as Dream towered over him; he tried to back away, but the back of his shoe hit the counter behind him, leaving him no escape. In a swift movement, Dream placed both his hand on either side of the counter locking George into place as he dipped his head so their faces were only inches apart.

Their breaths were laced with alcohol as the scent lulled in the thin space between them, "Mhm." George uttered, his eyes focusing on Dream's plumped lips.

"What is it that you like about it?" Dream's voice had a tendency to drop octaves when he got this close to George.

George swallowed, a beckoning smile growing on his face, "I like how possessive you get."

"How does it make you *feel*, George?" Dream smirked as his green eyes faltered onto George's lips.

His heart was racing faster than he could process the thoughts that swarmed his mind; George leaned up slightly with his hands pressed against Dream's chest as he caressed his lips to the younger's ear--he was so sure he felt him shudder beneath his touch.

"It makes me feel wanted," George said in a barely-audible whisper.

"And that makes you feel good, does it?" Dream spoke against his temple.

"*You* make me feel good," He breathed.

"Fuck," Dream's softly dropped his head onto George's shoulder, "Say it again."

George slowly twisted the fabric of Dream's shirt as he moved his lips to the younger's neck, brushing them against his warm and tender skin, "No."

In one swift movement, he lightly pushed Dream off him, liberating himself from his hold. When a small laugh escaped George, Dream was stunned but tried his hardest to recollect himself.

As he ran a hand through his hair, Dream let out a deep breath, "Maybe I deserved that."

"Two can play this game, Clay." George winked.

"*Clay*," Dream mocked the way his name sounded through George, "Is that what this is?"

"Maybe," George spoke through his grin.

"You do realize you've never won a single game against me, right?" Dream squinted his eyes at

him, a pompous smile etched across his face.

"I think I have a solid chance at this one." George scoffed as he filled an empty glass of water, "Hang on," He left Dream to walk over to Sapnap and tapped his shoulder so his mic didn't pick up George's voice.

Sapnap muted his mic before gasping, "Gogy, I thought you forgot about me."

"Nearly did," George said playfully as he handed the water to him.

"I take back what I said about you being nicer when you're drunk," Sapnap said taking the water from him.

"See, that would hurt if I actually *cared* about your opinion, Sapnap." George stuck his tongue out causing Sapnap to flip him off.

Before George even stepped into the kitchen, he felt a finger hook itself at the belt loop of his jeans, spinning him around until he felt his back flush against Dream's chest. It nearly knocked a breath out of him until he felt Dream's hand on his neck, the pad of his thumb pressed against his jaw, tipping his head back slightly so his hair brushed against the taller boy's adam's apple. He could barely catch his breath before he felt the cold tip of the tequila bottle against his lips.

"Open," Dream commanded.

George parted his lips for him as he felt the acidic liquid fill his throat.

"Good," Dream coaxed.

George nearly choked at how low his voice resonated in the back of his head, he felt himself fall back into his body, feeling Dream's belt dig into his lower back.

George immediately swallowed when he felt some of the liquid drip from the side of his mouth, but before he could wipe it off himself, he felt the pad of Dream's thumb travel from his jaw to capture the loose drop at the corner of George's lips only to smear it against his bottom lip. Dream's hand ghosted over his neck as George turned and looked up at him licking off the remaining.

"I win, again," Dream smirked, his hand dropping from George's neck but resting just over his collarbones.

George couldn't argue; no one had ever held him or touched him in that way before. He realized he was absolutely and utterly *fucked* when the thought of having the euphoric pleasure of Dream's hand against his skin would simply not compare to anything he was going to feel with anyone going forward.

He was thankful for the alcohol that coursed his veins for he was able to somewhat formulate a sentence instead of just standing frozen in a spot like he had in that fitting room.

"It's not gonna be a fair game if you barely give me time to breathe, you know."

"That's a shame," Dream hummed as he curved a finger under his chin, inclining it so George was forced to look up at him, "I like it best when the things I do leave you breathless," He tapped George's bottom lip with the pad of his thumb before dropping his hand to his side.

"Boys!" Sapnap called from the living room.

"Shush," George snapped himself out of his trance as he yelled over his shoulder, "Are you muted--"

"Yes, I'm muted, dumbass. Karl ended Jackbox, but he asked if you guys are gonna hop on Minecraft before he ends the stream." Sapnap said, his voice sounding hoarse.

Dream walked past George and into the living room, George followed closely behind, "Wait, he already ended Jackbox?"

"Dude, you guys took forever, so we played one more without you. His chat was spamming *DNF acting sus*," Sapnap tried to joke, but it was probably a little bit annoying for Karl.

"Fuck, I feel bad, but I don't think I have the energy to play Minecraft right now." Dream frowned.

"Me neither, if I'm honest," George spoke from behind.

Dream glanced at George, "Are we going to bed?"

We. It should have surprised George, but it somehow didn't. He heard those words from Dream before, but only over Discord, never face-to-face.

"No, I just can't focus on a game right now. I just wanna lay down," George whined.

"Me too, actually. I'll tell him we're off for the night," Sapnap looked at George, "Should I tell him that you two fell asleep on Discord or something?"

"Fuck, I forgot he doesn't know I'm here." George sighed, frustrated.

"To be fair," Dream cleared his throat, "They're gonna find out when they come to visit, you might as well just tell them."

"I guess--"

"No!" Sapnap cut him off as he sat up in his seat, "We should surprise them."

George and Dream glanced at each other before turning to Sapnap, "That's actually a pretty good idea, yeah." George nodded.

Upon leaving the goodbyes in Sapnap's hands, Dream and George found themselves headed in the same direction: one, because their bedrooms were in the same wing, but two, because they developed this separation anxiety though they'd only been together for 48 hours, maybe even less.

George wasn't sure how he ended up laying in the garden, on the grass, with Dream laying next to him as they stared up at the starry sky. The breeze that Florida emitted in April kissed the exposed parts of their skin just right, leaving them comfortable enough to wallow in the grass for a while as they discussed the events of the night during the stream.

George could only make some of his features, the dimmed street light merely helping, only accentuating certain facial features.

After a comfortable silence had encapsulated them, Dream pointed his finger upwards, "That one's us."

George furrowed his eyebrows, "*What?*"

"That star, it's ours." Dream spoke, his voice sounded different than all the other tones he used

throughout the night.

Maybe it was the exhaustion from a long day, maybe it was the dryness of the alcohol, or simply a version of the soft tones he'd use with George on late night Discord calls.

George wanted to tell him that they all looked the fucking same, but he couldn't. As he made out Dream's features the best he could under the dim lighting, he saw how honest and at peace he seemed, just looking at the stars.

"How do you know?" Is what George settled for, his voice more hoarse than it was soft.

"It stands out," Dream locked his fingers and rested them on his chest, "Amongst a billion, trillions of stars, that one is ours 'cause it stands out to me."

These conversations were so out of George's realm that he remained quiet, but he made sure to make it visible that he was interested because he could listen to Dream talk about his ideas for hours like he's done many times in the past.

"There's a reason why some stars shine a little brighter than others," He chuckled softly, "I don't want to sound egotistical, but..." He trailed off as he re-adjusted his head against the grass, "But some stories are just more significant."

George smiled, "Like ours?"

Dream smiled and nodded slowly, "Ours is not only significant, George. It's figmental in the most palpable way a story is to exist."

It was beautiful, George thought. And though one would argue that he was talking about the stars, he was really talking about the way Dream spoke--because as Dream looked up at the stars in awe, George was wholeheartedly looking at *him*.

"I know...I know you don't necessarily contemplate the meaning of life and whatever," Dream shifted, "But I know you measure it in your own ways," He turned to look at him briefly, his eyes catching George by surprise, "Methodically."

"Methodical doesn't make the universe sound beautiful," George said in a near-whisper.

Dream pursed his lips as he looked back up at the stars, "Do you think it's beautiful? How, physically, the universe makes us feel so insignificant?"

George's eyebrows knitted together, his silent confusion causing Dream to continue.

"Our story is significant, yet not at all." Dream frowned.

George wasn't sure if he understood, but as he let the silence fall upon them, he tried his hardest to match the level of his intellect. He failed since it wasn't really intellect, more so something that came naturally to someone. Someone that had felt something he had yet to feel so as to understand the meaning behind such substantial words.

But he attempted, "We're significant in the stars, though, right?"

A pause from Dream had George narrowing his eyes at him. In any other instance, he'd never be interested to have this conversation, to be waiting at the edge of his seat for an answer about goddamn stars, but this was Dream. It was Dream talking about something he seemed to strongly believe in.

"Mhm," Dream sported a smile that seemed to limbo between happy and sad, "We're in the stars, George."

George forced a smile, forced it because he wasn't sure why *Dream* didn't seem sure--until he spoke again.

"That's the problem."

As he laid next to him trying his hardest to solve the so-called problem, George noticed that Dream had fallen asleep. So he watched him as the calculations continued to pass around his brain. He had talked about the stars so beautifully only for it to be a problem that their story was etched in them?

George felt his eyes close as his raging thoughts fought the sleep; the answer was out of reach--as far as he imagined their star to be, light-years away. As consciousness left him, he re-instated: their star was light-years away.

With the slight bit of consciousness that lingered in his mind and a sentence laced in the accent of a sleep-talker, George uttered, "Our ending is in the stars."

That was the problem.

Chapter End Notes

holy fuck this was possibly the longest chapter i wrote. im trying to make it so george and dream are still kind of playful with their sexual tension where like, yeah, i'd be kinda downs to smash, but also like no, it's just homiesexual tension. it's gonna progress into something real, obviously, but i gotta work my way there.

also, the contrast from the kitchen tension to laying on the grass talking about the stars like ???...idk what happened there. i was listening to "Show Me" by Big Wild & Hundred Waters & wrote that, but i kinda fucked with it, so there ya go. xx

Don't Cross the Line

Chapter Summary

Dream and George talk about the grounds of their friendship if they were to keep playing this game that they both cannot seem to stop participating in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When George woke up to the sound of birds chirping, he knew it was bright and early in the morning. He noticed how he always involuntarily woke up unreasonably early in the morning when getting plastered the night before—something about your body never actually entering deep sleep.

He winced at how bright it was in comparison to the last time he had his eyes opened. His body ached from having slept on the hard ground, the grass barely assuaging the sly damage to his back. He turned his head away from the bright blue sky and was met with Dream's sleeping features.

How can someone be so captivating that they made the stars less interesting to watch?

"Dreaaaaam," George cooed through his morning voice.

Headaches weren't really part of his hangover process, but the feeling of nausea to the point where even the *thought* of alcohol could make him gag—that was something he felt strongly.

Dream's eyes fluttered open, he tried a few times to keep them open but failed miserably as sleep begged for his attention. George had this urge to reach over and brush his fringe from his eyelids, but he fought it.

When Dream finally opened his eyes which caused the green in them to glisten under the rays of sunlight, they shared a lazy smile.

"Your eyes look so pretty right now," George spoke before his mind could catch up.

He did not just say that, He thought, was he still drunk?

The comment had taken Dream by surprise, his sleepy eyes widening slightly.

He sat in the compliment for a bit before saying, "Your eyes look pretty all the time."

George nearly grimaced at Dream's words, "I've never wanted to vomit more than just now,"

"I think that's the hangover talking." The roughness in his voice was still apparent.

"I gotta take a shower or something," George groaned, "I can't believe we slept out here."

Dream nodded and yawned, "It's not the comfiest, but now you can say you've slept under the stars."

The conversation about the stars had suddenly resurfaced in George's mind. He wasn't going to

bring it up because he was still trying to understand what Dream had meant. Although, he felt like he had already understood and *that* was the reason he didn't want to address it.

"If it was gonna happen with anyone, it *would* be you, you sap." George chuckled.

"Oh come on, you loved it." Dream poked his side causing George to jerk slightly.

"...Whatever," He fought a smile as he looked away from him and propped himself up with his elbows, "I wonder if Sapnap's awake."

"Probably not." Dream sat up with a grunt and stretched his arm out in front of him.

They reluctantly forced themselves to stand up from the ground, a few grunts escaped them as they felt the pain that coursed through their bodies. George needed to chug a gallon of water, Dream needed to sleep for more than just five hours. They were both inexplicably exhausted.

As they entered the house, George announced to Dream that he was going to go for a shower. Dream had gone to his bedroom, closing the door behind him. George wasn't sure what he was going to do, maybe sleep on something a lot more comfortable than dirt and grass.

After his shower, George threw on the shirt he had recently purchased along with his sweats before trudging to the kitchen where he found Sapnap loudly chugging a glass of water. There was an unspoken communication that was exchanged between them as George entered the piece and grabbed a glass of water for himself.

"I feel like ass," Sapnap said after placing his empty glass in the sink.

George nodded in agreement as he took his last few sips of water before mirroring Sapnap's actions.

"I remember now why I stopped drinking," George followed Sapnap to the living room.

They both flopped onto the couch, Sapnap claiming the long portion while George laid down on the other part, the top of their heads adjacent to each other.

"It's not even cold but I can't stop shaking," Sapnap spoke through his chattering teeth.

"You're dehydrated and your brain activity is *popping off*, so to say." George chuckled, "The shakes are normal."

"How are *you* feeling, Gog?" Sapnap sighed.

"I want to vomit every time I think about the taste of it," He grunted.

"On God, dude. I can still smell it—"

"Oh my God, stop." George gagged at the same time that Sapnap did.

While George and Sapnap reminisced on the events that happened last night during Karl's stream, they heard Dream turn the shower on where he spent approximately fifteen minutes before joining them in the living room. George curled up on the couch so Dream could sit comfortably enough. They carried on their conversation, Sapnap and Dream taking turns in teasing George about how he turned into a fairly different person when drunk.

"We should eat something," Dream suggested.

"How are you just *not* dying right now?" Sapnap asked, his voice muffled by his blanket.

Midway through their conversation, Dream had fetched them each a blanket. He himself was feeling in pretty good shape, at least in comparison to his friends who were wrapped in their blankets with weak expressions as they suffered through their hangover.

"I drank so much water last night, and I only took, like, five shots cause I *know* my limits, unlike you idiots." Dream laughed lightly.

"Okay, buddy—" Sapnap scoffed at the same time that George rolled his eyes with a sarcastic, "Wow, he's so smart, your honor."

Dream smiled as he shook his head, "Okay, what are we eating?"

"I could fuck up some lamb right now," Sapnap moaned.

Dream laughed, "It's ten A.M in the morning,"

George was too hungover to correct him on his obvious grammatical error, so he let it pass.

"Bacon? Eggs?" Sapnap raised an eyebrow at George.

"Ooh," George hummed, "That would slap."

"That's what I'm saying," Sapnap chuckled.

"I'm gonna feed Patches first and then I'll get on that, boys." Dream said as he disappeared into the kitchen.

After the boys devoured the generous breakfast that Dream had cooked up for them, they were sat back on the couch watching a movie called "Mid 90s". Though Sapnap was the one to choose it, he had passed out about forty-five minutes into the film. In the time that those forty-some minutes elapsed, Dream and George had gotten rather comfortable on the couch. It was a gradual thing, but Dream now had his arm around George who had his knees to his chest as he was flush into the taller boy's side. He allowed himself to rest his head on Dream's shoulder as he felt sleep catching up to him.

George wasn't sure how they got in this position, but it was comfortable, so they went with it. They've been going along with a lot of things that felt like second nature to them lately. This pure and innocent thing was the least of questionable things that had taken place since George landed.

"Nick's asleep," Dream's voice broke the silence that had taken over between the three of them.

George looked over his shoulder where Sapnap's blanketed body slept peacefully with Patches curled up against his chest.

"Thank god," George joked earning a small chuckle from Dream.

"Are you not tired?" Dream asked, giving George's arm a tiny squeeze.

George looked at him, raising his chin up slightly so he could level their eyes, "Sort of."

"You wanna go to bed?"

They both spoke quietly so as to not wake the sleeping boy, though Dream had once told George that Sapnap could sleep through literally anything.

"I'm good here for now," George nodded, keeping their eyes locked, "Thank you for making breakfast."

"You're welcome," Dream mindlessly said as he brushed a loose strand of George's hair off his forehead with his free hand.

Dream's eyes were following the actions of his own hand until George's silence broke him from his trance.

He looked into his brown eyes and frowned, "Was that...was that okay?"

George furrowed his eyebrows, "What? Yeah, it's fine."

"Okay," Dream spoke quietly.

George chuckled, his face etched in confusion, "In comparison to what happened last night, you pushing my hair out the way is nothing."

A faint blush appeared on Dream's cheeks, "I wanted to talk about that actually."

Please, no. George thought as he nodded hesitantly, "Okay."

"I know that we're kind of fooling around and all, but I just have to make sure that you're actually okay with what's happening." Dream spoke, always choosing his words carefully around him.

George shrugged, "I play along so I'm obviously fine with it."

"And I mean, I *love* that you do," Dream began causing George's heart rate to pick up, "I just need to know if there's a line that I can't cross."

George wavered on the words as his eyes flickered to Dream's lips, "We just...can't let the line get blurry."

"You don't think that it already has?" Dream softly asked.

His brown eyes flickered to his friend's as another indecipherable thought crossed his mind, "We're just teasing each other, right? Is that...weird? I don't know. Do you want to stop?"

"No." Dream quickly said causing George to bite back a smile, "I just don't want it to ruin us."

"It won't, I don't think?" George cocked his head to the side as he found it hard to believe his own words, "At the end of the day, our friendship matters more than anything else, really."

Dream paused for a moment, their eyes searching each other as they struggled to read the meaning behind their expressions. The younger let out a small sigh as he looked over George's head, his mind going in a pensive state. George wasn't sure if he had properly conveyed his point across. He just figured that Dream would understand what he meant because they had both fuelled the tension without hesitation.

"Y-yeah...I *guess*," Dream chuckled to himself before looking back into a pair of familiar brown eyes, "I mean, a normal friendship doesn't usually include an on-going game of turning each other on--" George winced at the word causing the other to laugh as he continued, "--but what we have isn't normal, so..." He trailed off analyzing the brunet's features.

"I just can't see either of us going further than the teasing, you know?" George spoke, his voice wavering.

"You can't see it or you haven't thought about it?" Dream questioned.

George froze; at that moment, he realized that he never actually envisioned himself in a sexually intimate scenario with Dream. He wasn't sure if the thought made him uncomfortable because he wasn't into it the idea or because he was and *that's* what scared him. They were friends and to think that they could just surpass that was terrifying.

"I guess...I never really thought about it til just then." George spoke the last few words under his breath, seeming to have gone into a state of inner conflict.

Dream went silent, not wanting to ambush him with another thought-provoking question; it was almost as if he understood that George needed some time to contemplate and work through his thoughts as his brown eyes had diverted to the ground. The shorter felt himself being gently pulled into his friend's side and he allowed it to happen as it somehow dissipated the discomfort that the question put him in.

"What...would that even entail?" George asked, the question not projecting to Dream.

George could feel that Dream was going to speak up and he was sort of counting on it; he felt as though the younger understood that he needed to say something that would alleviate the uneasiness in the older's mind.

"If we crossed that line, I'd assume that we would eventually be together." Dream's voice had gone as quiet as George's.

They both knew how weighted this topic was; the possibility had always existed, the consideration living in the back of their minds, but to actually address it with each other, especially face-to-face, was something a lot more complicated than a small conversation could resolve.

"You want to...you want to be together?" George had finally mustered up the courage to look into his green eyes, though he somewhat regretted it when the ache in his lower abdomen resurfaced.

Those damn green eyes: they held such power as they balanced between intimidating and comforting--something only Dream could manage to uphold.

"You don't?" Dream asked, a lot quicker than he had hoped for, it seemed.

George inhaled deeply before letting out a deep huff, "Would you," He cleared his throat before speaking again, "Would you be angry if I didn't have an answer yet?"

A brief silence fell between them until Dream broke into an endearing smile.

"Not at all," Shaking his head, Dream gently pulled the boy into him with his arm that had never left the shorter's frame, "Remember, that's not something we have to worry about unless we cross that line."

"Which we won't," George added.

"And *if* we do, we'll figure it out. Together," He nodded reassuringly.

The two of them felt a sensation of relief wash over them as they looked at each other with easy eyes. It went without saying that they were happy they'd spoken about it.

George had fallen asleep shortly after, still comfortably resting against Dream who made sure to never take his arm off from around him. The brunet couldn't help but wonder if that's what it

would feel like: being *boyfriends*. His mind couldn't wrap itself around the thought without being thrown into multiple directions which heavily disturbed his mental stability.

That's not something we have to worry about unless we cross that line, George let those words play in his mind like a broken record. He didn't have to worry about it, he was sure of it. They were just two friends who were platonically attracted to each other, they didn't have to read into it cause they would never actually act on it--at least not to a point where it would be getting out of hand. One could argue that it already had what with their wandering hands, but if they were never to cross *their* line, George didn't see why they couldn't continue their little game.

At around three in the evening, George woke up to find himself locked in a loose embrace. He had his back against Dream's chest as they had repositioned themselves into a laying position throughout their nap. Dream had one arm locking George's upper body in place as his other arm hung loosely over the shorter's waist, his hand hanging off the couch. The shorter found himself pretty secure as he felt the other's chin resting atop his head: he could feel the intervals of Dream's breathing against his scalp.

"You're awake," Sapnap's voice spoke from the dining table.

He was hunched over a bowl of cereal, one hand holding a spoon and the other gripping his phone.

"Hello," George whispered.

George was now faced with a predicament: he did not want to leave Dream's hold, he could stay in his arms for hours, but his bladder was screaming at him and he could not hold it in any longer. George placed a gentle hand on Dream's wrist as he carefully pulled it away from his chest to liberate himself. George was thankful when Dream lifted his own arm off of his waist so that he could easily slip out of his hold.

As he made his way to the bathroom, George hoped that Dream would hold him that way again as he was already starting to miss the warmth that had pitched itself between their sleeping bodies.

It was around dinner time that Dream woke up. Before then, Sapnap and George hung out in the younger's room, sometimes talking, sometimes just sitting in comfortable silence, and if not, they were arguing over the dumbest things as they usually did. Their banter continued as they sat around the dining table, George and Dream were sat next to each other while both facing Sapnap.

"Karl definitely knows something's up," Sapnap said, finishing the last of his pasta.

They'd ordered from a restaurant, cooking dinner was not an option tonight. It almost never was in Dream's and Sapnap's household.

"I think I should probably stream on my alt tomorrow," George sat back in his seat, "Steer them away from assumptions."

"What do the subs think?" Dream asked as he placed his empty glass on the table.

"You said Karl's chat was..." George trailed off, looking over at Sapnap for him to continue.

"Oh, yeah. They were definitely sussed," Sapnap nodded, "And there are speculations on Twitter as well. I've also seen a bunch of Tik Toks with clips from the stream of people analyzing the way your voice would come through my mic, or whatever."

"That was bound to happen. Let's hope it dies down soon," Dream said in a calm tone.

He was always so calm and collected about everything, George wondered how he did it. It was fair to say that Dream got a lot of shit in comparison to everyone else in the friend group, but he never let it get to him too much. He would be visibly affected, but he never overreacted or lost his cool; George found that admiring.

"Doesn't hurt to stream though, yeah." Sapnap looked at George.

"I don't really mind if Karl or Quackity find out since they'll be here next weekend, but the viewers can't know just yet." George chuckled nervously.

"I can't wait to surprise them," Sapnap grinned.

As those words left Sapnap's mouth, Dream got up from his seat and started clearing the table to bring the dirty dishes to the sink. George felt something was off and he wasn't going to react to it until he noticed the look on Sapnap's face.

They looked at each other quizzically simply because it wasn't the first time that Dream was visibly weird about the whole thing. He had said he was fine with the boys coming for a visit, so it left Sapnap and George wondering why his demeanor would switch up as it did for the second time now.

By the time Dream returned to the table, George and Sapnap had changed the topic through a telepathic agreement that the other wasn't comfortable for whatever reason.

They were still sitting at the dining table conversing, mostly George and Sapnap having a back and forth about something stupid until the older felt something brush against his pinky finger. George didn't have to look to realize that Dream's pinky slowly inched itself over his own. A faint smile grew on the brunet's face as he tried his hardest to focus on what Sapnap was saying. They continued to reach for each other, the gradual touch of it all causing his eyes to flutter until Dream had locked his pinky with George's. They were both thankful for the brown delivery bag that shielded their innocent moment from Sapnap.

When Sapnap looked down at his phone, not really paying attention to his friends sat in front of him, Dream took the liberty of unlocking their clasped finger to gently take hold of George's hand, not interlocking their fingers, but just ever so slightly lifting his friend's hand off the table. George glanced over at him, his eyebrows furrowed as Dream continued to hold onto his hand. Dream looked at him, the corner of his lips twitched upwards as he slowly placed it onto George's thigh. The confusion etched on his face was now starting to dissipate when George felt Dream guide their hands up his thigh; it was a weird feeling since he was essentially feeling himself, but Dream was in full control of where his hand was going.

George gulped to ease the dryness in his throat which was caused by his parted lips as Dream motioned for him to keep looking into his green eyes. The taller boy kept riding their hands up his thigh and George felt his breath hitch when they were nearing his groin. The shorter boy couldn't help but spread the leg closest to Dream's so he could ease the tension that rose within him. George didn't realize how badly he wanted Dream to quicken the pace until he felt the blood rush down to where he'd hope to soon feel the pressure of their locked hands.

As if he read George's mind, Dream tutted before mouthing, "*Wait.*"

George rolled his eyes upwards as he sucked in a sharp breath, shifting in his seat and pressing his leg further into Dream's own. He had never craved someone's touch as badly as he did in this very moment and what was even more ridiculous was the fact that it was his own hand being guided by Dream.

Dream suddenly slid their hands to George's inner thigh, giving it a sensual squeeze which caused the distressed boy to subtly jerk under his touch. Dream bit his lip as he watched George fight the urge to loll his head back in pleasure, the desperation was so clear in the way his eyes fluttered back to look at him; the taller boy understood how much George was inwardly begging for his touch.

In a swift yet graceful movement, Dream moved their hands to place it exactly in the spot that George's body craved friction causing a soft, barely audible moan to escape the brunet. Before he could even collect himself, Dream, who was unable to stop himself from watching his friend succumb under his touch, curved his hand around his so as to make the other briefly palm himself through his now tightened sweats. The movement caused George's free hand to knock over the half-empty glass of water onto the table as it spilled all over his lap. And just like that, they were both sucked out of the heated moment they'd mindlessly entered.

The soles of George's chair scraped against the ground as he flung himself away from the table, the cold water that had drenched his lap alarming him.

"What the *fuck*?" Sapnap looked up from his phone, shocked by the loud noise.

"Fuck," George breathed as he nearly jumped out of his chair.

Dream couldn't help but break into fits of laughter, "A-Are you okay?" He wheezed.

Sapnap giggled, "Not on the grey sweats,"

"Oh my God," George looked up from the stain and at Sapnap who winced at him.

"We got another pissbaby in the house," Sapnap laughed.

George had his fair share of embarrassing moments, but this one was slowly making its way up the ladder as the seconds elapsed around him. It wasn't the water resembling a piss stain that had him frazzled, but the fact that seconds before he had palmed himself under the table with the help of Dream. He was so overwhelmed by his sexual desire that he'd forgotten his surroundings.

Dream must have noticed how red he turned because his laugh started to die down as he turned to Sapnap, "Your time will come, Nick. And it'll be far worse."

Sapnap playfully rolled his eyes at him before turning his attention to George, "Seriously, though, are you okay?"

George looked up at him and nodded, "I'm gonna go change now."

Sapnap laughed, "Probably a good idea, pissbaby."

With his back turned to both of them, George flipped off Sapnap as he made his way to his bedroom to change.

As he slipped on a fresh pair of sweats, annoyance overtook him. *Great*. He stared down at his wet pair of sweats that, minutes ago, had witnessed an undescrivable amount of tension.

A knock at his door caused George to look over his shoulder and the brief confusion was replaced with fury when his eyes landed on those devilish green ones.

"You. Bitch." George spoke through his gritted teeth.

As Dream walked over to him with his arms up in defense, George lurched himself at Dream who caught him by the waist before tossing him onto the bed. George went to get back up, but Dream only grabbed his wrist to push him back down, which then began a solid minute of wrestling at the edge of the bed.

"Ok--Okay!" Dream spoke through laughs as he let go of the shorter boy.

They were both breathing heavily as they stared at each other for a brief moment; George glaring at him while Dream fought hard to stop himself from laughing.

"You have to admit that was kind of funny." Dream said as he took a seat at the edge of the bed, next to George.

George scoffed, "*Hilarious*. I can barely contain my laughter." He said in the most monotone voice he could manage.

"You could barely contain yourself a few minutes ago," Dream smiled coyly which earned him the dirtiest look from George.

"I'm done talking about this," George shook his head.

George wasn't genuinely mad, but he was still recovering from the embarrassment so he was taking it out on Dream. Mainly because Dream was the reason he was in the predicament, to begin with.

"What do you want to talk about?" Dream chuckled as he allowed himself to get comfortable on the bed, laying back as he propped himself up on his elbows.

George turned around in his spot so he could face him before the question he was begging to ask resurfaced in his mind. Dream seemed in a pretty good mood and he didn't want to ruin it, but his curiosity got the best of him.

"Alright," George straightened his posture, "Every time Sapnap brings up Karl and Quackity visiting next weekend, your whole mood changes."

And as if on cue, the smile on Dream's face started to fade away. His expression had turned blank and George could almost envision the gears turning in Dream's brain as he battled with himself to articulate a response.

"I just don't necessarily *love* the idea of Karl or Quackity having your full attention, I guess." Dream said, avoiding eye contact with him as he fiddled with the loose threads in the comforter.

"You're *jealous*?" George asked before a short laugh escaped him, "That's what it's been this entire time?"

Dream looked up at him, "Yes? Do you not get jealous when your best friend gets along better with someone else than they do with you? Even if it's just for a day?"

George wanted to laugh at how he was rambling like he couldn't wait to get the words out as fast as he could so he didn't have to hear himself speak them anymore.

"Oh my God," George snorted, "I won't get along *better* with them than I will with you. We'll all just be hanging out. You know, as the feral boys do."

"Okay," Dream clipped, his words not doing his facial expression any justice.

George raised an eyebrow at him, "You're not even really the jealous type when it comes to your friends, I don't get it--"

"When it comes to my friends, yeah no," Dream agreed, "But jealousy consumes me when it comes to *you*, George."

George giggled, the way he always did when Dream's comment would catch him off guard, "Okay, you're ridiculous--"

"I'm being serious," Dream sat up as he sat closer to him, "And it blows my mind how you're so oblivious of your effect on the people around you."

The smile was wept off of George's face as he let the words sink in. He hated this. Receiving compliments made him so fucking uncomfortable because he didn't know how to take them, he never did. At least, not seriously.

"What--"

"It is so easy for you to attract people--it's *insane* how easy it is for people to be entranced by you at first glance. And that's only from what they see on the surface. That alone would drive anyone crazy if you were theirs. Then there's *you*. You at your core. Do you know how beautiful you sound when you laugh? How effortlessly kind you are without overdoing it? Or how your genuineness remains honest without ever being mean--"

"Okay, stop--"

--so how can I *not* get jealous? I don't wanna give anyone the privilege of spending this much time with you. It's too easy to fall in love with you, George," When Dream caught the alarmed look on George's face, he quickly added, "I don't mean it like that, don't worry," He said reassuringly, a small chuckle escaping him as he watched the relief wash over his friend's face, "But regardless of where we stand, I will always be jealous of the person who gets your full attention. And if I get possessive..." He trailed off, trying to find the words.

"Go on," George encouraged, a small smile dancing on his lips.

The confirmation that Dream wasn't professing his love to him had eased him of all the accumulated stress that came with every word leading up to that conclusion. Now, he felt at ease and comfortable to return to their friendly tone.

"I don't know. I guess it's hard for me to find the line between possessive and protective," Dream stated before adding, "I just don't want you to get hurt, you know? As your best friend, that's kind of my job."

George let out a soft laugh, "This has gone beyond the Karl and Quackity thing, right?"

Dream burst out laughing, "Oh my God, yes. I forgot we were talking about that."

George joined in, "It's fine. Thanks for confirming that I live in your head rent-free,"

"You're such an idiot," Dream chuckled.

"You're *so* obsessed with me and you know it--"

"Boys!" Sappap's voice boomed through their hallway before he was at George's door, "Movie night?"

"Will you make it past the first thirty minutes this time?" Dream teased.

Sapnap flipped him off, "Maybe. I'm gonna feed Patches first, can you two find a movie?"

"On it," Dream winked at him.

Though this day felt like it lasted ten years, George felt pretty level-headed as he sat comfortably on the couch, sandwiched between Sapnap and Dream. They spent the rest of the night having a movie-marathon, sometimes Patches would join them and sit on Dream's lap.

It was around 12:09 AM when the living room had fallen dead silent and the light from the TV washed over their sleeping faces as the three of them laid peacefully unconscious against one another.

Chapter End Notes

the way it takes me ten years to write fluffy chapters cause my brain just doesn't work in that sense is what caused the delay of this chapter, but here are approximately 5K words to make up for the lost time. thank u for those who always check in and comment, ur the only reason why i pump these chapters out like no tomorrow.

i really can't wait to release the karl and quackity visit chapter, but that's not gonna be until a little later. those are gonna be spiiicccyyy babyy lets goooo.

I'm Not Going Anywhere

Chapter Summary

George loses himself in a pit of his inner conflict and Dream tries to help.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I told you he loves me more," A voice spoke from above George's head.

George tried his best to ignore it as he nuzzled further into the side of whoever he was leaning into.

"Well, that's just not true." A raspy voice spoke a little further away from him.

"Shut up," George furrowed his eyebrows as he tried to slip back into slumber, but to no avail.

He forced his eyes open, wincing at the rays of sunlight that peeked through the semi-opened curtains draped over the windows of the living room. It took him a moment to remember that they had fallen asleep watching films; George was mildly sweating from having been wedged in-between Sapnap and Dream for however many hours they'd spent sleeping.

"What time is it?" His tone was laced with sleep.

"Around noon," When he heard the slight distance in Dream's voice, George realized that the person he was resting on was Sapnap.

George lifted his head slightly and peered into Sapnap's eyes, "You must be so happy--"

"Mhm. Now tell Dream you love me more--"

"He's slept with me more times than he has with you," Dream's tone feigned jealousy as he shot a small glare his friend's way.

George playfully rolled his eyes as he peeled himself off Sapnap and reluctantly moved to the edge of the sofa.

"I gotta stream today," George let out a deep sigh.

He loved streaming, most of his life revolved around it, but he's never had to stream outside of his bedroom. That was his little safe space, where he could be so shamelessly himself. Though he had streamed with Sapnap and Dream on multiple occasions, this was different.

"What are you even gonna stream?" Sapnap asked mid-yawn.

George groaned as the realization hit him, "I was going to do GeoGuessr, but I need you for that." He half-glanced at Dream.

Dream feigned a gasp as his hand flew to his chest, "You mean that?"

"Well, he could just join on his phone and go into the living room." Sapnap reached for the remote

to turn the TV off after it had been idle for the duration of their sleep.

Dream shook his head, "Can't join the stream today, I have to work on something with my merch team."

George knew that since they had spoken about it on a Discord call a few weeks ago.

"You're *such* an important person, Dream," George mocked.

Sapnap snickered before chiming in, "Can't stream today, boys. I gotta speak with my *merch team*. Business things, you know--"

"You wouldn't understand," George joined in, imitating Dream's accent as Sapnap did.

"You know what," Dream fought a smile as he stood up, "I'm going to my room for the rest of the day where I'll be with *Patches*, who isn't toxic unlike you two--"

"No, I just know that if Patches could speak, she'd be talking mad shit about you," Sapnap said as Dream crouched down to pick her up from the ground.

Dream covered her ears with his hand as he cuddled her into his chest, "I'm so sorry they speak so poorly of you."

"I didn't say anything about Patches," George put his arms up in defense, "Am I allowed to join you?"

A smile grew on Dream's face as he looked down at George, "Yes."

Sapnap gawked at George, "You can't just side with me and then switch, George."

"George switching?" Dream asked causing the both of them to look up at him from where they sat, "Impossible. He's a bottom."

It took a second for it to catch up to Sapnap, but George caught it in an instant.

"Why..." A flustered giggle escaped George, "Why would you say that?"

"I'm gonna go start my stream," Sapnap announced as he got up and walked past Dream, but not before lifting his fist at him, "Totally agree, by the way."

Dream laughed as he fist-bumped him, looking back at George who was shaking his head at the both of them.

When the door to Sapnap's bedroom shut, George weakly got up from the couch as Dream guided them towards his bedroom in an unacknowledged silence.

George had been streaming CSGO for an hour and a half. He and Sapnap had gone through a few fits of laughter, playful arguments that had the chat spamming 'sibling energy', and amassing a fair amount of wins.

Aside from the game, George would receive donations: the occasional "can you say hello to", "can you say happy birthday to," etc. He would never admit it but those donations had his brain on automatic as he tried his best to sound enthusiastic in saying them while truly feeling a tad bit emotionless. He appreciated the money people would donate him, he'd just hope for a more substantial message. However, they came in handy when he would want to avoid the ones that would just catch him off guard or make him a slight bit uncomfortable. A good portion of the

donations was asking about Karl's stream and how he sounded drunk, which he half-heartedly denied as he watched his chat skyrocket every time he'd stumble over his words or fill the awkward silences with "um"s or "Yeah, I don't know"s.

On his last game, George heard the door to the bedroom open, which caused his head to snap in Dream's direction. They acknowledged each other with a smile before George returned his attention to the stream. He assumed that Dream had taken a seat on the bed and he almost alarmingly looked at his OBS, but relaxed in his seat when he remembered his face cam was not on.

"Okay guys, I think I'm gonna end the stream here," He announced as he dug his back into his chair.

"Wow, you hear that chat?"

"What, *Sapnap*?" George's tone feigned annoyance.

"George just doesn't love you guys enough, I guess--"

He let out a deep sigh, "Fine, I'll play one more game--"

"Let's go," George could envision the winning grin on Sapnap's face.

As they waited for their squad to fill up, George felt a presence behind him. A pair of familiar hands gripped his shoulders and pulled him further into his chair. George couldn't help the smirk that took place on his face as he realized that chat had absolutely no idea they were together in the same room, at that very moment. Dream glided the tip of his finger along George's jaw causing the shorter's smirk to widen as he felt the other's fingertips rest at the tip of his chin. Before Dream could even lift his chin, George lolled his head back so it rested on the chair, their sultry eyes peering into each other as their beckoning smiles grew. George captured his bottom lip between his teeth when he felt Dream's hand wrap itself around his neck before he gave his throat a gentle squeeze.

"You ready, George?" Sapnap's voice broke him out of trance.

He lifted his head from the headrest and looked at his screen: his stream was still going, the chat had wondered why he had gone silent or wasn't replying to what Sapnap was saying. Dream's hand slipped from George's neck as he rested it above the neckline of his hoodie. George brought his hand to the mouse and the other resting above the four dominant keys before recomposing himself.

"Yeah," He spoke and prepared himself before they were thrown into the game.

George's eyes kept flickering between the chat and his primary screen as well as the way Dream's hand was sitting suspiciously close to the space between his bare skin and the neckline of his hoodie. He could feel the taller's thumb caress his right collarbone causing him to shift in his seat as he tried his hardest to focus on the game. His focus was immediately broken when he felt Dream's lips against his ear causing him to sit up slightly.

"You've such pretty collarbones, did you know that?" His voice was a barely audible whisper so his mic wouldn't pick it up.

"Stop." He matched the tone of his voice to Dream's.

"Am I distracting you?" Dream's fingers slipped into George's hoodie, his hand traveling down to

rest on the brunet's bare chest.

George was fighting the urge to close his eyes in pleasure as he angrily sniped an opponent in the game.

"That was hot," Dream gave a breathy laugh as his other hand tightened around George's shoulder.

George leaned his head back once again giving Dream's lips further access to his bare neck. Dream's hand started to trail down the inside of George's hoodie, his fingers stretched out so as to feel more of his warm skin under his touch. George's chest felt like it was on fire with every inch being graciously covered by Dream's touch.

He breathed out through his nose, trying his best to avoid making any questionable noises into the mic, but it was getting extremely hard to restrain himself from doing so. George's eyes followed the opponent in the game and as his character turned the corner, he felt Dream's lip return to his ear.

"I wanna kiss your neck," He breathed.

George sucked in a sharp breath as the request caught him off guard. Instead of answering, he craned his neck, exposing the tender area.

The second he felt the soft touch of Dream's lips against his skin, George got shot down in the game. His breath hitched as a small gasp emitted from his lips, this time the mic had most definitely caught it but he couldn't care. His eyes fluttered shut and his mind was turned off, his ear deaf to Sapnap's complaints as Dream pressed a feathery kiss against his skin.

The shorter lolled his head further back into his chair as he ripped his headphones off, letting them fall onto his lap. His hands had left his desk and were now resting on either side of his chair as he allowed Dream's hand to wander further down his chest, the taller's fingertips hooking itself to the band of George's sweatpants.

Dream chuckled against his neck before reconnected his lips to the previously targeted spot. George brought his hand to the back of the headrest which he gripped tightly with every stroke Dream's lips left on his exposed skin. Small barely-audible breaths escaped George's parted lips as his eyes remained shut, his other hand gripping the armrest of his chair tightly as he felt Dream's finger slip under the waistband of his briefs.

"Please," George subtly arched his back as he now felt the fire spread from his chest downwards.

He was *craving* Dream's hand against his bare skin, though he knew neither of them would actually let it get that far. In the heat of the moment, though, everything seemed so attainable.

"Not yet," Dream spoke against his neck.

George knew his silence was deafening to chat, but his mind was so hazy that he couldn't open his eyes to look if he wanted to. Before he could force himself, he felt Dream's teeth capture his skin before it was released in between the softness of his lips in a suction sending George into overdrive.

The audible moan that escaped him was cut short as Dream's hand flew to George's mouth, his lips remaining on his neck as he continued to suck on the supple skin. Dream's other hand pressed itself against the brunet's bladder, the feeling sending a sensation to his prostate: a long and low sound of pleasure resonated through George's throat which was then released in a small breath through his nose.

George was momentarily pulled from the euphoric feeling when Dream withdrew his hand from the shorter's hoodie and reached over him to grab the mic; he assumed it was to turn it off because Dream took his hand off his mouth causing a breath of relief to escape his parted lips. The taller boy also withdrew from the neck his lips were passionately attached to a few minutes ago which caused George to look up at him as he was just now recollecting himself.

Dream stood up straight, his eyes moving from the chat to look down at George, "You should probably end your stream now."

George blinked at him before slowly looking back at his monitor. He grabbed his headset from his lap, his mind still in a haze as he slowly adjusted his headphone onto his head.

"Uh, so--" He paused when he saw Dream reach for his mic to unmute it, causing him to blush at the fact that'd forgotten, "H-Hello? Sorry, I was having some technical difficulties."

"Dude, you *left* me to die out here." Sapnap's voice sounded from Discord.

"Sorry," George's voice had gone somewhat soft, "Anyway, yeah guys. Thank you for the donos, um," His eyes trailed to chat as he saw them pouring in.

He kept seeing Dream's name fly by in the chat and he could only imagine what they were saying when George was dead silent. So, he tore his gaze from the chat and cleared his throat before speaking again.

"Uh, thank you for watching the stream. Don't watch Sapnap's," He added quickly before he went offline.

"The disrespect," He heard Sapnap say through Discord.

"Alright, *bye*, Sapnap." He said before leaving the Discord call.

Once George was disconnected from everything, he swiveled in his chair to face Dream who was sat at the edge of his bed, smiling at him devilishly.

"Why do you do that?" George sighed before dropping his head into his hand as he leaned his elbows against his thighs.

Dream laughed, "Because you get like that,"

"Like what?" George kept his face hidden in his hands as the events re-circled in his head.

"All flustered, *begging* for it--"

"Stop." George's head snapped up, "Why do you prefer doing it when we're around people? Is that your kink or something?"

Dream burst out laughing, "WHAT?" He exclaimed as George shrugged, a smile dancing on his lips, "My kink? It's yours, you freak."

"No," George furrowed his eyebrows, genuinely taking offense, "No, it's not--"

"Yes, it is." Dream persisted.

"It's not--"

"George, you cannot look me in the eyes and tell me that you don't enjoy the idea of sneaking

around," Dream smirked and shook his head.

"I literally have no idea what you mean," George went to swivel back to the desk, but Dream insisted.

This was just like him, just like them. They *loved* to argue about who was right over the stupidest things.

"Remember, one day you were streaming and chat had no idea that I called you--"

George's eyes widened and he waved him off immediately, "Okay, okay--"

"No, let me finish--"

"No!" George protested, "I get it."

He remembered that day because it was unfortunately engraved in his memory; he was playing a game with Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap until he received a call from Dream. He remembered how the chat was trying to guess who he was on the phone with because of the reactions that came from him while Dream was teasing him on the other line. They'd gotten on call that night, one of the few Discord calls that they were never able to further escalate because they were miles apart.

"So, you agree? You like being watched?" Dream asked as he cocked a beckoning eyebrow at his flustered friend.

George stared at him as he fought a smile by biting his bottom lip before rolling his eyes at him, "Whatever."

"You don't have to be ashamed, George," Dream laughed, "Being an entertainer is in your blood."

George laughed at the term, "And *I'm* the freak?"

"We're both freaks," Dream shrugged, a huge grin plastered on his face, "You bring it out of me."

"How did the, uh, merch meeting go?" George asked, wanting so desperately to change the subject.

"It went well," Dream smiled sweetly at him.

They then began speaking about what Dream was working on and George found it somewhat funny how they would shift from being all over each other to comfortably having a conversation as nothing had just happened.

It was around 8:07 in the evening when the three of them were sat in front of the TV having dinner: it was once again take-out. George and Dream were sat next to each other while Sapnap was adjacent to them. Dream had his arm extended out on the sofa, the portion against which George sat. For some reason, he felt this weird feeling rise within him. A feeling that wasn't unfamiliar, yet extremely uncomfortable. He realized, as dinner progressed, that it felt weird because he felt it towards Dream.

"Why did you end the stream so early?" Sapnap said as he sat further into the sofa when he was finished with his food.

George sensed Dream shift in his seat before he mustered up the courage to answer, "I don't know. Streaming just isn't the same when I'm not doing it in my room...wasn't really feeling it, I guess."

"Okay, yeah," Sapnap nodded as he kept careful eyes on him, "'Cause I know damn well it wasn't technical difficulties," He said earning a nervous chuckle from George, "Your chat was also *not* convinced."

George shrugged, "I'm not surprised."

"They were saying some shit about you and Dream," Sapnap smirked as he brought the rim of his glass to his lips.

Dream laughed nervously, "When don't they?"

"I wasn't even looking. What were they saying?" George pretended to be nonchalant, but now the thought of being in the dark added to the uncomfortable feeling that grew within his mind.

"I mean," Sapnap balanced his glass of water on his thigh, "Do you wanna hear the weird shit or...?"

"Why do you care?" Dream furrowed his eyebrows as he nudged George.

"I don't," George quickly replied before glancing at Sapnap, "Nevermind. It doesn't matter."

Sapnap analyzed his features and George immediately broke eye contact with him because he understood that *he* had understood something was wrong.

He's never really worried about what people had to say about him and Dream before, why was it suddenly scaring him now? Was it because he actually had something to hide this time?

As he excused himself to the bathroom, George began to undergo what he had concluded, over the years, as an episode. He would have these moments where his head left the area that granted him peace and carelessness so as to re-enter the pit of conflict that always remained intact. The last time he got them was around the time he was going through his breakup, but that episode was a gradual thing; he found himself re-visiting reasons behind his decisions since he was the one to end the relationship. He would ask himself if he had done the right thing and if his ultimate decision made him a bad person.

That thought came to him a lot: was he a bad person? The repetitiveness of that question had always caused him to choose his words carefully with people he barely knew, or towards the ones he loved, simply because he didn't want to feel the crushing weight of their emotions when he'd let them down or hurt them.

His grip around the sink tightened as he started to lose himself in the darkness of his eyes that he saw in his reflection. If he kept his hand gripped around the sink, it would keep him from losing his temper. One that only surfaced in times like these. He wasn't a violent or angry person, most people who knew him well could attest to that.

Everything was going so well and then it wasn't. He hadn't truly let himself sit in the gravity of the events that had been taking place over the past couple of days. He and Dream were getting extremely physical with each other, and maybe his head was still in a daze from what had happened under the table that he hadn't processed until now how fucking terrible it would be if they continued. They talked about it, but had they really? Was it a conversation he partook in?

His grip on the sink was solidifying, his knuckles had turned white, and he could feel the pain soaring through his gums as his teeth were being pushed together with the clench of his jaw.

He never fucking partook in conversations. He would never speak his mind and he hated himself

for it; not because he didn't have anything to say but because he couldn't string words together--when confronted with emotion-heavy conversations, his mind switched from a full-grown man to a toddler struggling to string the letters of the alphabet together.

He hung his head and took in a deep breath.

It's Dream. He understood. They talked about it. If Dream was starting to get emotionally attached, he would say something. He wasn't the type of person to let people walk over him. Their personalities differed in many aspects and this was one of them; Dream was confrontational, he had the confidence to speak his mind and voice out his opinion. So, if Dream was starting to feel something more than just mindless sexual tension and arousal, he would say something. Which would allow George time to stop the whole thing from even getting to the point of having to "figure it out together", as Dream had said yesterday.

But are you being selfish? His head snapped back up at his reflection. Was he being selfish for recognizing the possibility that it *wasn't* impossible? That, should they keep going with this game, it would eventually come crashing down on them in the most painful and hurtful way possible. And was he being selfish when he was willing to keep going, even in this moment of self-confrontation, while fully acknowledging that he would least likely be the person to get hurt in the end?

"It's Dream," He repeated as he shook his head.

George wouldn't do that to him. He would stop himself before it got that bad. *No*, it wasn't going to get that bad. *They won't catch feelings*, George steadied his gaze as he measured his breathing, *if they can both avoid that, there won't be room for selfishness*. Just two mates who occasionally enjoy each other's touch. He's heard of people who have successfully achieved that without facing any repercussion. He was just choosing to ignore that the success rate was in the single digits, but most relationships weren't as particular as his and Dream's--so he had hope for them. Was the hope blinded by this relentless need to feel and touch each other now that they could do so?

George wasn't dead inside. Of course, he had "love" for Dream, but it wasn't the kind where he would want to exclusively date him. Over the years of knowing him, George wasn't sure if the idea of them dating was mutually denied, or if it was an acceptance that one of them spent a lot of time working on in order to render them unbudgingly desensitized.

All he knew, as he washed his face and mindlessly brushed his teeth, was that he was so addicted to Dream's touch that he wasn't going to easily let that go.

That night, he'd gone to bed on his own. For the first time since he'd been here, he was sleeping on his own. When he dropped in the living room to let the boys know he was tired, they understood, but not before asking him if he wanted to join them for another movie night. When he kindly refused them, George couldn't help but notice Dream's eyes on him, which didn't ease his mind in the slightest bit when he got in bed that night.

At around 2:09 AM, George woke up from the most vivid nightmare he'd had in a while. Through blurry eyes, George found himself struggling to catch his breath as he gripped at his sheets with his clammy hands, trying to grasp reality the best he could. His mind was still in limbo between the two worlds. He was soaked in sweat, he could feel a single bead of sweat drip from his temple as some strands of his hair stuck to his forehead.

The door to his bedroom flew open revealing Dream who was still pulling on his shirt, it seemed. George was struggling to make sense of his surroundings and the darkness of the room didn't help. He felt a pair of hands gently wrap his shoulders, and in a panic, in absolute blindness by fear,

George collapsed into the familiar pair of arms.

And Dream held him. He held him because that's all he could do as George clawed shirt, his face flush into the other's neck. Dream brought a careful hand to his damp back, rubbing circular motions as softly as he possibly could.

"...right here," George heard Dream's voice seep into his head as he felt himself gaining composure, "I'm right here," He heard the soft shushing that emitted his friend, the way his hand cupped the back of his damp head as he comforted him.

George slowly pulled away, keeping a hand on him because he was still making sure that he really was here. Dream brought the hand from the shorter's head and placed it atop the hand that fisted his shirt.

George was discombobulated as he uttered out, "What happened?"

"I don't know. I heard you screaming so I ran here as fast as I could," Dream squeezed the hand George had on his chest and used his free hand to cup the brunet's face, "George,"

His mouth dry, he croaked out, "Where were you?"

"What?" Dream leveled his voice to George's, their tones audible solely within their proximity.

"Nothing," Realization hit him that he was no longer in his nightmare, "It doesn't matter."

"George, I've never heard you scream that loud before. *What* happened?"

How was he meant to tell him that he thought he'd lost him forever? That he was shouting his name as he ran in dark forests and dimly lit alleyways while being chased by a dark figure? The dark figure that embodied his mind. How was he meant to express that it wasn't his surroundings that scared him, but the thought of having lost Dream forever? How did he put into words that he was all alone? And that the one person that he thought would be there to protect him, the one person he thought would always be by his side, was gone? It was the feeling that stemmed from that episode he had earlier. He couldn't bear the thought of losing him forever and he had, in the nightmare.

Dream was there, then he wasn't. He was holding his hand, then he wasn't. He was smiling at him, then he was screaming bloody murder. Dream was the daylight and then in a nanosecond, he was gone, and George was running circles in the dark, looking for any source of brightness.

George swallowed as he blinked at him, "It's stupid."

"It can't be," Dream began, "You were *screaming*, George. I mean, like, so loud that I'm surprised Nick isn't awake."

He appreciated the joke, but he noticed how neither of them laughed.

He couldn't tell him, George thought. How was he supposed to put into words that he was scared of losing him without actually saying those words? He wasn't sure. And as he analyzed Dream's soft features, he realized that if he did find the words, he'd never have the courage to say them.

"It is," He rolled his eyes and let out a deep sigh, the lie formulating itself in his head as he began saying, "I was...I was stuck in this endless loop where I was getting chased by fucking Endermen," Dream shut his eyes as his features and shoulders relaxed, "But they were so massive," Dream broke into a soft laugh, "It's not funny. I was yelling for you and you weren't there."

"Why me?" Dream continued to laugh as he withdrew his comforting hands from him.

George paused as Dream looked at him expectantly, "Remember that stream where we did the shock band challenge?" He dropped his hand from Dream's shirt and sat back against the headboard of the bed, "You were protecting me the entire time, so I guess my instinct was to call out for you in the MC world," He looked down at his hands as he fiddled with the hem of his shirt.

Dream nodded slowly as he analyzed his features, "No other reason?"

George looked up from his shaky hands and wavered on the question before he shook his head, "No."

The younger nodded again before looking around the room, "Well," He sighed and looked back at him, "Do you want me to spend the night?"

Yes.

"No," George took in a deep breath, "There's no way I can fall asleep right now."

Dream laughed through his nose, "Fucking Endermen, huh?"

"They were *so tall*," George breathed out as he forced a laugh, "Even taller than you."

Dream widened his eyes as he feigned a gasp, "If I was a five-foot dude, I'd also be scared shitless."

George lightly kicked him with his foot causing a soft giggle to escape Dream, "Fuck off. I'm the average height."

The two of them settled in another silence, George assumed it was a comfortable one for Dream, but he was still recovering from the other side. As he looked at Dream, he remembered how crucial this bond was to him and the nagging voice telling him that he could mess that up was unbelievably hard to silence.

"You get these all the time, no?" George asked, breaking the silence.

He couldn't bear to stay in his head for a minute longer.

"What? Night terrors?" Dream raised an eyebrow at him.

George nodded, "What do you usually do to get out of your head?"

Dream chuckled softly, "Well, I haven't had one since I was a *child*," He emphasized which caused George to roll his eyes at him, "But my mom would take me out for a drive to this lake. We'd sit at the edge of the pier for an hour or so, or however long it took for me to fall asleep," George could see the memory resurface in Dream's head as an endearing smile formed on his face, "And then she would carry me back to the car and put me in bed."

"She waited for you to fall asleep before leaving the lake?"

Dream smiled to himself, "Yeah. It's kind of genius, isn't it?" He looked at George with bright eyes, "She'd do it on purpose because the next morning I'd wake up in bed, so it would all feel like a dream--the lake. She did that so I could replace the nightmare with something a little nicer."

He was so loved, was all George could think. And that explained so much about him, it made Dream that much scarier to lose.

George looked at the bedding before looking back up at him as an idea arose in his head, "Take me there?"

Dream perked up slightly, "Right now?"

"Why not?" George shrugged, "I've got a few things in my mind that I wanna replace with a nice view of a lake."

Dream and George left the guest bedroom at around 2:20 AM. They quietly shut the front door at around 2:35 AM.

The car ride was peaceful. George had reclined his seat so he could sit comfortably, Dream had mentioned that the drive would be a solid fifteen minutes. George had his head turned slightly so that, while looking ahead, he could also steal glances at Dream who sat peacefully as he drove down the straight road. He rolled their windows down, the cool air filtering through the car as a soft tune coursed through the speakers.

"I know I'm not your savior," Dream mindlessly sang as he rested his arm on the window frame, *"Know I'm not your truth but I think we could be friends,"* George couldn't see his fingers, but he imagined Dream was drumming them against the car door, *"He said 'come down to my level hang out with the devil let me tell you in the end...you won't find--"*

"--find him down on sunset or at a party in the hills," George half-heartedly sang.

This was so cringe, he thought, but he was so entranced by the way Dream was in his own world that he couldn't help but boost him. This scene complimented him so beautifully. He looked so comfortable with himself, his head against the headrest, his hand lightly holding the steering wheel like he'd driven this fast down the road a million times before and could almost do it with his eyes shut. George, despite having gone through a fucking shit show in his own head, couldn't help but fall into the serenity that emitted from Dream's demeanor.

"And it's a crying shame you came all this way cause you won't find Jesus in LA," They somewhat harmonized through their light laughs.

They were so giggly the entire car ride as they bumped songs that they were both familiar with. It was around 2:51 AM when they reached their destination and it took them roughly five minutes to reach the pier: Dream disposed of George who had been riding his back while the taller walked the both of them here.

Around 3:42 AM, when the air started to crisp and the cold settled in, George began to shiver slightly.

Dream started to shrug off his jacket and George rolled his eyes at the chivalrous act before openly mocking him. It's moments like these that George had to find jokes to say because it'd be weird if he didn't, at least in his mind he interpreted it that way.

"Aw, *Dweam*," He cooed, "You're giving me your jacket, are you?"

"Would you rather freeze to death? 'Cause I'm fine leaving my jacket on," Dream shot back, his grin only widening when George reflected on his words, *"That's what I thought."* He tossed the jacket onto George's lap who graciously took it.

After wrapping himself in the warmth of the jacket that looked way too oversize to pass as his, it was Dream's term to mock him.

"George, you are *so small*,"

"You really wanna go there when there's a freezing cold lake right in front of us?" George playfully glared at him.

"As if *you* could push me," Dream scoffed.

"You wanna find out--"

Dream rolled his eyes playfully, "*Okay*, tough guy--"

"Do you want to find out?" George repeated.

Dream laughed, "I should've pushed you in when I had the chance."

A curt laugh escaped George, "*Sure*. Coming from the guy that just gave me his jacket to keep me warm," He could've stopped there, but continued, "You simp."

When the smile on Dream's face was replaced with a threatening expression, George knew he fucked up. In a swift movement, Dream scooped George up from the wooden ground and threw him over his shoulder, which caused him to immediately start thrashing around in his hold.

"Dream! Stop! Please!" He shouted as he tightened his grip around Dream who was manically laughing on his way to the edge of the pier, "Dream! *Dreaaaaam*," He faked a sob, one that his friend knew all too well, "Put me down, please."

"Say you're sorry and maybe I'll consider it." Dream commanded.

"Fine. Yes, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." George was in-between fake sobs and laughter as fear had genuinely overtaken him, though he knew damn well Dream would never follow through with his threats.

At least the threats made to him.

Dream loosened his grip around George as he landed with a jump onto the wooden ground.

"Don't forget what I'm capable of." Dream spoke through a proud smile as he sat back down at the edge of the pier.

George sighed in relief before taking a seat next to him, their legs dangling over the edge: sometimes, their legs would bump, which caused them both to inwardly smile at the innocent moment.

George wasn't entirely sure for how long they stayed there that night, he just remembered the moment before he fell asleep because of what Dream had said: every word that left his mouth tattooed itself onto his brain as he felt his head drop onto the other's shoulder, his mind slightly at ease.

"You can fall asleep, George. I'm not going anywhere."

omg i hate taking more than a day to update because it's a slow burn. I'm gonna try my bestest to update tomorrow ! probably in the late AMs. i hope u guys enjoy this chapter, all of u are fucking amazing.

sorry for any grammatical errors! i just chugged two monsters and wrote 6k words, there's bound to be some sentences that don't make any fucking sense, but i reviewed it to the best of my ability. I'll revisit and edit tomorrow. nightttt xx.

I Just Want to Tell You What You're Good At

Chapter Summary

After not fooling around with each other for a couple of days, George feels a little touch-deprived, so he gets a little creative.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A small weight that had jumped onto his stomach woke George up from a slumber he hadn't realized he'd entered. As he opened his eyes, he was met with a familiar ball of fluff.

"Hi," He brought a lazy hand to caress Patches' head who purred at the touch.

As he continued to caress her, his eyes flickered to his surroundings as he started to take into consideration the way the mattress beneath him emitted a nicer comfort than the one he'd slept on since coming here.

Dream's room, he blinked his eyes a few times as he started to sit up, Patches repositioning herself onto his lap as he leaned his back against the headboard. The first thing he noticed was the absence of Dream, which he was thankful for because he was still trying to recollect his thoughts.

They'd gone to the lake, he remembered that, he just didn't remember falling asleep. As he mindlessly looked down at Patches, the memory of Dream lifting him up from the wooden planks of the pier resurfaced in his mind. He started getting fragmental images of his arms lazily dangling over Dream's shoulders, he could merely remember the feeling of the taller's arm locked underneath his thighs, but he had glued enough pieces together to know that his sleeping body was carried to the car and to where he was at the moment.

A brief knock on the door broke him out of thought as he craned his neck slightly to see who it was. Dream smiled softly at him before walking over and taking a seat at the edge of the bed.

"I can't believe you mum-ed me," George joked.

Dream chuckled, "Did it work?"

George broke into a smile before nodding, "Yeah,"

"Well, you're welcome." Dream smiled proudly, "Are you hungry?"

The idea caused his eyes to widen slightly, "Very."

"Good, 'cause you're making those things you call pancakes."

"They *are* pancakes." George defensively said.

Dream chuckled, "Literally everyone else in the world calls them crepes, George."

The two of them spent the morning going through George's efficient '123' method. Every time

George would mention it, Dream would smile fondly at him because it was such a simple thing, but the blonde found it adorable how George would say it with so much pride.

Dream would barely help, George seemed like he had it under control, but he would fetch the utensils and baking needs for him. It all felt so domestic, George sort of liked it and he assumed Dream felt the same whenever he would feel a pair of warm green eyes following his actions.

"Okay, they're ready," George said as he plopped the last pancake onto the pile.

"They look good." Dream said from behind him as he reached over the shorter's shoulder to tear a small piece of the crepe.

"Just have the whole thing--what are you doing?" George turned around to look up at him, slightly annoyed.

Dream held up a finger, "Not yet. It needs...syrup, maybe?"

"I wish I had something chocolatey," George frowned as he leaned against the handlebar of the oven.

The taller boy looked at him with bright eyes before opening a cupboard to retrieve something from it. George watched his actions with furrowed eyebrows until they relaxed at the sight of a familiar jar sporting brown spreading.

"You're joking," He laughed as he made grabby-hands to the jar of Nutella.

Dream chuckled as he passed the jar over to him, "I forgot to tell you about it. I figured you'd wanna do your own groceries when you got here, but I saw it on the shelf on my way to checkout...figured I'd just get it for you."

His lips jutted out as he glanced up from the Nutella, "Thank you."

Dream winked at him before getting the syrup he wanted to apply to his pancake, as well as a bottle of whipped creme. As the taller prepared his pancake, the door to Sapnap's room swung open, the doorknob hitting the wall caused both George and Dream to look in their friend's direction.

"Morning boys," He announced through a yawn, "Smells good in here."

"George made crepes. They're really good," Dream smiled as he bit into his rolled-up crepe.

"They're pancakes." George rolled his eyes as he prepared his with Nutella.

"Pancakes are *thick*, George." Sapnap sighed as he entered the kitchen and grabbed one off the plate.

"That's what I'm saying," Dream laughed as he leaned against the counter and continued to relish in his delicacy.

The three young men lingered in the kitchen savoring the crepes courtesy of George. After several minutes had passed, Sapnap announced that he was gonna go for a shower. George had taken the liberty of seating himself on the counter as he finished the last bit of his Nutella crepe that had lead to have been a messy eating process.

"That's annoying," George frowned as he looked down at his Nutella-stained fingers.

Dream walked over to the sink, which was situated next to where George sat, to dispose of his

plate. He glanced over at George and caught his wrist before George could bring his finger to his mouth so as to lick off the Nutella.

"Let me," Dream softly spoke as he kissed the spread off of George's digits.

George smiled at him; the action was so pure and innocent, one would beg to differ, but he couldn't take it in another manner as he fondly watched Dream kiss the pad of his fingers clean. They let the moment pass them in silence as Dream finished the dishes, George passing him the ones that lay unmoved since the cooking process. Once they were finished, the can of whipped cream caught his beady brown eyes.

"Would you be surprised if I told you I've never tried it?" George asked as he re-situated himself on the counter and analyzed the can.

Dream looked at him with wide eyes, "You, like, just *have* to be joking."

George chuckled, "I haven't eaten anything that really required whipped cream--"

"Open your mouth," Dream commanded.

George's eyes widened as a playful smirk danced on his lips, "*Dream--*"

The situation was so light in tension that he couldn't help but feel comfortable teasing him.

"*Okay*, not like that, you freak," He laughed which caused George to laugh as well, "Open," He grabbed the can from the shorter's hand and popped the cap off before motioning for George to tilt his head back.

George couldn't help but laugh at the fact that he could have simply done this himself, but he wasn't going to fight the fact that he could have Dream feeding him. There was something about the way Dream tended to him that made George feel powerful, even if it was as simple as these actions.

As he tilted his head back, Dream filled his mouth with the whipped cream, purposefully letting it overflow, which caused George to jerk when the cold foamy texture hit the side of his cheek. The shorter was quick to wipe it off his own cheek before smearing on the tip of Dream's nose, who quickly pulled away from the touch, though it was too late.

"George!" Dream yelled, half-annoyed through giggles.

"Let me," George mimicked Dream's words as he flickered his eyes to the other's nose.

"You did that on purpose," Dream laughed and shook his head, "You're so annoying."

"I must return the favor, Dream." George pulled Dream into him with a firm grip on his shoulder before slowly bringing his mouth to the tip of Dream's nose as he fluidly licked the substance off.

Dream scrunched his nose after the sensation hit him, "That felt weird."

"I felt weird doing it," George admitted, a small chuckle escaping him.

"I liked it, though." Dream shrugged.

George hopped off the counter to return the whipped cream to the fridge, "See, you call me a freak and then you say things like that."

That was Monday. They had spent most of it as they did their Sunday: lounging, eating, watching movies, conversing, playing games off-stream, etc. George and Dream were their usual flirty selves except it wasn't as sexually driven as it was the days before that. Neither of them had even thought about it, not even when they shared a bed that Monday night with their limbs lazily tangled as they slept in each other's hold.

Tuesday was spent likewise, Dream wasn't home the entire day. He had spent a solid nine hours at the studio, working on a song that he had previously mentioned to both George and Sapnap prior to George's visit. The physical absence of Dream is what caused this unsettling feeling within George; he wasn't sure if the discomfort was because he lacked the physical touch of Dream's hand against his skin or the way he'd mindlessly hook an arm around George when they'd watch TV, or simply just the sound of his voice right next to him. George didn't like the distance, especially not after having to suffer through the fact for years since having met him, then having the privilege to encounter his physical presence, only to have it be ripped away from him.

Alright, George sat uneasily on the couch as Sapnap sat at the dining table editing a video on his laptop, *maybe he was being a little dramatic about Dream not being around*.

A buzz was heard against his clothed thigh and his hand flew to his pocket to whip his phone out; he knew Dream had texted. They'd been texting for the past three hours, not consistently, but simply to just check in on each other.

They'd left off talking about the song.

Dream

It's just about my bad past lol

George rolled his eyes as he began typing: *about how you misbehaved*

He pondered on the message for a bit: his thumb developing a relationship with the backspace button on his keyboard as he stared the emoji into its soul.

He tapped the blue arrow key and tossed his phone onto his lap as he heard the sound effect notify the message being sent. He stared blankly at the moving pictures on the TV sat in front of him.

Not even a second passed by before he received a text back from Dream.

Dream

Yeah I wrote about how I got arrested 😊

George snorted at the text and sat still as he stared at the words, formulating a reply of his own until a mischievous smirk grew on his face: *are we talking handcuffs?* 😊

This wasn't the first time George was being bold with Dream through text. This was their forte and had been for years prior to being able to be physically bold with each other. Reading it through one more time was all it took for him to press send: this time, however, the speed at which those three speech bubbles popped up from Dream caused his heart to skip a beat.

Then they disappeared. George let out a sigh.

Then they re-appeared causing him to fixate his eyes in anticipation.

Dream

Why?

Is that something you'd like to see me in?

A soft breath escaped George as he re-read the text; the image forming itself in his head. His eyes blinded by sexual reverie, he wrote: *i think you'd make them look good*

Dream took no time to reply as the speech bubble made an immediate appearance, this time remaining intact as he imagined Dream's slender thumbs against his phone screen, how lust expanded his pupils as it invaded his faded green iris reflecting the message George had sent.

Dream

Prove it

George swallowed; he wished he could see the look on Dream's face right now. The absence of emojis shifted the tension in the conversation and now, he wasn't sure what he was getting himself into but the thought of controlling Dream who was a control freak himself was something George didn't know he wanted, needed, *craved*.

As he looked back down at the text, the words carved themselves in his chest as he could so clearly hear it in the rasp of Dream's voice; that tone laced with sexual malice that fucked with George's head in a way that he'd lose his bearings on reality.

Licking his bottom lip only to capture it between his teeth, he slowly typed out: *get me the handcuffs and i will*

That was it. The message had been left on 'delivered'. George was somewhat thankful as his imagination started to overwhelm him. Were it to happen, George wouldn't be entirely opposed. He hated to admit to it, but Dream blurred his morals with one simple stare.

But Dream came home later that night and they didn't mention it; not playfully, not when they were alone, together, in bed. And George wasn't sure if he wanted the topic to be discussed, but he was wrapped up in the stories Dream had to tell from being at the studio with his friends, and the sexual fantasy emitted from a few text messages earlier had passed them.

It was 5:07 PM on a Wednesday when Dream was doing a quick stream on his alt as George silently watched it from Dream's bed. He had been really good at staying silent and whenever Dream would feel the need to talk to him, he'd momentarily mute. A fond smile would be etched across George's face whenever Dream would guess the country or place correctly. He found it endearing, and sort of funny, that Dream would quite literally drop anything to play this game.

That's one thing he noticed in the years of being his friend; if he found something he was good at it, he'd keep doing it till' it was drilled into the ground. George concluded it as Dream inflating his own ego.

Dream stood up from his chair and stretched his arm over his head causing a small lift in his dark green hoodie; George caught a glimpse of the white waistband of his boxers peeking through his jeans. He tore his gaze away from the exposed skin and returned his attention to his Twitter timeline. He'd been scrolling through to keep his mind preoccupied because ever since they had stopped their sexually driven advances, he'd been craving it.

George enjoyed their cuddles more than anything; he felt safe and at peace when Dream held him. Their inside jokes and pointless conversations when it was just the two of them laid awake in bed at night also warmed his heart. So, in a sense, he wasn't deprived of his attention, but there was this

void in him that had been slowly depleted over the past couple of days. He craved that touch that alit his body in a million places. It certainly didn't help when Dream would look at him through hooded eyes in the morning while speaking to him with that soft, yet raspy tone.

He squeezed his eyes shut as if to make the self-formulating scenarios in his head disappear.

"I'm so cracked at that game." Dream grinned as he looked over at George.

George looked at him for a moment: the way Dream's hair looked slightly messy from mindlessly messing around with it during the stream, the way the veins on his hand became apparent due to the heat that encased the room, and especially the way that twitch in the corner of his mouth when he noticed that George was lost in the moment just looking at him.

Dream cocked an eyebrow at him, his smirk growing, "What are you thinking about?"

George could feel the heat in his cheeks as an uninvited smile grew on his face, "Nothing," He tossed his phone to the side and moved to the edge of the bed, swinging his legs over so that he could plant his feet on the ground, "Just that you're an absolute God."

Something shifted in Dream's beckoning stare, the cocky smirk slowly faltering, "Yeah, you're just saying that."

George shook his head, "You are. You're good at a lot of things."

"Yeah?" He looked him up and down as George gave him a slow, but certain nod, "Like what?"

George cocked his head to the side as he took his turn to size him up before subtly landing his eyes upon him, "Come here," He quickly glanced up from the space between his parted legs to where Dream stood.

Merely taken aback by the quiet voice he used to command such a powerful thing, Dream walked towards him until George was able to reach over and hook his finger in the belt loop of the taller's jeans causing him to stumble in-between his parted legs. Upon looking up at him, George noticed the way the angle at which they looked at each other pleased Dream.

"George..." Dream said in a near-whisper which caused a small twitch in the corner of George's lips as he looked at him expectantly, "What are you doing?"

George had never heard his tone so quiet and innocent; the sound of it made it feel as though someone took a hammer to his lungs, knocking a curt breath out of him.

"I just wanna tell you what you're good at," George batted his eyelashes at him and the reason behind doing so was justified when he saw Dream's eyes flutter ever-so-slightly, "How you're a God at every game you play," He bit his lip as he looked at his finger that remained hooked around the belt loop, "Even this one," He knew Dream understood that he was talking about *their* game, "*Especiall*y this one," He looked up at him once again as he un-hooked his finger around the belt and started to trace a line towards the band of his briefs.

"Keep going." Dream's voice sounded strained as he hung his head, his eyes following the road George's finger had taken.

"Mm, there it is," George hummed as he looked up at him, "The second best thing that sounds good coming out of your mouth,"

Dream's eyes glanced up from his finger to look into his beady brown eyes, "What's the first?"

George bit his lip before softly saying, "My name."

Dream's lips further parted as he sucked in a barely-audible breath.

"Will you say my name, Dream?" George blinked up at him.

Dream brought a hand to his face, the pad of his thumb resting on the bottom of George's lip, "George," He whispered, pulling the skin down as he watched the way George parted them further for him.

George pulled his face away from his touch, hiding the winning smile that stemmed from the power he had over him as he watched the slight confusion on the taller's face. George furthered the complexity of his confusion as he grabbed Dream's wrist to pull it further away from him.

"What's it like?" George hooked his finger to the band of his brief, pulling the fabric down slightly as a gust of warmth emitted from the enclosed and untouched area, "Knowing how much power you must have to draw millions of people in with just the sound of your voice?"

Dream bit his lip as his eyes were cautiously watching the movement of George's finger as they lay dangerously close to a place where he'd probably imagined it being a few times in the past.

"I'm so lucky, aren't I?" George whispered as he unhooked his finger from the band of his briefs.

He could tell the loss of contact bothered Dream from the way he shut his eyes and inhaled slowly.

"I'm so lucky to be able to hear you every day," George continued as he brought his fingers to the clasp of Dream's belt, "To feel your hands on me, my skin," He unclasped the belt causing Dream to exhale at the way he was mentally begging George to quicken the pace, "Cause it feels so *fucking* good," He paused his actions as he looked up at him once again, this time Dream tore his gaze from George's hand as he hungrily looked at him, "Your hands feel so fucking good on me, Dream."

"Let me touch you then," Dream sputtered, his hands already reaching for George.

George caught his wrist one more time, but instead of moving it away, he brought it to his neck and let out a hum of satisfaction when Dream wrapped his fingers around his warm, tender skin. For once, the positioning of his hands affected him more than it did George and it was told through the way his breathing had shallowed.

"No one's touch ever made me feel this way," George continued, his voice falling into a quiet rasp.

George kept his gaze fixated on Dream as the other kept his eyes on the way George's lips parted every time he would slightly tighten his grip around his neck. In one swift movement, George looped the belt off of Dream which caused the other to release a breath of satisfaction. There was a slight discomfort that had grown in the tightened area of Dream's jeans over the course of George's praises, one that neither of them failed to notice.

"You're so good at what you do to me," George's throat formulated a moan which caused Dream to loll his head back slightly before looking back down at him, "You make me feel *so* good," He unbuttoned Dream's pants causing a small breath of pleasure to escape the taller, "Do you know how your touch drives me insane? How badly I crave it?"

Another breathy moan escaped Dream, his grip around George's neck tightening to release the ache that had continued to grow within his briefs.

"George--"

When he caught the way George lolled his head back, his lips plumped and parted as he looked at him through those brown eyes, the tension accelerated, "Yes, Dream?" George asked through a moan.

It was all so purposeful on George's end and it worked so well as he felt Dream contract under his hand.

"Please," Dream breathed out as he hung his head.

George felt his own breathing shallow as Dream's grip around his neck tightened, and he knew that his hold would only contract once George was to fully slip his wandering hand into Dream's pants.

So he paused, "Please what?"

"Don't...stop," Dream bucked his hips against George's ghosting hand.

"Look at me," George softly commanded as his free hand pulled Dream further into him, Dream's grip around George's neck had flown to clutch his hair.

The taller's thighs were flush against George's chest as George rested his chin against his lower abdomen.

Dream's hung head had placed him in a position where he had no choice but to look down into George's glossy eyes.

"Why..." Dream swallowed as George inclined his jaw, "Why are you doing this?"

"Because you're so good to me. You're so good for me, Dream," Dream fully fisted George's hair.

George could feel Dream pulsate in the bulging spot that was pressed against his throat.

As George slowly placed a hand on Dream's bulge, Dream rolled his head back, a throaty moan leaving his parted lips as his eyes fluttered open to focus on the ceiling. George understood that Dream would most likely not survive the gaze he had on him as well as the feeling of his dainty hands on the pulsating bulge that had been suffocated by the briefs.

"Fuck, George." Dream uttered out as he tugged George's hair harshly.

"I just wanna be good for *you*, Dream," George spoke through a moan to create even more tension than his hand did to the stiff dilation of Dream's bulge.

George was so sure he felt Dream reaching his end as he went to curve his hand around him, but a knock at the door shook them both out of their elongated trance. Dream stumbled backward as George had quickly let his hand slip from the taller's jeans.

"Clay, we gotta talk." Sapnap's voice boomed from the other side of the door.

"Can't it wait?" Dream shouted back as he fumbled with the button of his jeans that he desperately tried to button up.

George couldn't fight off the laugh that stemmed from the look of pure annoyance on Dream's face. His face had gone red from George's previous advances and the irritation to the overwhelming build-up to have been ruined by a simple knock at the door was so clearly etched on his face.

"I mean," Sapnap began, "Not rea--"

"Whatever, yeah. I'll be out in a sec," He sighed before hiding his face in his hand.

George leaned back into the bed as he bit his lip to stop himself from laughing, his eyes looking at Dream expectantly. Dream peeked through his fingers, his hand still hiding most of his face as he glared at George.

"You're..." He shook his head.

George cocked an eyebrow at him, "Go on."

"I can't fucking, like, even look...or--" George's smile grew at how flustered Dream sounded, "I'm...gonna go talk to Nick." He dismissed himself, an embarrassing smile forming itself on his face as he made his way to the door.

George watched him exit the room and he was finally able to laugh to himself; there was no way he actually managed to get him as flustered as he did. Were it not for Dream's tugs at his hair and his grip on his neck, George wouldn't have been equally turned on, but he was. However, Dream succumbing under his touch had towered over his emotions which granted him control he didn't know he could have over Dream.

"Oh my God, Nick," George heard how Dream's voice had gone from an indistinctive tone to an angry one.

He found himself walking over to the door and figured that he'd just join them in the hallway so it'd feel less like eaves-dropping. Dream caught George's appearance in the corner of his eye which caused his shoulders to slump as he took in a deep breath. George glanced at Sapnap in confusion, but the other seemed to be avoiding all sorts of eye contact as he nervously looked from his phone to Dream.

"What's...going on?" George asked as he realized that one could cut the tension in this hallway with a knife.

"Tell him." Dream mumbled as he leaned his back against the wall adjacent to Sapnap.

"I'm going on a vacation with my girlfriend for a week after Karl and Alex visit this weekend," Sapnap said quietly.

George furrowed his eyebrows at him before looking at Dream who barely lifted his bowed head to catch his glance.

"That's when we're supposed to meet up with the owner of the house," He said, almost through gritted teeth.

"Okay, well, it went over my head--"

Dream rolled his eyes, "Oh, it went over your head, so obviously that makes it okay--"

"It doesn't make it okay! I'm just--"

"Don't raise your voice at me when you're the one who fucked up," Dream's threatening tone caused an unfamiliar feeling to rise within George.

Maybe he was still caught up in their moment from earlier, but Dream looked extremely good at

the moment.

"Oh, but *you're* allowed to raise your voice at me?" Sapnap lowered his tone, but he was equally angry.

George didn't know when to chime in, or what he would say if he were to be called upon in the argument, so he stood back quietly, occasionally stealing glances at Dream.

"Yes, I'm fucking allowed, Nick. Why don't you use your head, bro?" George realized how deeply Dream felt about this since he was getting expressive with his hands.

"Clay, I forgot. It happens," Sapnap was trying his hardest to calm the situation, but Dream was visibly annoyed.

"We've been talking about this for weeks, dude," Dream exhaled deeply.

"Okay, I'm sorry, but I already apologized, like, what else do you want from me?" Sapnap was the kind to ease the situation out until he was pushed too far.

George couldn't blame him, but he wasn't sure how he could have forgotten. In a serious argument between Dream and Sapnap, George would never pick sides, but if he had to pick one side, he'd side with Dream. In this argument, at least.

"I want you to not be a fucking idiot next time." Dream shot back.

Sapnap raised an eyebrow at him and Dream sort of settled down after realizing that there was no need for him to go that far.

"*You* need to keep your bitch on a leash," Sapnap jokingly said to George.

George looked Sapnap up and down, "I think *you* need to keep your mouth shut."

Dream's head snapped up in George's direction, the two of them shared a brief smile before they both looked back at Sapnap.

"Yeah? I could say the same to you," Sapnap said as he pointed to Dream's zipper, "Your fly's down, buddy. I'll just let you guys get back to that now," He winked before leaving the two sheepish boys in the hallway.

"Oh my God," George laughed nervously as he facepalmed.

He wasn't really worried about what Sapnap thought, he knew he was just teasing them. George *knew* Sapnap wouldn't waste a single breath on calling them out if he felt that they were actually fucking. As long as they weren't *together* together, George and Dream felt no need to tell their friend anything. Especially when they had no actual, legitimate clue as to what they were doing themselves. They were going to keep it on the down-low for as long as they possibly could.

George was somewhat glad that the argument didn't derail into something deeper and if it was because of the fact that the two of them had been caught red-handed, then so be it.

As they walked back into Dream's room, a thought surfaced their minds almost at the exact time as they turned to face each other, slightly alarmed.

"Nick's gonna be gone for a whole week." Dream was the first to voice it out.

George froze in his spot as he sat in the realization for a bit longer, the two of them looking at each

other in pensive silence.

"Are you...okay with that?" George asked.

"What? Being alone with you?" Dream chuckled, "Yeah, are you...not?"

"No, I'm...I'm good with that." George said with a small shrug, "At least we won't risk getting caught anymore."

The both of them shared a small laugh.

"Imagine the things we could get up to now that Nick won't be here," Dream said and George's heart skipped a beat as the possibilities swarmed his head.

George thought back to the moment before they had gotten interrupted by Sapnap. What would have happened if their moment didn't get cut off? Would the touches go beyond the briefs? Would they have let it get that far?

As George watched Dream aimlessly cleaning his desk following the streaming process, he wondered if Sapnap's absence was going to be a good thing or the one thing that would make it all come crashing down.

He hoped for the former, that's all he could since he knew that in the heat of the moment, neither of them had control over their thoughts.

Chapter End Notes

OMG HELLO? IS THIS THING ON?

CHAPTER TOMORROW (i actually mean it this time ahahah) because ik how i wanna go about writing it. it's gonna be a little angsty, but we can always hope that it'll end in a good way. maybe. and then we got the karl and quackity chapter boooiiiss let's gooooo.

miss all of yous xx.

uni is fucking me up. someone tell my profs writing essays about literature is pointless.

Self-Doubt

Chapter Summary

The internal conflict that George thought he mildly escaped resurfaces when Dream's act switches up at lunch.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up tangled in the embrace of Dream's arm like he had been the past couple of mornings. He found it amusing how sharing a bed had become a silent agreement between the two of them--he just hoped that Sapnap wasn't aware of it. For Sapnap to know, he'd have to be checking on them at night, and that would just be plain weird on his end.

It was moments like these that George noticed how physically strong Dream actually was; the weight of his arm was significant as it dug into his waist but in the most comfortable sense.

George could feel the rise and falls of Dream's chest against his back: he glanced over his shoulder to steal a glance at his sleeping friend and smiled to himself before looking back in front of him, lifting his eyes slightly to catch the way his fingers were interlocked with Dream's own. He further nuzzled his neck into the crook of Dream's arm until he felt Dream shift in his position.

"Stop moving around," Dream spoke sleepily.

George scoffed, "Sorry," He detached their interlocked fingers and turned around in his hold so as to face Dream, "I've got to pee."

Dream's eyes were still shut as he took in a deep breath, "But I'm cold and you're warm. Don't go."

"I'm hot," George whined.

A lazy smirk grew on Dream's face, "Yeah, you are." He opened his eyes at the exact time that George rolled his at the comment.

When he noticed the elongated stare of those green eyes that had shifted to his neck, George's eyebrows furrowed, "What?" He asked.

"George..." Dream whispered and a hint of concern corroded on his face as he slowly propped himself up with his elbow, "I'm so sorry."

George blinked at him, "What are you on about?"

Dream brought a frail hand to reach for George's neck and his fingertips lightly caressed the skin, "I left bruises."

George felt his heart sink to his stomach. He wasn't angry with Dream, nor did he understand his need to apologize, but he was alarmed with the concern in Dream's expression: how badly had he bruised? He didn't remember it hurting at all. At least, not in a way that didn't feel good.

"Don't apologize," George chuckled nervously and quickly added, "Is it bad?"

Dream sighed and twisted around to reach his phone that he placed on the nightstand behind him before pointing the camera at George.

"Do you want me to pose?" George asked, suppressing a smile.

A small laugh escaped Dream as he snapped the photo, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

Dream examined the photo for himself and George watched the small incline in his eyebrows.

"Let me see it," George extended a hand in the small space between them.

"They look darker in the photo," Dream said as he kept his phone in his hand.

"Dream," George demanded.

Dream gave him his phone and as he took it from his grasp, George could feel the intense stare that followed his actions. As George's gaze focused on the photo, he noticed that the bruising had taken the form of small streaks, the fragments of Dream's fingers coloured in pinkish-purple markings on the side of his neck.

"It's not as bad as I thought," George spoke to himself before looking back up at Dream who had been chewing on the side of his finger, "What?"

"I don't know," Dream shrugged, "Like, I don't wanna hurt you, George. You gotta tell me if it's too much--"

"Dream," George cut him off immediately as he offered him a kind smile, "I was the one who brought your hand to my neck. I *wanted* it. And..." He trailed off as he watched Dream's features soften, "I still do."

"Okay," Dream nodded slowly, "And--but--you'll tell me, right?"

"Obviously." George chuckled, "I'm not this fragile little thing. I can speak up for myself."

"Well," Dream's comical demeanor had suddenly re-entered him as he sized George with his eyes, "That's...debatable."

"I'm *older* than you." George was sort of offended, but it was hard to keep feeding that expression when Dream fondly smiled at him, "I'm a *man*."

"You're just...so small." Dream cooed.

"Whatever," George fought a smile as he rolled his eyes at him, "Wait, oh my God--"

"What--*what*?" Dream asked, equally alarmed.

"Sapnap cannot fucking see this." George spoke through gritted teeth, "Dream--"

"I know--"

"What the *hell* is he gonna think?"

"I get it--"

"He's gonna be beyond weirded out--"

"I *know*. Don't worry." Dream said, but the look on his face only worsened George's worries.

"I literally refuse to leave this room, Dream," George said, panic clear in his eyes.

"Well, I mean," Dream chuckled, "You're gonna have to, eventually."

George pointed to the bruises, "When they're gone, yes."

"That's not gonna be till', like, tomorrow. *Maybe*." Dream laughed.

"Oh my God," George groaned as he let himself fall into Dream's hold, his face finding a safe spot in the crook of Dream's neck.

George felt the way Dream's fingers snaked themselves into his hair as well as the vibration that rang against his cheek from Dream's throat as a soft chuckle escaped him.

"I think I may have a sweater that could hide most of the marks," Dream said as he continued to aimlessly play with George's hair.

"*Most*? What does that even mean," George sighed, he felt himself bring one arm to rest over Dream's stomach causing the taller to fall into the mattress as his elbow gave in from under him.

The back of Dream's head collided with his pillow as a small huff escaped him, "It'll be fine, you'll be fine."

George wasn't sure when he had gotten this comfortable with Dream: upon his first arrival, he wasn't even able to look him in the eyes, now they were borderline feeling each other up and cuddling like they were...*together*. George inwardly cringed at the thought and it almost made him pull apart from Dream's hold, but he quickly blinked it away.

They'd talked about this, he thought as he repositioned himself against Dream so as to lay his cheek on the blonde's exposed collarbones. They'd talk about cuddling and sharing a bed. He knew that wasn't the part that bothered him, but more so the fact that they had gotten so lost in their game that neither of them could raise the white flag due to their inability to let go of the satisfaction they received from their mutual sexual wavelengths.

As George watched Dream's eyes flutter shut for the second time in the past ten hours, he let himself fall deeper in his thoughts. George and Dream didn't always openly talk about their sex life to each other: one, George only ever really had a couple of girlfriends, and two, Dream didn't just sleep with whoever. They weren't chasing sexual endeavors enough to be having long conversations about it, but every now and then, they'd speak about their sexual likes and dislikes. They'd center the topic on past experiences, therefore talking about what their ex-girlfriends did that turned them on. It then spiraled into what they wished they could have had, which is how George and Dream came to find that they were into the same things--the gender of the sexual partner did not matter as they delved into their alike mindsets, which now justified a lot of things that came so naturally to them in this godforsaken game that seemed to have no end.

At around 2 in the afternoon, Dream received a text from Sapnap stating that he was leaving his girlfriend's house and that he was on his way home. George was thankful for the fact that Sapnap had plans of his own this morning, but now that he was returning, the anxiety associated with the apparent bruises on his neck resurfaced. They still hadn't figured out what they were going to do to cover it up, other than the poor efforts that Dream's sweater was going to offer.

"Just *try* it on, George. He'll be home in, like, five minutes." Dream said as he clutched onto the knitted sweater that would most definitely not fit Dream's built anymore.

"I'm gonna look ridiculous." George deadpanned as his eyes bore fires into the clothing.

Dream chuckled with an eye roll, "Well, it's the sweater or Nick's gonna find out about the bruises."

"Honestly, Dream, at this rate, I'm okay with him seeing the bruises." George ran a hand through his hair.

"I hate when you get like this," Dream voice was firm, but his smile was still apparent on his face.

"What if...we just avoid him, for the rest of the night?" George suggested.

Dream shook his head, "We're going out for lunch. There's absolutely no way to avoid him--"

George pursed his lips, genuinely considering the idea, "I mean--"

"It's gonna look sus, George." Dream cut him off.

George let out a groan as he lolled his head back only to return it forward as he glared at the knitted sweater.

"You just want me to wear it because you said I look good in red," George smirked.

Dream burst out laughing, "You're *so* full of yourself. This sweater is orange, you colorblind bitch."

George gawked at him then squinted at the sweater, " *What--*"

The front door slamming shut caused the both of them to seize in their spots. Dream tossed the sweater to George who reluctantly caught it.

"I'm gonna go catch up with him. Get changed." Dream said as he playfully pushed past him to exit the room.

George was left in Dream's bedroom angrily clutching onto the orange knitted sweater that sported a high collar. He whined as he sneakily exited the bedroom and tip-toed in the hallway to make his way to the bathroom. Upon throwing the sweater on, he nearly gagged at the sight of his reflection in the mirror.

He looked like his mother dressed him. George tried messing around with his hair even though he knew the alterations to dress this sweater would stand no chance. He tried lowering the length of the collar so that it didn't look obvious that he was trying to hide something: Sapnap wasn't stupid, he could easily put two and two together, especially because this sweater was so out of character for George.

As he made his way down the hallway and took a few deep breaths to calm himself, the voices of Dream and Sapnap slowly filled his ears. Sapnap was leaning against the counter in the kitchen and Dream stood up opposite him, his knee propped up on a stool.

"*Gogy*," Sapnap gasped, "You look good, dude. I've never seen you in orange before, I don't think."

George could see Dream staring at him in the corner of his eyes, but he chose to avoid all eye contact with him due to the common knowledge they shared regarding the sweater.

"Yeah," George chuckled nervously as he sat on the stool next to Dream, "I was feeling a bit cold, I guess. This...keeps me warm."

George was thankful that his words matched up with the temperature outside: for once, the universe was in his favor. If it'd been hot like it had in the last few days, there would be no reason for him to wear this sweater and Sapnap would've figured it out the second he'd lay eyes on George.

"This isn't very hypebeast of you, though," Sapnap chuckled.

George rolled his eyes at the term that his friend associated with him over the years, "I am not a hypebeast."

"It's definitely something that, like, Karl would wear." Sapnap continued.

George laughed, "Yeah? You're that invested in your friends' fashion sense, are you?"

Sapnap playfully frowned, "Bro, if you don't keep up with the homies' taste, you're not a real homie."

"Oh no, of course," George said insensibly.

"We going out for lunch or?" Sapnap asked the question mostly directed to Dream.

Dream had to tear his gaze away from George as he dazedly looked at Sapnap, "What?"

A slow smirk made its way on Sapnap's face, "Lunch?"

George couldn't help but smile at the situation as well: maybe this sweater seemed ugly to his eyes only because it had a different effect on Sapnap, and most definitely Dream whose cheeks seemed to sport a tint of blush.

"Yeah, let's go," Dream nodded, "But you're driving."

George listened to Dream and Sapnap playfully argue as the three of them made their way out the front door and towards Sapnap's Subaru. The drive was pleasant, the air was cool enough for the boys to have rolled their windows down. He settled in the backseat as he set his arm on the window sill and leaned his head against the frame. With Sapnap driving, Dream was able to glance over his shoulder for as long as he desired to steal glances of adoration at George, which he most definitely did a couple of times. George caught his eyes both times, the two of them sharing a knowing smile as they lingered in their gaze, the music powered by the aux being the only thing heard between them when they'd zone into each other.

George loved the way he would feel under his longing stare; there was something so warm and enamored, sometimes it made George wonder how those eyes are the same ones that looked at him with so much hunger and amatory. That's why he felt this unidentified sensation surge through him every time Dream would look at him; it was the empowerment he felt knowing that someone who had *that* duality and complexity took *their* time to look at *him*.

Lunch was wrapped up around 4:19 PM: they were at a Bar & Grill decently close to the beach. The place was rather dark and musky, George made sure to tell the boys that this was the closest to a party scene he was gonna get while he was here.

"You know what, fair enough," Sapnap chuckled, "I can't actually picture George on the dancefloor."

They were sat at a round table that seated three.

George grimaced from Sapnap's right, "Yeah, no way."

Dream shrugged, "I mean...it's not *that* much different from college parties, though, and you've been to *plenty* of those." He smirked at George who glared at him playfully.

"That's true. I forgot you've lived, like, ten lives, you old bitch." Sapnap laughed alongside Dream.

George suppressed a chuckle as he nonchalantly replied, "Exactly. Been there, done that."

As the boys continued to chat over what they were going to do for the rest of the day, they decided that bringing George grocery shopping was one thing they could knock off the to-do list.

"I mean, I don't really know what I'd want to get, but--" George was cut off when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

When George looked up from the unfamiliar hand on his shoulder, he was met with a pair of dark brown eyes. It was someone George had most certainly never seen in his entire life. She seemed a couple years younger than George, maybe around Dream's age. George hadn't really had enough time to really analyze her features, the dimly lit area not helping either, as she had already begun asking her question.

"My friends and I were wondering if you guys wanted to join us for a drink?" She offered a kind smile as she retrieved her hand from George's shoulder.

The silence that fell between the three of them—though only brief as they looked up at the stranger—was excruciatingly deafening. It's almost like a connection had been formed between the three of them in that moment where Sapnap and George had telepathically transpired to Dream that he was the one to respond to her.

George wasn't entirely uncomfortable; she was just so forward that George wasn't really sure how to assess. He'd dealt with this before, but not with a sober mind.

"We were actually just heading out," Dream forced an apologetic smile, "Sorry." He chuckled.

"Oh, that's okay! No worries," The stranger chuckled, "We were just visiting the area and wanted to make some friends. My friends thought you guys were pretty cute, so," She added nervously.

Her nervousness was so loud and clear in the way she fiddled with her phone, George felt bad because he could almost understand the level of courage it took for her to be the chosen one of the friend group to make the bold move.

"Well, I've got a girlfriend," Sapnap spoke up nervously, "Uh, but these guys are single."

Almost simultaneously, George and Dream subtly glanced at Sapnap like he had *lost his fucking mind*. George kept his gaze on Sapnap, his glare contradicting the wavy and awkward smile on his face which caused Sapnap to fight a laugh putting George in the same position.

"I'm currently seeing someone, sorry," Dream smiled sweetly at her before his eyes landed on George.

George caught his gaze and that was the third one of the day that lingered for a moment between them. The brunet tore his gaze away from him; it was a look he couldn't quite decipher.

"It's all good," She giggled.

George looked up at her and forced a smile, "I don't normally give out my number—"

Her eyes widened, "Oh no, yeah, I absolutely get that—"

"I'm so sorry," George nervously chuckled.

George somewhat felt comfortable in her nervousness, it was a hard feeling to describe but as the seconds elapsed between them, he felt a little more inclined to talk to her.

"Your accent...you're not from here," She pointed as a grin etched across her face, her cheeks flushed.

George felt as if he was mirroring her actions and facial expressions as a small giggle escaped him, "You would be correct."

"London?" She questioned at the same time that George said, "London."

They both laughed it off as they drowned in a pit of nervousness, a hole they seem to keep shamelessly slipping into as both their groups of friends watched them from a sly distance.

"It was nice to meet you." The stranger said before she awkwardly dismissed herself following George's, "You as well."

Once they were out of earshot, Sarnap nearly combusted in nervous laughter.

"We really can't bring you anywhere, huh?" He asked George.

George was barely listening: he watched as Dream kept his gaze fixated on his phone, something George knew he avoided doing when he was out with other people. It was so obvious that something had stirred in him, but he didn't know how to even address it, and as the blonde continued to ignore them, he wasn't sure he even wanted to.

"What?" George turned his gaze to Sarnap.

"We took you out twice since you've been here and both times you've been hit on," Sarnap spoke, his voice had gone quiet, almost to keep it between the two of them.

In that moment, George understood that Sarnap had received the same vibe from Dream.

Dream remained dead quiet the entire process of paying for the bill. George would purposely try to say things that would most definitely usually get his attention, but he didn't budge or react once. Sarnap could see that he was trying and at some point, he shook his head at George as if to tell him that there was no use.

George was so fucking confused. He almost didn't want to accept that it was the obvious guess that he was jealous because that was just frustratingly ridiculous to him. He knew he couldn't be angry at Dream for getting jealous, but he almost couldn't help it. He didn't belong to anyone, nor had he made that promise.

The familiar voice in George's head resurfaced as it threw him in the limbo of being mad at Dream for getting jealous though he had no right to or being angry with Dream for not speaking to him for something that was most definitely not his fault. There was such a fine line between the two, there always was when it came to his internal conflict and it made him want to rip his hair out.

As they exited the Bar & Grill, Dream walked ahead of Sapnap and George. Before nearly making it to the car, the sound of two bodies colliding was heard ahead. The sound that Dream's phone made against the concrete floor as it fell out of his hand caused both George and Sapnap to look up at the altercation.

A random man glared at Dream, "Take your eyes off your fucking phone and watch where you're going."

George's eyes immediately flew to Dream who had their back to them: he noticed how his posture straightened with the deep breath he took, and for a moment, George thought that'd be it until Dream turned around, clearly mentally preparing to react to the guys' words that had *surprisingly* affected him.

George thought "surprisingly" because it was so out of character: Dream was never one to let silly little arguments or insults actually get to him. It was surprising because as George took in how Dream stared blankly at the man yet began to slowly walk after him with a prominent jaw, he concluded that Dream was indeed *pissed*.

Before Dream could reach the by-passer, Sapnap laid a hand on his chest and pushed him back causing the taller to snap out of it.

"Where the fuck do you think *you're* going?" Sapnap asked quietly through gritted teeth as he gripped Dream's shoulder to turn him in the direction of the car.

Another deafening silence fell between them, this one holding a lot more tension than George imagined possible. As Sapnap started the engine, Dream locked his phone for the first in the past ten or so minutes.

"I gotta go home, I have to...deal with something." Dream stated coldly.

George noticed the way Sapnap wavered on the statement, as if he didn't believe a word that was coming out of Dream's mouth but also tried to formulate an answer that wouldn't push Dream over the edge.

"I thought we were taking George grocery shopping—"

"It's fine," George finally spoke, his voice sounding loud in his head, but coming out quiet in the boxed car, "I don't actually *need* anything, like I said."

"No, you should go," Dream said, his tone holding a lot more life than it did speaking to Sapnap, "Nick'll take you. I just have to deal with something."

George sat back in his seat quietly and nodded with a small shrug, "I'm good with that."

Sapnap glanced at Dream in the passenger seat as he moved uncomfortably in the driver's, "Alright."

After having dropped off Dream at the house, George switched from the backseat to the front. They watched through the windshield as Dream walked up the driveway and closed the front door behind him.

"Okay, what the fuck is up with him?" Sapnap asked at the same time that George asked, "What's wrong with him?"

Sapnap gripped the steering wheel before sinking in his seat slightly, "Jesus Christ,"

"Sapnap, like," George moved around in his seat so he could face him, "The way he got *angry* at that random guy—"

"No, I know," Sapnap shook his head, "That was weird."

"I mean, I don't live with him, so I guess I don't know what he's like in real life..." George began but trailed off when he noticed the way Sapnap was shaking his head at his words.

"You *do* know what he's like. We both do," Sapnap said, "That wasn't like him *at all*."

George sighed as he laid his temple on the headrest of his seat. Sapnap turned in his seat slightly to face him which caused George to look away from the garage door and to Sapnap instead.

"Huh?" He asked as he waited on Sapnap to speak.

"Since we both don't know what's up with Dream," Sapnap began and George already hated where the conversation was headed, "Lemme ask you what's going on between the two of you."

George couldn't stop his eyes from widening at the question, the panic so clear in the fraction of a second that his expression changed.

"Nothing's going on," George sighed.

"Bro—"

"No, like, actually," George reinstated as he looked at Sapnap.

"Dude," Sapnap chuckled, "I was gonna say I'm not blind, but that's so insulting to blind people because even they'd be able to tell that there's something going on between the two of you."

George could already feel the heat rush to his cheek and he immediately avoided eye contact with Sapnap.

"I...don't know if I even want to talk about this, if I'm honest." George started pulling at a loose thread on the sweater.

Dream's sweater.

"You think I do?" Sapnap scoffed and covered it with a half-hearted laugh when George looked at him quizzically, "George, Clay's my best friend. But so are you. The three of us, we're the *boys*, you know? Knowing that you guys are like, I don't know what you're doing, but knowing that there might be something actually serious going on between you two is...something to get used to—something that's gonna take some time to get used to."

George didn't really know what to say, but he remained seated and gave his friend his full attention.

"Like," Sapnap cleared his throat as he re-positioned himself in his seat, "I don't want you to take this the wrong way, so should anything actually happen between the two of you—it goes without saying that you'll have my endless support. But it'll take a while for me to ease into it *only* because you guys are my closest friends."

George felt a fond smile grow on his face as the words sunk in and settled in a comforting place in his heart.

"I don't know..." George trailed off and sighed before speaking again, "I don't even know what's going on between me and him. What I do know is that we're in no rush to figure it out. I can assure

you, though, that nothing too serious is going on between us. And, if there was something serious, we'd be careful with it. We know we've got a lot of eyes on us, as well as the friend group, to worry about, so..." He stirred in his seat, "So if something serious comes out of it, we'll ease you guys into it."

Sapnap nodded, then a silence passed them. They'd both gone in a pensive state.

George didn't even feel this tense sharing this sort of conversation with Dream, but maybe it was because something had shifted, something he wasn't sure of yet because he hadn't spoken to Dream. Prior to lunch, George felt like he could easily tell Sapnap that nothing was going to come out of it—point blank, but as his mind started to consider Dream's actions following the interaction at the Bar, the grounds on which their games sat on became a little shaky.

"I just wanted to know, I guess," Sapnap broke him out of thought, "Because if there was something growing between the two of you, it would explain why Dream acted the way he did."

George furrowed his eyebrows as new worries began to seep into his already wayward internal conflict, "What'd you mean?"

"He's jealous, bro. From that girl hitting on you," Sapnap said.

There it was. George began to feel his blood boil, but he couldn't find it in him to act on the anger that slowly rose within him. He figured it was because he wasn't sure what exactly it was he was getting angry at since Dream just gave him absolutely nothing to work with following their lunch. So, he turned to Sapnap.

"Carry on," George sat up in his seat.

"Okay, well," Sapnap held a hand up, "I'm just gonna tell you what you already know but somehow haven't pulled together yet. I'm also not in Dream's head and you gotta most definitely talk to him about it,"

"Obviously." George rolled his eyes.

Silence fell between them once again as Sapnap formulated his words in his head and though George has always been a patient person, all these silences were starting to drive him a little fucking homicidal.

"His ex, dude," Sapnap sighed and George's heart sank as realization hit him, "Like, I mean, this might be far-fetched, but that's the only reason I can think of for him having switched up that fast."

"Because she cheated on him." George spoke quietly, the words resting beneath his breath as his eyes zoned out on the CD player of the control system.

"That *self-doubt*, I've never felt it, but I can only imagine that it permanently fuck him up a little, you know?" Sapnap said, his tone matching George's, "And he's probably never actually gotten over it—"

"I don't think that's something you can get over—"

"At least not easily, yeah. And it's only been a few months since they broke up," Sapnap said, "Again though, like, if you're saying that nothing too serious is going on between you two, then it's really not that deep. It's just him being protective and possessive of you—like he does on stream and shit, all the time."

George sat back in his seat, his back flush against the leather as he shut his eyes, "Fucking hell."

"George, I'm just guessing here. You're the one who would know what all of this means," Sapnap said.

"I don't think I do, Sapnap." George let out a defeated sigh.

Sapnap switched the engine on and George mindlessly buckled his seatbelt; groceries were the last thing on his mind, but he also did not want to deal with having to face Dream right away.

"Talk to him, then." Sapnap's voice meddled with his thoughts.

While at the grocery store, Sapnap tried to pull George out of his head by distracting him with American chips as the flavours differed between here and the UK.

But God, all George could think was *Dream, Dream, Dream*. And how he fucked up the way he had been avoiding this entire time. When he had nearly lost it in the bathroom before he had his night terror. It was resurfacing to his mind with all these new poisonous realizations that attacked his mind like a parasite as he felt himself slowly suffocating in that car.

He had to know it wasn't that deep, George thought. He had to know that Dream wasn't feeling so deeply about him because what chaos would ensue if Dream's own personal ghost danced with the devil in George's mind; what chaos it would cause in their little heaven.

On the drive back, Sapnap was understanding enough to play some tunes to ease the tension. He said no more words on the topic for he understood George could no longer intake anymore information.

Dream. He had to see him.

As they pulled up in the driveway, George stopped himself from jumping out of the still moving car to run past that front door and into Dream's room.

Dream. He hoped that he hadn't dwelled in his thoughts for too long. George had Sapnap to reflect with, Dream was alone.

As George helped Sapnap move the bags from the trunk to the dining table, his mind was racing with how to approach Dream.

"Hey baby girl," Sapnap cooed as he bent down to pick Patches up from the ground before looking at George, "Go," He encouraged.

George shifted on his feet as he slowly made his way to Dream's door. He waited long enough for Sapnap to have disappeared into his room with Patches. George's hand had warmed around the doorknob of Dream's door, as he slowly placed his forehead against the wooden texture.

Stop. Thinking. So. Hard. He took in a deep breath and slowly turned the handle.

He was welcomed with a dimly lit room, the sources of light emitted from the idle computer screen and a salt lamp sitting atop the nightstand next to Dream's body. George's eyes fixated to his surroundings until he realized that Dream was sat up, his back against the headboard as his laptop rested on his lap. He seemed so entrance that he hadn't even realized George had entered the room.

George's legs moved faster than his brain could catch up: he climbed onto the bed from the edge and Dream slowly brought his gaze up from his screen. George shuffled towards him with his

knees before slowly bending forward to take the laptop off his lap, Dream allowed him to do so.

"George?" Dream asked, confusion etched on his face.

George placed the laptop to the side and settled his body between Dream's now parted legs. George pressed his body against Dream's as he laid his head against the taller's shoulder. It took a few seconds for Dream to adjust to the affectionate gesture but his arms finally wrapped themselves securely around his shoulders as George's own arms wrapped themselves around the other's waist. Dream propped one leg up and George's body immediately snaked itself against it as he inclined his face so that his lips could ghost over Dream's neck. Dream's fingers tangled themselves in George's hair which caused the brunet's eyes to flutter shut as peace overtook him.

His mind was at ease. In that moment that Dream's entire body was flush against his, the familiar warmth and the home-like feeling that George got from Dream's scent eased his mind at an inexplicable pace. The knots in his brain untangled itself with every graze Dream's fingers caused as they moved through George's hair.

"What's this for?" Dream chuckled softly.

George didn't know how to formulate the proper sentence so as to not ruin the bliss that had built itself within their proximity. So, he nuzzled further into his touch and tightened his arm around him. Dream's chest fell from an inhale that neither of them realized he was holding; George hoped that what he did had somewhat eased his mind as well.

"I just missed you." George whispered against his skin.

Another soft laugh escaped Dream, "It's only been an hour or so,"

George expanded his fingers against the small of Dream's back as he began to use one hand to rub slow circles onto the fabric of the blonde's sweatshirt.

"Too long." George said in a barely audible whisper.

And they stayed like that for a moment, the both of them knowing that there were a hundred unspoken things being lifted from their shoulders and still lingering in the air begging to be discussed, but they ignored it. Their solace was too fragile and they wanted to hang onto it for a little longer.

So, they did.

Chapter End Notes

i did not mean to prolong the angst to the next chapter, but at least this one ended on a good note right? right.

i hope it's understood that...george isn't in touch with his emotions as much as dream is, so he doesn't love as easy as dream does, which is why he has trouble understanding why dream's getting jealous and caught up in their game etc. anyway, have a good night u cheeky lot. x

I Can't Quit You

Chapter Summary

Conversation-heavy chapter of George confronting Dream about the incident at lunch and what they're going to do to avoid something in the likelihood to ruin their friendship while still playing their little game.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George eventually untangled himself from Dream's hold and sat a few inches away from him as they lingered in a brief silence. George knew Dream wasn't going to speak first, it seemed as though some of the hostility from the bar remained in his system.

He hated it, George chewed on his lip as he thought up a way to approach the topic. He hated having to even have this conversation in the first place. And he hated that the discomfort and uneasiness of his first day here had resituated itself between them.

Overwhelmed with his thoughts, George let out an exasperated sigh, "What happened, Dream?"

"What?" Dream lifted his eyes from his fiddling hands.

George nearly melted under his gaze; he looked so soft yet intimidating at the same time. It was that look that told someone to measure their words or they'd tip him the wrong way which would set him off. He wasn't necessarily worried about that, though. He knew Dream wasn't going to go off on him, he never really did. He was just afraid of not knowing how this conversation that had yet to start was going to end.

George cocked an eyebrow at him, "At lunch?"

Dream stared at him blankly and then swallowed, "I don't know," He looked down, seeming shameful, almost, "I guess...I lost my cool."

George took in a small breath, "A little bit."

Dream looked up from his hand with a weak smile, "Shut up."

George returned the light smile as he contemplated whether or not to ask his next question. Dream seemed pretty at bay with his emotions, but it could be feigned calmness.

"When you looked at that guy who bumped into you..." George trailed off when Dream looked at him in an instant, "I mean if looks could kill that guy would be *deceased*." He emphasized causing Dream to laugh lightly.

Their weak laughs faltered between them. George looked at Dream and Dream looked at his own hands again, his thoughts were so loud George could have sworn he could hear some of them.

"I don't know what came over me," Dream sighed and looked at him, "I was already so irritated and I guess he was the last straw."

"Didn't help that he snapped at you," George chuckled nervously.

Dream rolled his eyes, "That's what pissed me off, to be fair."

"Would you of," George paused and cleared his throat before speaking again, "Would you have hurt him?"

Dream kept his gaze on his duvet covers, "Thinking about it now, no. But in the moment..." He shook his head and sighed as he looked at George who sat up slightly when their eyes met, "...it's possible that I could've, yeah...if Sapnap hadn't held me back. Which is *fucked*," He said as he saw George tense in his seat, "I know."

George immediately relaxed because he understood that Dream was only going to act up because he was in a bad place in his mind. He wasn't a violent person, George knew that. And the way remorse filled his entire being was reassuring.

"Dream," George spoke, breaking their brief silence and the blonde looked at him with tired eyes, "Why were you irritated in the first place?"

Dream scoffed as he looked at George with a look that clearly translated; *why do you think?*

"She was just so bold about it too," Dream let out a deep sigh, "Fuck," He swiped a hand down his face in frustration, "I don't know why it threw me off so easily."

"So, it *was* jealousy." George fought the urge to roll his eyes.

George just couldn't help the slight annoyance laced in his tone as the words spilled out of his mouth. He kept his eyes on Dream: he wasn't sure how Dream looked at him, but as he now looked at Dream in a different type of irritation, he hoped that the blonde would somehow understand where he was coming from.

They'd discuss this jealousy thing, he thought. George was to expect it from him, but not at this extent, holding the weight it carried; a weight so heavy that Dream was ready to knock someone out on the grounds of that jealousy.

"I'm sorry." Dream huffed as he lifted his eyes from his hand and looked at George.

His green eyes looked so soft in this lighting, so innocent and broken. How did he manage to make "tired" look sweet? How could he switch George's mood with a simple look? George felt his irritation fade as he continued to fall into his apologetic gaze.

George shook his head, his own eyes falling to the duvet covers, "It's all good."

"It's not." Dream quickly answered, which caused George to look up at him quizzically.

George didn't know what to say to that because he was right, it wasn't, but who was he to tell him that it wasn't? Which George would it be coming from? The one that Dream spent hours with on Discord calls filled by friendly heated arguments and empty conversations? Or the one that he made a flustered mess under his wandering hands? In this situation, this specific topic, George felt like he couldn't say anything about him being jealous.

"You know," Dream spoke up again, clearing his throat, "My jealousy was one of the reasons my ex left me."

George furrowed his eyebrows, "Yeah, but...she was the main issue."

Dream let out a soft laugh, one that sounded weak and defeated, "I don't know. I was pretty intense."

"She—" George stopped himself from saying the words that were about to come out so abruptly until he realized how insensitive it might sound, "I think...you had your reasons."

Dream raised an eyebrow at him.

"For being jealous when it came to her," George shrugged.

Don't make me say it, George silently begged as he and Dream held the longest eye contact.

"It's just...something I gotta work on, you know?" Dream broke his gaze with him.

George wanted to grab and shake him to tell him that it wasn't. It was something to consider and reflect on if it came to George because they weren't in a romantic relationship where George was being unfaithful, but it was not crazy for Dream to be jealous of the girl who eventually ended up justifying said jealousy.

That self-doubt, Sapnap's words rang through George's head as he looked at Dream, who seemed to be in his own head. She left a mark on him, a mark that scarred so deep the man was still recovering from it months following the initial infliction. The way Dream was genuinely lost in his own thoughts over something that shouldn't be eating away at him bothered George to no end: he, essentially, wanted to go off on her.

"I think it depends on the person you're with," George spoke up and Dream looked at him blankly, his look distant, "Trust and shit."

A frail smile grew on Dream's face as he mimicked George's words, "*Trust and shit*,"

George smiled at the way his words made Dream smile: all he could offer was to ease his tense mind.

Another silence encased them. Dream leaned back against the headboard and George took that as a sign to lean into the bed, leaning on his side as he propped himself up with his elbow. They were still facing each other even if Dream's eyes were now fixated on the ceiling.

"Sometimes, I think...I'll never be able to love somebody again." Dream voice croaked out.

George lifted his eyes from the headboard he had zoned out into and placed them on Dream's face: he could only see the way his adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed the malice laced with his tone.

"Or at least the way I *want* to love someone again," He continued, "Because if I'm gonna do it *again*, I wanna make sure they get just as much love, if not more than I gave her."

George remained silent, but he knew Dream knew he was listening. He just took this time to sit in his words as he analyzed the way Dream's facial features reacted to the sound of them.

"I don't think I can survive another heartbreak, George." He said in a barely audible whisper.

George felt a pang in his chest, a feeling he'd never felt when Dream had last spoken about his breakup on Discord.

As George watched and heard the exhaustion Dream encapsulated, he forced his own mind to shut itself off so that he could say something, anything that would help.

"I don't even understand how someone could break a heart like yours in the first place," George spoke, quietly, his tone wavy as his own words irked him.

But he believed them. He wholeheartedly meant every syllable.

Dream lifted the back of his head off the headboard as he fully placed his gaze on George. They stared into each other and as they simultaneously took a breath, it was understood that a physical touch was somewhat transpired through the silent communication.

George wasn't sure what this feeling was, but he hoped that it did to Dream what it did to him; the feeling that could momentarily rid someone of so much pain that it could only be described through the look of two bonded humans.

"I love you, you know that?" Dream smiled warmly.

George scrunched his nose as he returned the smile. He didn't have to worry about saying it back: through the entire duration of their friendship, Dream never expected those words from him.

He was thankful for that.

"Have you found that person yet?" George asked after a while of them just sitting in a pensive state.

"To fall in love with?" Dream asked.

It wasn't until much later that George found out that the way Dream lingered his gaze on him told something that could've changed things a lot more sooner between the two of them.

In that moment, however, when Dream tore his gaze away, George—in *that* moment, dismissed it.

"If I have, I don't think I've realized it yet," Dream chuckled quietly, "Still got a lot of shit to work on," He tapped his fingers against his temple to motion to his mind.

George gave an understanding 'ah' followed by a curt nod.

"It could be you, you know?" Dream winked.

George scoffed, "You need to stop."

"I'm just *saying*," Dream said playfully, "If there's anyone's heart I'm trying to steal it's yours, Georgie."

"*Never* call me that again." George held up a finger.

"I mean, all the signs are there," Dream widened his eyes as he sat up from his seat, "The jealousy, the *touches*—"

George shot him a playful glare, "Stop."

Dream sat back against the headboard with a laugh, a silence followed their brief banter.

"In all seriousness," Dream sighed, "I promise not to get like that again. How do you feel about it?"

George's eyes widened slightly as the question landed in his court, "I...I don't know?" He furrowed his eyebrows, "I just don't understand why you'd get jealous in the first place, you know? We already covered the fact that we're not in a relationship, so it's sort of...weird, I guess? And don't try to pass it off as a 'protective friend' thing."

Dream laughed lightly before nodding, "I wasn't. I guess I get wrapped up in our game, it all gets a little blurry sometimes."

George sat up slightly, "What'd you mean?"

"Well, I mean," Dream scoffed, "We cuddle, we act like a couple, and then we play this game of who's better at turning the other one on—"

"It's me." George cut in right as Dream cut himself off to throw the word in there.

"Okay, Dream-*I-have-a-praise-kink-was-taken*—"

"A *WHAT* kink?" Dream exclaimed through a laugh, "What the *fuck* is that?"

George barked out a laugh at his alarmed expression, "You like being told how *good* you are," He mocked.

Dream continued to laugh, "Okay, well at least I don't have a choking kink—"

"Okay, move on, move on," George waved his hand off, "Also, that's not as embarrassing as yours —" He began but Dream was quick to react as he lurched forward slightly.

"Mine makes more sense! Everyone likes being told they're good at things. You like *actual* kinky stuff, you nasty little freak—"

"Oh, should I pull out receipts of you texting me what other stuff you liked getting done to you from the past—"

"Do you want *me* to pull out the receipts of you thirsting over my *hands* that one random night you got high—"

"You're lying." George clipped.

A shit-eating grin grew on Dream's face, "You *know* I'm not, George."

"Delete them," George commanded as he rose from his laying position.

"No—"

"Delete them, Dream—" He reached for Dream's phone that Dream had immediately snatched from his side as soon as he saw George rise from his position, "Wait, show me first—" He couldn't help the nervous laughter that escaped him.

Dream placed one hand on George's chest to keep a distance between them as his other hand stood tall above his head, gripping his phone, "No, it's the only blackmail I have—"

"Dream!" George tried to push his hand off as his knees dug further into the mattress with his hand reaching upwards for the phone, "Don't—"

"The *things* I could do with this sort of information—"

"I'll literally hate you forever." George groaned as he sat back onto the mattress with a huff, entirely giving up on the phone.

Dream dropped his hand and pocketed his phone as he smirked at George, "I'm glad we can still do this."

"Do what?"

"Joke around like we usually do," Dream shrugged, "It's the only thing that keeps me from crossing the line."

"Dream," He wavered his gaze as he formulated his words in his head, "I don't want to stop doing this," He motioned between him and Dream, "But if this whole flirting thing is getting too confusing for you then we should stop--"

"It's not," Dream cut him off and George was a little taken aback by the urgency of the words, "It's not. The bad habits from my past relationship follow me like ghosts, you know? I just have to work on it, but I don't--" He took a deep breath before saying, "I can't quit this."

George looked at him, his expression dancing between blank and shocked.

"I can't quit you." Dream deadpanned.

"Answer me something?" George asked, earning a nod from his friend, "If I told you I didn't want a relationship to come out of this, would you want to quit then?"

Dream went dead silent, his expression had gone unreadable and George suddenly felt as if there was a massive brick wall slammed in front of them. In a nanosecond, the air in the room had shifted. George didn't know how to feel as they continued to stare at each other; George couldn't tell what message Dream's look was trying to get across, but he knew that he, himself, looked fucking terrified.

"I don't think I want a relationship either." Dream finally broke the silence.

"Okay," George breathed out, "Cause I mean, we had the conversation of crossing that bridge when we come to it, but I just don't think--"

"We won't," Dream nodded. "We're friends, George. I think we just have to remind ourselves--or I have to remind myself that that matters above all. I have to remember that this a game."

"But are you *okay* with that?" George persisted.

Dream paused before nodding, "I am. I really am. If I get to have you as my friend while still being able to feel you under my touch, I am *more* than okay with that."

"Are you sure--"

"*George*," Dream said firmly, a faint smile growing on his face, "It's normal for me to get wrapped up in my head about this given how long we've been friends, but that doesn't mean that I'm expecting us to become boyfriends," He chuckled when saw George grimace at the word, "It'll obviously take some time getting used to, but I understand that this is a 'friends with benefits' kind of thing."

George blushed as he cowered slowly into his seat, "I just gotta make sure that if we meet somebody else, we can...we can stop playing this game without any...problems."

Dream inhaled sharply before feigning offense, "Well, I mean," He couldn't stop the smile that grew on his face, "Hopefully that's not gonna be for another while, I'm just starting to get good at this game."

"Oh, are you?" George smirked as he saw Dream lift his back from the headboard, leaning into

George.

George let his eyes follow the way Dream's lips were already reaching for his neck. His hands gravitated to his chest as Dream's own hands grabbed the brunet's sides, slowly pinning him into the mattress. Dream's lips attached themselves to George's neck as he spread the brunet's legs by grinding his hip into his; the combination of Dream's lips on his skin as well as the frictional movement caused a breathy moan to escape the both of them.

Dream's lips pressed feather-light kisses to the supple skin on George's neck causing the shorter to crane it the other way so Dream could find comfort to keep doing what he was so graciously good at. George's hand slid from his chest, wrapped itself around the other's neck as Dream began licking the wet marked spot, and eventually, George's fingers slipped into the blonde's locks.

"Pull onto it," Dream breathed against his skin.

The hair on his arms rose at the husky tone as George whispered, "Make me."

There was the smallest pause before Dream's lips re-attached themselves to the brunet's neck, George made sure to lightly tangle his fingers through Dream's hair, not tugging it just yet. However, when Dream grazed his teeth on his tender skin, George involuntarily tugged on his hair, his eyes fluttering shut as he took in a small breath. Dream released the skin from his teeth as he began sucking the reddened area causing George to straddle his legs around him as he slowly bucked his hips against Dream's.

Dream detached his lips from his neck, "George," He moaned into the crook of his neck.

The melodic sound of his name being heard through Dream's flustered tone caused George's briefs to tighten. As Dream continued to work his lips against George's neck so as to emit more of his moans, one of Dream's hands left George's side as it slowly traveled to the hem of the knitted sweater, one finger poking underneath the fabric.

He pulled away from his neck once again, "Can I?"

George hadn't realized he was in a dazed trance until his eyes fluttered open to the sound of Dream's request, "Yes, please."

George was sure the second Dream's hand made contact with his bare skin, the blonde would be able to feel the reaction of his touch through the bulge of George's jeans as their hips remained pressed. However, when he felt Dream's bulge against the back of his thigh, he no longer felt any shame to let his become apparent.

His expectation was confirmed when the feel of Dream's hands graciously traveled from his clothed hip to his bare waist. George arched his back slightly causing another thrust to their pressed and grinding hips; Dream's hand gripped George's waist as a soft moan caused by the friction escaped George's now parted lips.

George was so lost in the euphoric feeling of their bodies moving against one another that his hands had slowly gone limp in Dream's hair. Before George could grip his hair again in order to satisfy himself and Dream, the blonde peppered kisses from where his lips had been for a solid minute to George's jaw. He bit the prominent area and George brought his bottom lip in between his teeth as a pleased smile formed itself on his face.

He fistfisted Dream's hair causing the taller to let out a soft moan as he breathed against George's jaw.

"Does that feel good, Dream?" George breathlessly asked as his hips gently bucked against

Dream's.

Dream's hand, that had wandered underneath George's sweater, removed itself from underneath the fabric and reached George's wrist to pull one of his hands out of his hair and place it above the brunet's head. George was taken aback by the feeling that came from having his wrist pinned above his head by Dream's hand. Dream lifted his head from George's neck and looked down at him; George took notice of his flustered features, the way his eyes had glossed, and his lips looked plumped.

"I'm not gonna make it if you keep grinding against me and moaning like that," Dream said as he brought his other hand to brush the loose strands that had stuck to George's forehead.

"Good." George croaked out as he brought his free hand to Dream's face, brushing the pad of his thumb across his bottom lip.

A playful smirk formed itself on Dream's face as his hand relaxed in the brunet's hair, "I've never been on the receiving end of this," He said mentioning to the pad of George's thumb on his lips.

"It's nice, isn't it?" George asked as he gently pulled on Dream's bottom lip causing the blonde to part them slowly.

Dream nodded as his hot breath hit George's thumb; George contemplated hooking his thumb inside his mouth to part them further, but he decided against it when Dream pressed a soft kiss on the pad of his thumb. Dream released his grip on the shorter's wrist and propped himself up with his forearms as he caged George in between his arms, his hand remaining in the brunet's hair. George brought his hand to cup Dream's face which caused the blonde's eyes to flutter shut as he nuzzled further into the touch before he slowly let his cheek slip from his palm to rest his forehead against George's.

Their breath was hot against each other; his brown eyes followed the green irides that had fixated themselves on his lips. At that moment, George could've sworn he'd gone momentarily deaf. The room had fallen quiet; the four walls were no longer encasing their moans, the breaths conveying their pleasure or the shuffling of their clothes rubbing against each other.

The tip of their noses touched, Dream's fingernails grazed George's scalp, George's hand ghosted over Dream's bicep. George couldn't hear what was going on in his surroundings, and as his heart rate began to pick up as Dream angled his head slightly, he realized it may have been because of his deafening heartbeat hammering against his chest.

The sound of glass shattering against the bedroom floor nearly caused George's irregular heartbeat to flatline. Dream's head shot up from their enclosed space as his eyes darted to his desk.

"Oh my fucking god, Patches." Dream sighed as he pushed himself up from George who began to unwrap his legs from around Dream's waist.

The two of them shuffled around the bed as Dream swung his legs over the edge and stopped a few inches from his desk: his eyes flickered from a guilty-looking Patches to the floor.

"*Patches*," Dream nearly whined.

George sat up from his lying position so he could crawl to the edge of the bed to look at the damage that Patches had caused: one of Dream's glass bottles had retired unfixable on the ground.

"Shit," George suppressed a laugh as he ran a hand through his hair.

"I didn't even know she was in here." Dream said as he walked over to lift her up from his desk where she sat, "You're lucky I love you," He brought her tiny face to his nose to give her an Eskimo kiss, "Why are you acting up? Are you hungry?"

George watched the pure interaction of a 21-year-old man shower his pet cat in affection with adoration plastered on his face. It made him miss his own pets which he left at home and was going to end up leaving at some point, given he was permanently moving here soon.

"What if we made a list?" George asked as they walked back from the kitchen to Dream's room.

Following the small disaster that Patches caused, George offered to clean up the broken pieces as Dream went to feed her. They crossed Sapnap while they were in the living area, but he was engrossed in a game of Rainbow Six Siege, so they just amiably acknowledged each other before tending to their own tasks.

"A list?" Dream asked mindlessly as he took a seat on his chair.

George made himself comfortable on Dream's bed as he laid on his stomach and propped himself up with his elbows to face Dream.

"We talk about not crossing the line a lot--"

Dream rolled his eyes as he quietly groaned, "Oh my God, we're still on this?"

"Yes?" George looked at him as if he wasn't the one that had suggested the crazy idea, "As in a contract."

"A con--a *contract*? What the fuck, George? Are we in Fifty Shades of Grey?" Dream caught George's grin and as he went to put his hand up to silence him, it was too late.

"Fifty Shades of *Clay*, more like," George smirked, a small chuckle escaping him.

"You're *so* funny, George. I don't think I've heard that one before--"

"I know. I'm a meme master," George said proudly.

"*You're* a whole meme." Dream chuckled.

"The *contract*, Dream." George insisted.

"We're not writing a fucking contract, George. We're best friends, not business partners--"

"Technically, we are business partners," George said, referring to the fact that Twitch is their job and they work together to provide content.

"You're so annoying," Dream sat back in his chair with a fond smile, "Fine. What does this contract say, then?"

"Well, we're gonna decide that together," George said as he pulled his phone out, "Number one," He began and immediately looked at Dream.

Dream furrowed his eyebrows at him, "You're the one who wanted to make the contract and you don't even have a number one rule,"

"I do," George rolled his eyes, "The *touching*--" He began typing on the notes app in his phone, "--does *not* go beyond our...clothes." He cringed at his own words and shyly looked at Dream.

Dream laughed at his discomfort, "Yeah, now you're not too fond of the idea, are you?"

George whined, "Help me. I'm doing this for the both of us, like, actually."

Dream lolled his head back as he admitted defeated and began racking his brain, "I don't know, um," He tutted as his thoughts passed him.

George's mind circled back to that moment where they had nearly kissed: it was the reason he wanted to make this contract, to begin with, but he did not know how to bring that rule up. He wanted to place that as the number one rule, but he figured that the order in which they were written did not signify severity.

"Okay, well," Dream spoke up breaking him away from his thoughts, "What about the jealousy thing? Should it happen again, which I'm not saying it will, but if it does--"

"You should, like, pay a consequence or something," George fought a mischievous smile.

"What kind of consequence?" Dream wiggled his eyebrows.

"I hate you. I don't know," George chuckled nervously under his beckoning gaze, "Um...I get to decide."

Playful anger flashed across Dream's face, "Fuck you, no you don't. This is a team effort--"

"Yeah, but I'm not the one getting jealous, therefore *I* get to pick the consequence." George jabbed his finger into his chest.

"You're gonna say something stupid like 'a face reveal'--" Dream said, earning a small laugh from George.

"No, no," George shook his head, "Um," He chewed on his bottom lip as his eyes mindlessly scanned the floor.

The handcuffs.

George nearly blinked the thought away, but as he looked at Dream who was also aimlessly looking around the room deep in thought, he figured it might not be too bad of a consequence.

"If Dream gets jealous, George gets to decide the consequence done to him." George reinstated.

"I need to know of it beforehand, though." Dream sat up in his chair.

"Debatable," George muttered under his breath.

"*George.*" Dream threatened.

George rolled his eyes, "Relax. It's not gonna be anything crazy. The third rule, go,"

"George can flirt with anyone except for Quackity," Dream laughed as he caught George's amicable confusion.

"*What?* Quackity's gonna be here for two days. This is a long-term contract, you idiot." George chuckled.

"Forget the contract for a second," Dream said as he leaned forward, his elbows resting on his knees, "Make this one deal with me."

George burst out laughing, "*What* deal? You want me to avoid Quackity while he's here?"

"Well, no," Dream sighed, "But, like, are you gonna forget about me?"

George scoffed, "Are you genuinely jealous of him?"

"Being deadass, from friend to friend, I *am* genuinely jealous of Quackity--" Dream was cut off by George's laughter.

"You love Quackity." George chuckled.

"I do, but whenever he enters the call or, like, you'll be in a call with him, you guys are in your own little world--I don't know. I guess...like, it *lowkey* pisses me off that he gets your attention so easily." Dream spoke through nervous chuckles.

George could only find this situation endearingly funny, "You're ridiculous. I'm not going to ignore you, but I also can't ignore Quackity, so no. We're not doing that rule, not even between us."

Dream playfully rolled his eyes, "Fine."

A silence fell between them: George could tell that Dream was no longer thinking about the contract, something else had preoccupied his mind. George was now left to internally battle with his mind on how to formulate a sentence that could inoffensively get his point across that they cannot kiss. George didn't understand why kissing, amongst literally everything else that they've covered, was the forbidden one.

It was an intimate thing, he mentally reassured. Dream would understand.

"I don't think..." George trailed off, Dream's eyes immediately landing on him as he began speaking, "Okay, this is going to sound weird...maybe? Just because of everything else we've done,"

Dream smiled softly, "What is it, George?"

George chuckled nervously, "I don't think we should kiss."

Dream laughed through his nose and nodded, "Yeah, okay."

"Okay." George smiled nervously.

Dream chuckled, "I agree," He added, "You wouldn't think we'd consider *that* crossing the line because of everything else we've done, but I get it."

George nodded slowly and as they looked at each other, a cheeky smile grew on their faces; this entire night felt so refreshing. George felt like they'd gotten to a point where they had both laid out how they truly felt about the situation and how they were going to keep it from ruining their friendship.

George held out a hand, a dumb smile dancing on his lips, "Deal?"

Dream looked at his hand, a grin widening on his face as he rolled his chair to the edge of the bed where George laid.

Dream took George's hand in his and gave it a firm shake, "Deal."

Chapter End Notes

quackity and karl in the next chapter and then sapnap leaves for a week after that--the way im gonna work the shit out of those chapters i cannot wait.
alright, goodnight. appreciate all of yous.x

also, sapnap and patches made a secret pact to purposely interrupt dnf moments because they're jealous that some British dude stole their bestie.

The Feral Boys

Chapter Summary

The Dream Team ft. The Sex Havers & The Feral Boys.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George woke up to the feeling of a warm palm rested against his cheek. He was still half-asleep when he felt his cheekbone being gently and rhythmically brushed over. With his eyes still closed, George was able to identify the familiar touch which caused him to smile, his cheekbone now defined under the pad of Dream's thumb.

"What are you doing?" George asked, his voice laced with sleep.

Dream chuckled softly before cooing, "I'm boooooored,"

George's eyes fluttered open as a giggle escaped him, "And how's that my problem?"

Dream laughed before playfully landing a soft slap on his cheek causing George to laugh.

Dream retrieved his hand from the brunet's cheek and placed it in the crook of his neck, his eyes remaining fixed on George who was still fighting the sleep that dragged him down.

"Sapnap texted saying he's gonna leave in a bit to pick Karl and Quackity up from the airport," Dream spoke.

His voice was so soft, George noticed as he blinked his eyes opened to force himself awake, Dream must have just woken up as well. Exhaustion was clear in both their voices.

Last night was spent as it did in the past on Discord calls, doing their own thing in comfortable silence, talking about non-sense, and keeping each other up for no reason other than not being able to fall asleep because they enjoyed being awake in their company so much. George thought that that feeling might pass when they met each other, but it was still very much alive, thriving in the livelihood of their proximity.

"I forgot that was today," George croaked out as he sighed, nuzzling his head into the pillow.

George caught the way Dream's eyes traced a triangle in his face as his green irides moved from each eye to his lips, where they'd linger for a bit before returning to its regular cycle.

"How do you feel?" Dream asked.

George pursed his lips as he went into a small thought, "They still have no idea I'm here--"

Dream gasped, "Oh my god, yeah--"

"So, surprising them is gonna be funny," George chuckled softly.

Dream nodded with a small smile as his thumb began tracing George's jawline; George looked at

him, Dream looked at the motion his thumb made against George's jaw.

"Are you gonna go with Sapnap to pick them up?" George broke the silence.

"Mhm," Dream hummed, "You're thinking of staying back?"

George shrugged, "Why not? Dramatic effect and all that."

Dream chuckled and took his hand from George's jaw as he propped himself up into a sitting position. As Dream reached for his phone to check something, George watched the way his back muscles contracted and the way his shoulder blades were defined through the loose black shirt he wore. George fought the urge to reach over and trace the outline that poked through; he hadn't realized he had bit his lip to suppress his mind from going into a thought-provoking state, although it did not help much. And it most likely did not help when Dream stretched his arm above his head, causing the muscles to shift through the fabric.

George reluctantly sat up so he could avoid looking at the sight that jumbled his thoughts; he was still waking up, he couldn't deal with the images of his nails against Dream's toned back formulating themselves in his head.

The sound of clothes hangers slid against the railing as Dream sorted through his shirts and hoodies. George was surprisingly lost in his Twitter timeline; he noticed that Karl had tweeted a photo of him and Quackity at the airport titled "guess where we're going".

George snorted before tapping the reply icon and typing out, "can't wait to see you guys!"; he giggled to himself as he saw the numbers next to the heart and retweet button go up slowly: what was even funnier was beyond the point that his followers thought this was a joke when it was in fact true, it that Karl would play into it even though he was also being fooled.

"Karl's about to get memed—" George began but was cut off when his eyes went from his phone to Dream.

Dream had stopped mid-action of taking his shirt off, the fabric-covered his forearms and a portion of his upper stomach. George froze as he took in the way his shoulders looked a lot broader, the way his collarbones sat pretty a few inches above his chest—*his chest*, George needed to look away, but as he felt the heat rush to his face, he knew it was too late.

Dream smirked, "Are you okay?"

George couldn't take his eyes off the canal that formed itself right where the fabric of Dream's shirt shielding a part of his soft, slightly-tanned skin. He thought about how his tongue would feel against the blonde's skin, how it would feel as it trailed up the sternum and to the collarbones—how it'd feel to him, but more so, to Dream.

"See something you like, George?" Dream's voice seeped into his dazed mind.

George blinked as he fluttered his eyes from the bare skin to Dream's soft green eyes, "Huh?"

Dream smirk widened as he dropped his arm so the back of his forearms could rest against his hip, but never really tossing the shirt aside. He was doing that on purpose, George wanted to call him out on it, but as Dream slowly made his way towards him, he couldn't formulate any words.

He had never seen Dream shirtless, he'd never seen his skin so bare and exposed. Not accidentally, not purposely. And of course, were it to happen, it would happen in a way that he would have him completely caught off guard. Through all of their sexually driven advances, they never revealed

parts of them that were shielded by their clothing.

When Dream stood at the edge of the bed, where George had his neck turned to the side to look up at him with his beady brown eyes, the brunet could only stay still, waiting on him to make the next move. He had forgotten what Dream had asked him, but he had a feeling the other wasn't really awaiting an answer anyway.

"If you want me shirtless," Dream said as he untangled the shirt from his forearm and tossed it onto the bed before reaching for George's thighs, "You just have to ask."

In one swift movement, Dream placed one hand on George's waist and slipped the other underneath his thigh, turning him vastly so that George was now facing him. In the process of being spun, George's legs had instinctively folded beneath him as he kneeled at the edge of the bed, looking up into Dream's eyes who looked down at him.

George needed to keep his gaze focused on Dream's due to the proximity of his bare chest to his face; he wasn't sure if he'd be able to stop himself from the promiscuous scenarios of his mouth on Dream's skin; so many of the lust-filled events continued to unravel in his mind at a rapid pace.

If George was mechanically built, he'd be having a system malfunction.

"You've gone so quiet," Dream spoke huskily as he curled his index finger underneath George's chin, lifting it ever so lightly to make George look up at him, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," George whispered.

George didn't even mean to speak so quietly, but he realized that as he stood in front of Dream, whose body looked indescribably beautiful under the morning sunlight, that it was the best his voice could do. The way the sun rays accentuated the faint muscles of his abdomen caused George to swallow; his eyes flickering from Dream's stomach to his eyes.

"You swallowed," Dream captured his bottom lip between his teeth before releasing it, uncurling his finger from underneath George's skin to brush it against the brunet's throat, "Is your throat dry?"

"What?" George asked, in a barely audible whisper.

"Are you thirsty?" The way Dream had asked it placed a new conceptualized term of 'thirsty' between them.

"Yes," George's voice fell to a tone so low it could only be heard between the two of them.

Dream chuckled softly as he let his hand wander to the back of George's head before his slender fingers ran through the brunet's hair. George's eyes fluttered shut at the touch, the way Dream's nails grazed against his scalp sent George's mind back to the place where he'd imagine his own nails grazing against Dream's back; those shoulderblades that held the muscles George just wanted to feel contract under his bare hands under the circumstances that he couldn't get out of his head.

"Drink from me." Dream said in an enigmatic tone causing George's eyes to fly open.

"What?"

"You know what you want to do, George," Dream continued as he curled his fingers in George's hair, "If you're okay with it, I'm okay with it."

Rule number one. The sheer bit of moral that lingered in George's mind, reminding him of the line they're not really meant to cross, lost the battle to the voice that had the unbeatable sexual appetite for the person standing in front of him. George found that when it came to Dream, a lot of his morals stood no fucking chance.

Dream saw the desperation in George's eyes and slowly tugged at his hair causing George to lift himself from where he sat on his calves. He still had to look up slightly to gaze into Dream's eyes, but the way his lips were aligned perfectly to Dream's collarbones pushed his body to think that he had to seize the moment.

As if it would've slipped away from him, the magnetized attraction of Dream's skin caused George to crash his lips against his collarbone. They both let out a sigh of satisfaction: Dream, as he dipped his head so his nose fell into George's hair, and George, through his nose since his lips occupied themselves with the supple skin that Dream's skin exposed.

"Good," Dream chuckled as he felt George's careful hands on his bare waist.

George hummed as he parted his lips after a few seconds had passed, he looked up at Dream with his glossy eyes and saw how Dream's gaze softened at the way he had looked at him. The taller's soft grip on the shorter's hair fell to the nape of his neck as George worked his way from Dream's clavicle to his sternum, peppering lingering wet kisses from the top to the bottom as he slowly inched himself back onto his calves. Dream's thumb rubbed circles on the nape of George's neck as his green eyes followed the brunet's actions.

An unwarranted barely audible moan left George's muffled mouth as his eyelashes brushed against Dream's skin. George's lips continued to travel down to Dream's stomach until they stopped at the band of the taller's sweatpants. He looked up at Dream expectantly who only swallowed before giving him the green light. George pulled onto the band only slightly so as to reveal Dream's stubbled happy trail, his lips immediately rested against the newly exposed area causing a small breath to escape Dream.

"Dream!" Sappnap shouted.

"Y-Yeah?" Dream shouted back as his hand clamped up on the nape of George's neck.

"We're gonna be late!" Sappnap continued

George's fingers had found themselves rather comfortable at the elastic band of Dream's sweatpants as he began pulling them further down allowing more of Dream's skin for his lips to cover.

"Clay!" Sappnap persisted.

"Oh my God," Dream breathed out a moan as George brought his lips dangerously close to the region that had an undeniable amount of blood rushed to, "George..." He lolled his head back slowly as he felt the tension within him grow.

George moaned in reply as he continued to work his way down until he felt the familiar grip in his hair lightly pull him away from the area his lips felt attached to. The gloss in his eyes caused by the overwhelming amount of lust that had encaptured him looked up into Dream's dilated pupils.

"I'm so sorry," George's eyes widened as realization overtook him.

Sappnap's voice was heard once again, as he shouted, "Dream--"

"Give me a sec!" Dream cut him off before turning back to George with a small smile, "Don't be

sorry. I was just worried that you forgot about your own rule."

Flusteredness had become George as he blinked a few times and let out a deep breath, shifting on his calves as he felt the heat in his briefs become apparent.

Dream leaned down slightly as his fists dug into the mattress, either side of George's kneeling figure who he fixed in between his arms, and brought his lips to the brunet's ear, "Quite frankly? I wanted you to keep going."

George's eyes fluttered shut as he leaned his forehead against Dream's shoulder: he was still recovering from his loss of control that he let out a deep breath which crashed against Dream's bare chest.

Dream chuckled, "There's still time for you to get rid of that contract."

George, through his haziness, still managed to lightly shove him away by headbutting his shoulder, "No fucking chance," He watched as Dream straightened his posture, a small laugh escaping them, "*Especiall*y not after what just almost happened."

"I'm just saying," Dream shrugged, "Anything can escalate pretty quickly if you want it bad enough, George." He said before throwing on a shirt, "But if you think a few rules can stop you, then," He smiled knowingly as he caught George's glare, "You do you."

George let out a groan as he fell back into the bed, running a hand through his hair: it was not the same feeling that emitted from Dream's hand, but that's the last thing he wanted right now as he desperately needed the blood to stop rushing down south.

"I'll see you in a bit," Dream said to him after looking at himself in the mirror, "*Text me*, if you need anything."

George turned his head, looking at Dream from where he exhaustingly laid, "Okay."

"Oh, and," Dream stepped back as he opened the door to his bedroom, "Could you feed Patches? I keep her food--"

"I saw you feed her yesterday," George cut him off with a small smile.

Dream nodded before returning the smile, "I'll miss you--"

"Oh my god," George laughed, "Get out." He waved him off causing Dream to laugh before he disappeared into the hallway.

Before the door closed behind him, George heard the annoyance in Sapnap's morning voice, "It took you that long to put on fucking sweatpants and a hoodie,"

In the time that Sapnap and Dream had gone to the airport, George showered--in deep thought, fed Patches--in deep thought, scrolled through Twitter and not absorbing a single tweet that ran past his distant eyes. Eventually, his thoughts had him burnt out, even if he had just spent the past hour doing powerless tasks.

"Fuck." He whispered under his breath as he relaxed the back of his head on the couch.

The feeling of something soft brushed against his limp hand causing his eyes to flicker from the ceiling and down to Patches, who had sat on his hand. A weak smile appeared on his face as he brought his hand to caress the top of her head with the pad of his thumb.

"Hello," He said in a baby voice, which caught her attention.

Maybe he should've gone with them, George thought as he continued to mindlessly caress Patches' head, his hand on autopilot as his thoughts continue to multiply in his mind.

George was so sure the contract would've unblurred some lines, but after the events that took place this morning: George felt as if the implementation of those rules only caused himself and Dream to want to break them.

Anything can escalate pretty quickly if you want it bad enough, Dream's words played like a broken record in George's mind.

He let out a deep sigh and looked down at Patches who he realized was staring up at him. He raised an eyebrow at her before leaning down slightly.

"Did you know," He began, reusing his baby voice, "That your owner is a literal sociopath?"

That question emitted a soft 'meow' from Patches.

"Wow," George's eyebrow shot up imperceptibly, "Never heard you meow before," They stared at each other, "So, but, you *agree*?"

Another 'meow' escaped her and a triumphant smile grew on his face until he realized what he was doing.

He was losing it. Ever since he landed here, he'd been losing it. This solitude granted him some time to think, yet because of the amount of sexual tension that had arisen between himself and Dream, he felt as though no amount of alone time could grant his mind to catch up.

George was drowning in a pool of sexual desire and uncontrollable need to fuel the immorality of their actions. Friends didn't do this, he knew that and they were both good with that knowledge.

Every time they fueled the fire that rose within them when they locked eyes, every sexual fantasy previously discussed was coming to life. Yes, they were more than friends, and if *their* friends found out about their little game, they might be a little taken aback, maybe even horrified, but it was their own little thing. They weren't doing damage to anyone nor to themselves. No, they weren't friends. They were more, but not enough in the sense that they'd date each other: there was no need to complicate something that came so easy and effortlessly to them.

That's why the contract existed. George was certain they wouldn't be more than just mates, but there had to be a line when it came to what they did together because *God*, did he want to *feel* Dream. All of him. Especially when Dream touched the touch-starved areas of George's body with *his hands*. The way his hands clutched themselves around his hair, around his fucking neck. Dream wasn't rough with his touches, but when George had him succumbing under his touch, Dream's sexual fantasies surfaced: the way he left bruises on his neck--George would never admit that the bruises on his neck turned him on.

Dream was *too* good. He would never admit it, but from his perspective, Dream was winning this game by a landslide. The way Dream so easily fluctuated his touch from loving and soft to lust-filled force had George's mind absolutely *fucked*.

So, yes. They needed a contract. They needed to force themselves to believe in it and follow through with it.

George smiled endearingly at the thought of how Dream had stopped him this morning from doing

something that went against George's rules. He knew Dream wasn't fond of the contract but he still participated in it, still reminded George of the rules in case his forgetfulness upsets him.

When his phone buzzed from his pocket, George glanced down at it and realized that Patches had left his side. He fished his phone out of his pocket and saw the text message from Dream.

'5 minutes away' it read.

As he went to reply, a notification stating that he was on '20% low battery' popped up on his screen causing him to roll his eyes. *Androids could never*, he thought. He walked over to Dream's bedroom, a path that had become quite familiar since they silently agreed to share a bed. He thought back to the call they were on while he was finishing up his packing, and how flustered Dream had gotten when George joked about sharing a bed.

Funny how things change.

As he entered the room, he caught his reflection in the mirror that sat close to the doorway. The hickey on his neck caused his eyes to widen; how could he have missed that? As he looked closely at his reflection, he was thankful that the bruising on his neck had completely disappeared. The hickey, courtesy of Dream, was placed in a spot that George instinctively knew his hoodie would be able to cover. As he walked over to Dream's nightstand to plug his phone in, a black leather notebook tucked under Dream's pillow caught his attention.

Dream had a journal? George fought back a laugh, but it was immediately subsided when his eyes landed on the notebook again.

The thought of his nosiness rendered him paranoid causing him to look over his shoulder as if Dream would walk in and catch him eyeing his journal. He turned his gaze back to the leatherbound object and chewed on his bottom lip as his temptation urged him: *he literally couldn't do this.*

What did he write about? George wondered.

His hands almost left his phone, but he shook the thought away.

But when did he find the time to write in it?

George had been by his side pretty much all night last night and the fact that it rested just on the outskirts of the pillow signified that he had recently used it.

The sound of the front door being unlocked alarmed him as he straightened his posture and plugged in his phone. He quickly ran over to the computer chair and picked up the hoodie he had worn on his first day here. Over the nights spent in Dream's room, George had slowly merged his closet with Dream's. Dream reassured him that he did not mind.

And then he heard Karl's familiar voice. A big grin formed itself on George's face as giddiness, nervousness, and excitement rushed through him. He hadn't really let it sink in; how much he genuinely wanted to meet Karl in real life, as well as Quackity. And everybody else he'd form a close friendship with online. With Dream, he always knew, but with the others, it was this different need; one that remained on the surface of sensible and wholesome.

George wasn't able to identify what was being said, but he knew from the indistinctive chatter that Sapnap and Karl were the only ones who'd enter the house. Sweat would accumulate in his palms with every step he took towards the door that led to the hallway. He took in a deep breath as he placed his shaky hand on the doorknob, a nervous grin dancing on his lips as he slowly turned the

doorknob. Sapnap's and Karl's voices were now audible and distinctive, George felt his heart rate quicken with every step he took down the hallway, their voices became louder by the second.

As he reached the end of the hallway, he was met with Karl's back. The younger sported a backpack, his shaggy hair resting atop the hemline of his striped sweatshirt. George bit his lip to stop himself from laughing nervously when Sapnap, who stood in front of Karl, caught him.

"So, I mean, we could do that or..." Karl began trailing off and George imagined that he had noticed how Sapnap was no longer listening to him, his attention given to the figure that he saw over Karl's shoulder, "...What?"

Sapnap broke into a laugh as he nodded his head towards George causing Karl to slowly turn around in his step. There was a nanosecond of confusion in Karl's face when he met eyes with George, but when it passed, Karl's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Oh my God?" He whispered to himself, "OH MY GOD?" He yelled.

"Hello--" George laughed.

"I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU WERE HERE," Karl exclaimed as he dropped his duffle bag onto the ground and ran towards George, an inexplicable amount of excitement flashing in his smile as he pulled George into a bone-crushing embrace, "I KNEW IT, YOU MOTHERFUCKER."

George couldn't help the uncontrollable laughter that escaped him as they held tightly onto each other.

The surge of giddiness that danced around them was the most serotonin George had felt in a while. It was one that replenished the happiness in his soul, filling a void he didn't know existed.

"George, George, *George*," Karl giggled happily.

"Kaaaaarl," George drawled through laughs as they continued to hold onto each other.

Karl slowly inched his head away from George and turned to the opened door, "Alex!" He shouted, "ALEX, COME INSIDE!"

George continued to laugh against Karl's chest, but it slowly faltered when he heard footsteps come through the front door--the sun rays that previously peeked through were blocked by two figures; one was slightly taller than the other.

"Dude, Karl, did you know Dream--" Quackity's smile had wavered when he noticed the person Karl was holding onto tightly, "--No fucking--NO FUCKING WAY."

Karl let one of his arms loosen around George so he could welcome Quackity into the hug, George mirrored his actions. Quackity's face was covered in disbelief, but he still ran into the embrace of his friends. Karl and Quackity had George entirely engulfed in their embrace as they laughed and giggled like idiots.

"OH MY GOD, WAIT, WAIT," Karl pulled his head away slightly, "The sex havers have reunited--"

"The fucking sex havers!" Quackity cackled and began jumping up and down which caused George and Karl to do the same.

Dream and Sapnap watched in adoration as their three friends jumped up and down, still clinging

onto each other, as they chanted words that only made sense in their circle of giddiness.

They stopped briefly as Quackity began, "And the feral boys, let's go," He motioned for Sapnap and Dream to get into the embrace.

Sapnap and Dream feigned their reluctance to join the hug, but they eventually joined the trio as they formed a group hug; one that held so much warmth and contentment that you'd have to be one of them to understand.

Once they'd parted from their embrace, they all gravitated towards the couch, brainless smiles still plastered on their faces.

"Mans literally just appeared, I was still recovering from seeing Nick and Dream for the first time," Karl stated as he leaned back into the couch.

"I was just gonna say," Quackity chuckled, "And dude, the fucking tweet--"

"The tweet!" Karl laughed, "I genuinely thought you were joking,"

"I wasn't," George laughed, "Did you reply?" He dug his hand into his pocket for his phone until he realized he had left it on the nightstand to charge.

"I did, I was like '*Is Dream already there?*'" Karl laughed.

Dream nearly choked on his water as he placed the cup down onto the coffee table with a small laugh, "Oh my *God*," He immediately pulled out his phone from his pocket to search for the tweet.

"Wait, okay, were you actually drunk on Karl's stream?" Quackity bemused.

"No," George quickly responded, which caused Sapnap to look up from his phone.

"Yes, he was," Sapnap scoffed.

"I fucking knew it," Quackity laughed.

"He was so unhinged--you were so unhinged, dude. Chat was so confused," Karl mindlessly said as he scrolled through an app on his phone.

George playfully rolled his eyes as he leaned his back into the couch, looking at the scene that unraveled before his eyes: all his close friends were here. He couldn't believe that it had actually happened; the day came that they were finally all in one room together. He expected some nervousness, some awkwardness, but it was exactly as it had been when they all streamed together. He figured it would've been awkward, given it was only Karl and him in a room, or only him and Quackity, but all of their personalities mixed made the conversation flow so easily, so naturally that there was no place for awkward silences.

The happiness from seeing Karl earlier had resurfaced in his chest and soul. As he watched his mates converse and laugh with each other, he felt at peace and beyond content. This was what he needed.

They talked for so long that George wasn't even surprised when he noticed the sunlight depart from the east to land into the west. They were all so enthralled in their conversations, they had nearly bypassed lunch. But a couple of growls emitted from the boys that had come off the plane that offered shitty, mildly edible food. George felt for them because, about a week ago, he'd gone

through the same thing.

They were streamers--George thought as he watched the boys continue into conversations after Dream had placed an order for food to be delivered to the house--*talking for hours is what they did*. They all caught each other up on things that they hadn't discussed in 'General Chat' or one on one with each other. New inside jokes came to life between the group as they wrote themselves in the conversation that flooded between them.

It was already 3 in the afternoon by the time the food arrived. They all received a Twitch notification that Tommy had gone live, so they threw the stream on the TV as they watched and ate. By the time they wrapped up lunch, Tommy's stream had become somewhat of background noise as they scrolled through on their phones screens, occasionally chiming into the comfortable silence to comment on something Tommy would say.

George was thankful that his phone was fully charged, something about having it hit the yellow bar irked him. He was sat in between Dream and Karl following Sapnap and Quackity who were lounging on the elongated part of the couch. George fought the urge to lean his head against Dream's shoulder that sat so close to his head, almost begging to be rested on. He took notice of how both he and Dream were being careful with how touchy they usually were. George wasn't sure why because he knew Karl and Quackity would almost expect it, but it was different than when it was just him, Sapnap, and Dream in a room together.

"Should we all just start gifting him subs one after the other?" Dream chuckled to himself, eyes still fixated on his phone.

Quackity snorted, "How long should we wait in between each one?"

"Literally seconds within each other. Don't give this man the time to react," Karl said as he tapped away on his phone, most likely pulling up Tommy's stream to gift the subs.

"We're pranking him in the nicest way possible," Sapnap shook his head with a small laugh.

"He literally doesn't deserve this, but okay." George joked as he referred to the gifted subs and earned a laugh from Quackity.

"After this, you should post a picture of the four of us, Karl," Sapnap smirked.

George's head shot up from his phone as he was now alarmed; did they know that he didn't want the followers to know he was in Florida?

Karl gasped and nearly agreed until he leaned over to look at Dream, "Wait, but..."

Dream laughed as he glanced at him, "I can wear my mask."

"Or you can do a face reveal," Quackity chimed in.

"I am *not* doing a face reveal yet," Dream shook his head.

"I, um," George cleared his throat, "I *also* cannot be in the picture. No one can know I'm here."

Karl raised an eyebrow at him, "Oh? I literally don't remember asking?"

George smiled, but shook his head: sometimes, he really couldn't stand these trolls.

Due to Karl's teasing, George felt Dream's knuckles brush into his side and as he glanced up at

him, he received a warm smile. It was such a soft gesture that had lasted a few seconds, but it eased his deprivation of Dream's physical touch in the last few hours since Karl and Quackity had arrived.

Quackity cackled, "Not a single person asked--"

"Not even one. Anyway, Dreamnotfound once again ruining the fun for the rest of us." Karl feigned annoyance as he fought back a smile.

"Fuck you, Karl." Dream laughed, "I'll do it, but the mask stays on."

Karl chuckled and nodded "Yeah that's fine, man."

"You already know the chat is gonna read into that and be like, *but oh my God, George also gifted subs, so he must be with them*, when you post the picture of the four of us," Quackity snickered.

And after giggling like idiots over Tommy's and his chat's reaction to the chain reaction of the boys' gifted subs, George realized that Quackity's statement about the subs reaction to the tweet was accurate. The rate at which the retweets, likes, and replies rolled in when Karl posted the picture was phenomenal; they were all so sure it was going to crash Twitter.

It was around 9 in the evening when Sapnap suggested that they leave the house and go do something. As much as they enjoyed sitting down, casually falling back into a conversation when not paying attention to the film on TV, they had been rotting for hours on end on this couch. George, admittedly, was fine staying back but only because he had finally found a subtle way to feel Dream's touch.

In the midst of the film, the back of their hands had been flushed against the other in between their thighs. Dream was the first to push in his knuckle so it merged itself in between George's index and middle finger, both of which George slowly parted so as to accept Dream's touch. George melted in his seat at the innocent touch; it felt so intimate, maybe it was the secrecy of it all that caused his stomach to churn and his face to heat up. The duality of their interactions when it came to their intimate relationship confused George to no end--interchanging from sexual to soft-hearted moments was something he'd only experience in romantic relationships, but even then, the tension wasn't to this degree.

"Where do you wanna bring them?" Dream asked after Sapnap's suggestion.

George glanced down at how their fingers were still intertwined; the artful image it procured caused another flutter to emit in his heart. Every now and then, George would brush the pad of his thumb atop Dream's knuckles only so he could catch Dream's smile in the corner of his eyes.

"The riverside basketball court, I guess." Sapnap shrugged, "Haven't been in a while."

"When he plays basketball," Karl pretended to swoon.

"There's a nice field surrounding it, and a river, and a pond. Real easy on the eyes," Sapnap pouted as he looked at Karl, "I'm doing this for you, Karl. For *us*."

"Don't you have a girlfriend?" George asked causing Sapnap's head to whip in his direction.

George bit his lip to stop himself from laughing at how he'd catch Sapnap off guard.

"Truuuuee," Karl giggled, "I'm telling on you."

"Wait, really?" Quackity rolled his eyes back to look up at Sapnap to who sat beside his reclined body.

Quackity lifted his fist up to congratulate him and Sapnap fist-bumped him, the both of them laughing lightly as they did so.

It was then that George had taken notice of the familiar ball of fur that had situated herself on Quackity's thigh. Quackity wasn't a cat person, but he allowed her to sit comfortably on him regardless.

"Sapnap is an actual sex haver?" Karl gasped.

"He may have a girlfriend, but he's still not cool enough to be part of the sex havers." George chimed in.

"Can *I* be part of the sex havers?" Dream asked.

Karl sucked the air with his teeth as he seemed dismissive, "Not if you have to ask to be included,"

"Yikes," Quackity joined Karl in the teasing, "Also, you just know *way* too much about fucking Minecraft to be a sex-haver."

"I *know* I didn't just hear about what it takes to be sex-haver from a guy that stands at 5'1," Dream rebottled.

Everyone knew he was actually 5'8, but they loved calling out Quackity on how short he was even if Sapnap and George were relatively the same height as him.

"Oh fuck." Karl slapped his hand over his mouth to stop himself from laughing.

George laughed, "*Yikes*." He mimicked Quackity's words.

Dream smirked, "I'm 6'4, bitch. Women love that shit," There was that cockiness George hated and loved at the same time.

"And he does have plenty of sex, right George?" Sapnap asked and the room fell silent for a split second.

George could feel the heat rush through his cheeks; he couldn't even be mad at Sapnap for having said that because they were playfully joking. He heard Dream laugh, but he couldn't even bear to look at anyone but Sapnap, who was smirking mischievously at him as George sucked his teeth through a vengeful smile.

"George is blushing," Quackity laughed.

Karl joined in, "He just got caught in 4K."

"Can we go to the stupid riverside thing?" George deflected his gaze to his lap as he untangled his fingers from Dream's and stood up from the couch.

"Let's go to the *schewpid* riverside thing then," Quackity mimicked his accent.

As they embarked into Dream's car, Dream in the driver's seat with Quackity in the passenger side while the other three sat in the back, they made their way to the basketball court. On the way there, Quackity was on aux and the songs that went on shuffle were *bangers*, to say the least.

"It's too cold, it's too co-oh-old, the holes of my sweateer," They chorused.

They'd been scream-shouting lyrics to familiar songs for a solid thirty minutes. Neither of them complained how long they'd been in the car for, even if the back was pretty crammed. Karl took the liberty of sitting forward slightly with his arms wrapped around Quackity's and Dream's seats, so George and Sappnap could move to the center of the backseat.

Before they could say another word, the melody at the end of The Neighbourhood's *Sweater Weather* merged itself with a familiar guitar picking sequence which caused all of them to momentarily clench in their seats.

"LET'S FUCKING GO," Quackity shouted as the Plain White T's rang through the speakers.

Karl moved his body forward to glance at Quackity's phone, though he was one hundred percent sure he knew what song it already was, "This is Hey There Delilah--"

"It is. Let's fucking go," Dream cheered as he bopped his head to the melody of the guitar.

The boys simultaneously began humming to the melody as they waited to get into the song. They had done this on a stream before, the streams where it'd be the feral boys just fooling around, but this felt different. It was a near euphoric feeling, the five of them just sat in a car, windows rolled down as the cool air blew in; George felt like he was in a movie scene.

"Ohhh it's what you do to me, what you do to mee--wooah," They continued to lousily harmonize their "Woah"s through soft laughs as the guitar faded out on them.

"God, what a fucking banger," Dream laid his head against the headrest.

Sappnap peaked his head out the car window, "We're here."

The sky had turned into a dark blue, the clouds were somehow still apparent, as well as the moon that gave the empty field of grass some natural light other than the dim-lit lamppost that stood on each corner of the basketball court. It was a beaten-up and rusty basketball court, but it did the job. Sappnap made sure to grab the ball from the car trunk as he mindlessly dribbled it through the parking lot towards the court that the other four were already reaching.

Quackity, Sappnap, and Dream played a few rounds as Karl and George sat atop a picnic table acting as the peanut gallery. They would tease Quackity and Sappnap because of their heights, George was sure to get some playful insults back from the both of them because he was pushing 5'9, but Karl would always make sure to yell over those comments because they'd made a pact to make Sappnap's and Quackity's experience a living hell--out of love, of course--whilst boosting Dream's ego.

"No, you know what, George--get your ass on the court. Let me see you run that mouth here, bitch," Quackity flailed his arms, sweat dripping down the side of his face.

This was one of those rare moments where George saw Quackity without his beanie; his mullet sticking to the nape of his neck as he had just finished an intense game.

"I'm *not* playing." George laughed.

"Yes, you are. You too, Karl." Sappnap joined in.

As Karl, Quackity, and Sappnap went into a debate, George couldn't help but catch the eyes that he felt on him. To say that Dream looked good, slightly panting, and red in the face is something

George would have no problem admitting to himself. He was so *fucking* fine, George thought as he sized Dream up. Dream took in another deep breath which broke into a cocky smile when he realized that George was entranced at the sight of him.

"Yeah, George!" Dream said, speaking over the boys who were arguing, "Get on the court."

George shook his head at him as he bit his lip to stop the smile on his face from growing.

"You can't say no to Dream," Sapnap smirked.

George whipped his head into Sapnap's direction, "Fuck off, Sapnap."

"Shorts versus the two lanky dudes, let's go," Sapnap called as he picked the ball up from the patch of grass and passed it to Dream.

"Sapnap just called himself short," George jokingly mocked as he reluctantly made his way to the court.

George absolutely hated sports; his things were computers and gaming. He'd dabble in football, what the Americans call soccer, but he only ever did it because he was forced to take it in P.E.

Karl huffed as he hopped off the table, "Dream, I'm gonna keep it a buck--I'm garbage at this."

"The only reason I'm good is 'cause I can easily reach the basket, you'll be fine." Dream chuckled as he patted Karl's back.

"Alright, we'll play till' 30--"

"Yes, Nick. Like we *have* been doing for the last half-hour." Dream rolled his eyes as he took his spot in the middle of the court.

Sapnap cocked an eyebrow at him, "I know *damn* well you didn't just sass me like that."

"Okay, okay," Karl laughed as he positioned himself a few meters behind Dream, "Let's start."

Then began a game that went on for way too long because of the amount of fuckery they caused, completely overlooking the rules: George would purposely air-ball, Quackity would kick it into the small pond, Karl would run to the basket with the ball clutched to his chest, all while Sapnap and Dream had no choice but to go along with their foolishness.

They had finally reached a point where, surprisingly, the "shorts" were one point away from winning. As Dream tossed the ball into his and Karl's side, Karl dribbled it over to the opposite's side as he made a b-line for the basket until Sapnap came flush into him, scaring him slightly. Sapnap smacked the ball out of his hand and dribbled it over half-court, easily maneuvering his way around Dream as he passed the ball over to Quackity who accidentally bumped into George.

Quackity passed the ball to George who grabbed it quickly, "Get on my back, get on my back." The younger said as he crouched down slightly, looking at Dream and Karl who were slowly making their way to them.

Alarmingly, George said, "Oh my God, what--"

"George!" Quackity pressured.

George laughed as he mounted Quackity and clutched one arm around his shoulders, the other clutching the ball tightly. The two of them were in uncontrollable laughs as Quackity ran them to

the basket, yelling, "Shoot it, shoot!"

George threw the ball over and the five of them watched as it circled around the hoop for a solid two seconds before slowly going in with a slight 'swish'.

"LET'S GOOOOO," George and Quackity screamed as they broke into hysterics.

Quackity stumbled in his steps causing them both to fall flat onto the patch of grass that was thankfully surrounding the basketball court.

"What the *fuck* was that?" Sapnap laughed as he went to grab the ball.

"That's like worse than any of the rules we broke tonight," Dream rolled his eyes, a faint smile on his lips.

George and Quackity hadn't realized that they were tangled together on the grass until they struggled to pull away from each other as they also wiped the small tear that prickled the corner of their eyes.

"I'm crying. What the hell just happened," George panted.

"You guys cheated, that's what." Dream nonchalantly said as he walked over to give George a hand.

George blushed as he gratefully took it and felt himself get brought to his feet in one fell swoop. Quackity lifted himself up from the ground and patted off the bits of grass that stuck to his shirt.

"You guys were gonna win that, we had no fucking choice," Quackity chuckled.

Dream shrugged, "Don't hate me 'cause I'm tall."

"You might be tall, but I had *your* mans on *my* back, so who's really winning?" Quackity playfully rebottled.

Dream shook his head as a mischievous grin grew on his face, "Fine. Let's play one-on-one. Whoever wins, wins George's heart."

"Oh my God," George rolled his eyes as an inaudible gag left his mouth.

Thankfully for George, they didn't actually play another game. The five of them agreed that they were completely worn out from having done this much exercise, so they settled for a drive back home, but not without stopping at McDonald's first. On their way back home, they listened to some more songs, and the ones they knew, they sang with their chest.

As they arrived home, they put a movie on and got comfortable on the couch, but it didn't last long until one of them announced that they were getting tired; it was Sapnap. George couldn't blame him, they've all been up since the morning, socialized all day, and finished off with an intense game of basketball. The shower they all individually took also got them in a sleepy mood.

It was previously decided that Karl and Quackity were going to use the spare bedroom and no one even blinked an eye when George and Dream were the first ones to leave the living room and disappear into Dream's bedroom together.

The way they laid together tonight was different than they had the previous nights; George had his head on Dream's stomach as Dream's upper back rested against the headboard. They were each on

their phones, in comfortable silence, until George heard Dream lock his phone before snaking his fingers through George's hair.

George smiled softly before locking his own phone and looking at him from where he laid, "You always do that."

"What?" Dream asked, his eyes focused on his own hand.

"Play with my hair," George half-mocked.

Dream chuckled as he began pulling his hand away, "Do you want me to stop--"

"No." George clipped and smiled winningly at the return of Dream's fingers running through his locks.

A silence passed them as George closed his eyes, the dim lighting in the room and the shower that had eased the tension in his muscles lulling him to sleep.

"Dream?" George found himself asking.

"George," He couldn't see his face, but he could imagine the small smile Dream sported.

"What do you write about?" George asked and the movement in his hair stopped causing him to flutter his eyes opened to look into slightly alarmed green ones, "...in your journal?"

George felt the way Dream tensed under him before he asked, "You haven't...read it, have you?"

"No, but--"

"Good," Dream quickly said causing George to furrow his eyebrows at the urgency, "I mean," He sighed, "It's...I kind of just write about things that I want but can't...have. Helps me...get out of my own head," He breathed out.

George nodded slowly, "I get that."

"Do you?" Dream raised an eyebrow at him.

George laughed softly, "Well, not really. I don't write,"

Then they fell into another silence, one that wasn't broken until morning. Not purposely, at least because as George fell asleep to the calming rhythm Dream's fingers had in his hair, the last bit of his consciousness that always seemed to get in a few words during his half-awaken state spoke; words that he had meant to say when he told Dream he understood him, words that Dream most certainly reminded him of, later on.

Through the cadence of a sleep-talker, Dream heard George say, "I want things I can't have."

Chapter End Notes

jeez that's the longest break i took in between chapters lmaooo. it's finals season so im kinda getting wrecked, but here's 8k words--though they never really seem long enough.

this chapter was a mix of a lot of things, not as much seggsy scenes as i thought, but ooh baby are we popping off in the next one. after all, we do know how george gets when he's depriiiived.

appreciate yous as usual. see u very, very soon. x

I'll Never Tire Of Looking At You

Chapter Summary

George begins to realize the power that Dream has at the core of his emotions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

For the first time in a while, George woke up before Dream. George's head was still comfortably resting on the taller's stomach; George turned his head to the side to admire Dream's sleeping features, only half of which were revealed as the other half laid buried deep into his pillow.

Aside from the pleasant view he was welcomed with, George felt extremely uncomfortable as the heat began to encase him. The room felt stuffy and he alluded it to the weather that he witnessed when they'd first gone out to that restaurant.

George slowly lifted the back of his head off of Dream's stomach and watched the other carefully as he slipped out of bed, not wanting to wake him up. George sat at the edge of the bed for a moment, looking over his shoulder at Dream as he let last night's conversation seep into his mind. He was a nosy person, so the begging urge to open that journal rested uneasy on his mind and chest, but he knew he just couldn't do that to him. Especially not after the way he reacted; subtle, but effective enough for George to know that Dream wanted those written words kept secret.

He respected that, as he should.

George finally got up from the bed and walked over to his suitcase; he had dragged it from the guest bedroom and brought it here last night, on the account of Karl and Quackity residing in his room for the weekend.

George replaced the hoodie he wore with one of the shirts he'd bought from that mall, pairing it with the sweats that he did not take off from last night. He walked out of the bedroom shortly after glancing over at Dream, who was most definitely still sleeping, before exiting down the hallway and to the living area where he was happy to see Karl and Quackity.

Quackity was the first to notice George since he was sat adjacent to the hallway entrance George had come out of, which caused Karl to turn around in his seat to look behind him. His two friends greeted him with an easy grin on their faces as George made his way to the couch, taking a seat in the corner where the two parts of the couch connected.

George yawned, "What's happening?"

"Just trying to come up with an idea for a video with the boys, you know? I feel like the subs are expecting it." Karl leaned into the armrest of the couch, his body seeming sluggish, "The only thing we can do if we only have, like, two desk setups here is...Jackbox."

"My favorite," George sarcastically cheered.

The three of them continued to chat as they threw something on Netflix though they didn't pay much attention to it. They spoke on stream ideas for what felt like a solid half hour before they

were joined by Sapnap; his voice as he greeted the boys indicated that the sleep he'd had wasn't fulfilling enough, which explained why he had fallen asleep on the couch shortly after giving a few inputs on ideas for Karl's stream.

After another hour had passed, Dream finally joined them in the living room. Sapnap then forced himself out of slumber as they all, once again, fell into a conversation regarding the stream. Karl decided that since Dream was still avoiding a face reveal, he could sit off-camera while they played Jackbox on the TV.

While Quackity and Sapnap were helping Karl set up the camera and Sapnap's computer on the coffee table, George was in the kitchen getting a snack. It didn't take long for Dream to dismiss himself from the living room before shortly arriving at George's side.

"Hey," George smiled at him as he caught his eyes.

They instinctively and naturally fell into a small and brief embrace as Dream's hand laid atop the back of George's hair as the shorter lightly placed his head on the taller's chest.

"You gonna be alright just hidden away in my room?" Dream asked as they slowly pulled away from the hug.

Since 'the chat' had no idea that they were in the same state, or more like, they couldn't know, George had offered to hide away in Dream's room to play Jackbox. He wasn't going to participate altogether, but he knew Karl wanted as many people as he could get. He wasn't going to be *that* guy and complicate things more than he already had.

"Yeah, it's the least I can do for him." George smiled as he nodded his head to Karl who seemed zoned in the process of setting up the camera.

Dream brought one of his hands to George's face, cupping the area as he watched George falter into his touch, "I missed you this morning."

George chuckled as he snapped back into reality, peering up into Dream's eyes before giving him a soft eye-roll, "Your obsessiveness is showing."

"And?" Dream raised an eyebrow as a faint grin appeared on his face, "How can I not be obsessed when you look the way that you do?"

George lightly pushed his wrist away as he chuckled nervously, "Stop."

Before Dream could say anything else, Karl called out to them causing their eyes to break from each other to fall onto their excited friend, "Let's go, boys!"

They spent the afternoon streaming, not realizing how fast time had gone by as the Bot in the chat signified that they had been streaming for five hours. They would go from 'Just Chatting' to 'Jackbox', their banter making up for one or two of them having to take 'pee breaks' and 'snack breaks'. The chat got the boys in a good laugh when Sapnap read a comment that said, 'Ok but what if Patches just bumped into the tripod and we get a face reveal'. It goes without saying that the viewers were begging for Karl to convince Dream into doing a face reveal, but they continued to ignore it because it just wasn't going to happen. The more understanding side of chat had told the others to drop it, which they eventually did.

In the meantime, George would struggle deeply to keep his mind at bay as he continued to sit in his pool of sweat that had accumulated in his back with the heat that radiated off the leather swivel chair. Dream's room had a single window, which didn't allow for much air to flow in. He couldn't

complain, though, as he thought of how much hotter he'd feel sharing a couch with the four boys.

During one of the pee breaks, Dream had visited George to bring him a glass of cold water; George hadn't even asked him to. It was moments like these that reminded George of how effortless it was for Dream to treat him nicely. Sometimes, George couldn't help but think that he didn't deserve him.

"Thank you," George had said, shortly after muting his mic.

Dream had brushed his knuckles against the shorter's perspiring cheeks, "Of course."

Karl ended his stream around five in the evening, the four of them announcing how famished they were. George was finally able to rejoin the boys into the living room, the fresh air coming from the opened front door liberated him from the heat that suffocated Dream's room.

Quackity half-heartedly offered to cook something for dinner, but they could tell he was beyond exhausted, so they settled on take-out. The idea of standing in the kitchen for hours to cook something didn't appeal to any of them.

They all took turns playing Mario Kart on Sapnap's Nintendo whilst they waited on the food to arrive; there'd be the occasional playful shouting and yelling out of frustration towards each other due to the competitiveness of the game.

When the food arrived, they all sat at the table; Karl and Quackity sat next to each other, facing Dream and George as Sapnap sat at the head of the table. Dream made sure to secure his spot next to George, which the shorter did not fail to notice as a cocky smile formed on his face. They reminisced on some moments that happened in the stream earlier that day, events of which would derail into tangents that alluded to other moments they'd share on previous streams. As they wrapped up dinner, Quackity had mentioned something that he wanted to show Karl, so he began digging through his phone for it as Sapnap and Karl entered a conversation of their own.

As if on cue, Dream and George looked at each other; a faint smile appeared on their faces as they looked into each other's eyes. Their gaze lingered for a moment until George felt Dream's hand on the inside of his thigh, slowly lifting it off of the brunet's seat to set it on top of his own.

"Do you guys wanna get drunk?" Karl smirked.

All their heads snapped in his direction, Dream, Sapnap, and George sporting the same look as they wavered on Karl's question; the look that was a mix in between small fear and brief shame that resurfaced from last weekend's shenanigans.

"Oh," Quackity broke into a small laugh, "Wait, I'd be kinda down."

"Really?" Karl giggled and then sprung in his seat excitedly, "Are we about to go feral?" He glanced over at Dream and George, "Are we popping off?"

"Fuck, I don't know." George chuckled nervously as he sat back in his chair.

"Yeah, I'm gonna pass on this one." Dream smiled apologetically.

"I'm not gonna drink, but I haven't gotten high in a fucking minute," Sapnap broke into a laugh when they all looked at him in slight surprise.

"No way," Quackity cackled, "Mans is about to drain a fat fucking blunt right now?"

"I might," Sappnap laughed.

Karl joined in, "Okay, well three out of five is better than nothing--"

Quackity recollected himself as he turned to George, "I know damn well you ain't sitting this one out. You went to Brih-ish university, you most definitely got high--"

"Yeah, what's this then?" Karl mimicked a British accent.

Quackity laughed, "What's this then, Gogy?"

"Oh my God," George shook his head with a small laugh.

"That's true," Sappnap looked at him with a smirk and beckoning eyebrows, "George lowkey would be downs to smoke a blunt right now."

George laughed, "No, I wouldn't."

"That's fine," Karl chimed in, "Only three out of five feral boys are *actually* feral. You know, you just...you think you know a guy and then--"

"Here we go," Dream rolled his eyes while Sappnap and Quackity playfully joined in with Karl as they began to playfully berate George and Dream.

They were all in mutual agreement that no one at the table actually cared who decided to get drunk or high tonight, but the banter came way too easy for them to just avoid. Dream, as a way to divert the attention from him and George, began telling a story about the day his mom paid a visit and Sappnap was high out of his mind.

George had completely zoned out; he couldn't his mind off the way Dream's hand hadn't moved from where it rested on his thigh which Dream had pulled to lay atop his own. His eyes began to flicker between the hand and to Dream's face as he watched his friend passionately explain the story despite Sappnap's mere embarrassment. He tried to zone into the story, but George just simply could not get the image of Dream's hand on his skin out of his head.

Why was it that he couldn't go a day without feeling Dream's sensual touches? Or maybe if Dream hadn't pulled his thigh on top of his, these thoughts wouldn't be running through his mind. Or, maybe it was the way that Dream looked today; his hair perfectly tussled in the messiest way possible, the shirt he wore complimenting his skin so considerably, and the way the muscle in his bicep became much more accentuated due to how he'd rolled the sleeves up slightly.

In a daze where Dream busied his mind, his dainty hands reached over his phone sat next to his plate. He pulled up their messages as he then hesitated on what to write. He wanted to get his attention, but how was he to put into words that he essentially wanted Dream to rail him? His own obscene thoughts nearly knocked him out of his seat. He'd envisioned Dream in several sexual scenarios, but never in a way that was so literal and raw; not in a way that would bypass all the rules implemented in the contract.

He brought the pad of his thumb to the text box and chewed on his lip, his eyes immediately diverting to the way the veins on Dream's hand were accentuated by the heat that lingered in the room.

George inhaled as he began typing, *'your hand looks really good right now'*

Before he could even set his phone down, he saw the screen of Dream's phone light up. He noticed

how Dream caught it in the corner of his eyes and he couldn't be more thankful that the three boys fell into a conversation of their own; one that Dream immediately left when his green eyes scanned over the contact name. His eyes fell onto George in an instant, his eyebrows furrowed as he tried to search George's face for an answer, but George only cocked an eyebrow at him acting dumb.

Dream picked up his phone from the table and George carefully watched his features as he read over the text. The hand Dream had on George's thighs tightened slightly as he smirked at the text. He glanced over at George with a beckoning gaze before turning back to look at his phone as he began typing a response.

Shortly after, George had received a reply. His phone was still clutched tightly in his hand as he turned it over in his lap and read over Dream's text.

Dream

I think it'd look better around your neck

When Dream noticed the way George suppressed a flustered laugh, he let out a small laugh of his own.

George bit his lip to stop his smile from growing as he began typing, '*i think it'd look better around my dick*'.

Though he had begun this conversation with serious intent, he was now aware that there was an underlying tone of playfulness granting him the courage to address the reply with such forwardness.

As he pressed 'sent', George tried his hardest to keep his laugh under wraps as he pretended to listen in to the conversation the three boys were having. In the corner of his eyes, he noticed Dream reach for his water and George could feel what was coming as he watched Dream check his phone shortly after. George was so sure Dream had swallowed the water he'd taken until he heard an audible choke from the taller; this caught everyone's attention and George had to act clueless, but he couldn't help the blush that crept on his face.

Quackity scoffed, "Are you fucking okay?"

"Fine. I'm fine." Dream chuckled nervously and waved them off as he sent a playful glare George's way.

George simply grinned at him as he watched the vengeful smile that formed on Dream's face before his hands began typing up a reply. George averted his eyes from the screen that became more apparent to him the closer Dream leaned into his side.

Seconds after, George felt the buzz that escaped his phone.

Dream

Not as good as your lips would look around mine.

George's eyes fluttered as the image formed itself in his head; the way he stared at the screen for a moment too long shifted the mood in the conversation slightly. It went from an underlying tone of playfulness to full-on confession. And when he glanced at Dream, who seemed to be deep in thought as he distantly looked at the three others converse, he realized that this was something they'd both genuinely been thinking about.

George swallowed before slowly typing, *'is that something you want dream?'*

When Dream wasted no time to pick his phone up from his lap, George was not surprised. He couldn't help but notice the way Dream's leg bounced underneath his, making both of their legs bounce at a fast rate. He could tell the blonde was restless, that the thought of George going down on him had his mind racing at an inexplicable pace. George felt the same, but he was less expressive about it; every mess took place in his mind, which he found way worse to deal with.

Dream

Yes

I bet you'd feel so good on me George

George took in a deep breath as he felt a small strain in his briefs. He wasn't one hundred percent positive, but he could've sworn he felt a twitch against his thigh that had now been pressed against Dream's crotch.

Out of pure urgency from the blood rushing through down his body, George sent, *'wanna find out?'*

"Gogy? Dream?" Karl's voice snapped both of them out of trance.

They looked up at the boy sat in front of him before George took the liberty of answering as Dream's silence only worsened the moment.

"Sapnap's gonna drive us to get drinks, you guys want anything?" Karl asked.

It seemed as though it was a question he was repeating, George thought.

"No, we're good." The brunet nodded.

As the five of them began getting up from the table, George realized something: all three of them were leaving Dream and George by themselves in this house for however long they were gonna be gone. Following their conversation, George felt his stomach churn at the thought of what could unravel until they'd return from their drive to the liquor store.

Quackity sat on the armrest of the couch as Dream and George awkwardly sat next to each other; they were waiting on Karl and Sapnap to return from Sapnap's bedroom as Karl had mentioned that he wanted to change into a sweater. The hot day had fallen into a cool evening, which they were all mutually grateful for.

Despite the cool evening air that sifted through the screen of the living room windows, George felt as though he was melting in his seat next to Dream. He noticed that Dream's leg had once again resulted in its restless bouncing, though he was occupying his mind in a mindless conversation with Quackity. George couldn't focus on the conversation as his mind began racing with thoughts, thoughts that most definitely did not stop the growth within his briefs that he'd been battling with since the texts at the dining table.

"Okay, let's get it," Sapnap said as he twirled the keychain loop of his car keys around his index finger.

"You're probably gonna get white claws, aren't you?" George heard Quackity ask Karl as the three of them made their way out the front door.

"Drive safe! Don't be an idiot!" Dream yelled over at Sapnap.

"Impossible! That's you, Dream!" Sappnap yelled back.

George watched the door close behind them and suddenly his thoughts became so loud that it absolutely fucked his mind into a deafened state. He glanced up at Dream who was now searching the couch for the remote. He looked ahead, at the TV, trying his hardest to bring himself down to earth. He felt so out of touch with everything, he was almost nauseous until he heard the familiar voice ease into his mind.

"George?" Dream's soft green eyes scanned George's distant ones, "Are you okay?"

"I don't...know." He admittedly said as he released a labored breath.

"What's wrong?" Dream began to bring his hand to his face until George caught his wrist, "What--"

Before Dream could say anything else, George swung his leg over Dream's and placed himself in his lap, straddling him as he wrapped his arms around his shoulders. Dream, who was in utter shock at the vast movement, could only bring his hands so they were firmly gripping George's waist. The blonde tugged at his body slightly so that George could scoot closer to him, his bottom now resting flush against Dream's lower region.

George nearly shied away from the way Dream looked up at him; lips parted and glazed over eyes as awe overtook him. *Don't kiss him*, George repeated as he fought the urge to press his lips against Dream's. He didn't understand where this sudden urge of wanting to feel Dream's lips against him came from, but he pushed it away as he dipped his head down so his lips could ghost over Dream's neck.

"George," Dream craned his neck to the side, allowing more space for George's lips against his now exposed skin.

He didn't entirely understand why Dream's voice sounded strained until he realized the small shift in Dream's movement underneath him. George unknowingly grinded against Dream causing Dream's grip around his waist to tighten.

As George began to kiss on Dream's neck, earning small sighs of satisfaction from the blonde, the rhythm of his hips grinding against Dream began. With every suction that George caused as he pulled on Dream's reddened skin with his lips, Dream let out a soft moan, which was only encouraged as George would roll his hard-on against Dream's own.

A sound that was so foreign, yet possibly the most beautifully mind-fucking thing George had heard, came out of Dream. George pulled away from Dream's neck as the moan that escaped the blonde had thrown him entirely off-guard; he watched as Dream lolled his head back slowly, his eyes shut. George slowed down his rhythm against Dream, the sight of his friend in complete euphoria over the movements that he had produced for him set his chest ablaze. The brunet wrapped his hands around Dream's neck, the pad of his thumbs pushing the bottom of Dream's chin upwards, locking the blonde's head in place. George slowly lifted himself from Dream's lap, which caused Dream to try and look forward at him, but he couldn't because of George's hold on his neck.

George waited, relished in the sight of Dream who had even tried to pull him back down as his body craved the friction that it had accustomed itself to, but was now deprived of. George smirked at the sight of his desperation as he watched Dream squirm under him, despairingly trying to reconnect their bodies.

"George, please." Dream opened his eyes to look into George's, who had the upper hand of looking

down at him, "I need you," He whimpered.

He fucking *whimpered* and George felt himself twitch, the blood had completely rushed down south as he sat back down against Dream. Another audible moan escaped the both of them as the friction had invited itself back through the quickened pace in their movements. Each grind held so much desperation as Dream's grip on the shorter's waist guided his movements and George's grip around his neck allowed him more leverage to fasten his rhythm against him.

"Fuck," George groaned as he pressed his forehead against Dream's, his hands loosening against Dream's neck as he felt an intense surge rise through his hard-on.

Their hot breaths mixed with one another as their gaped lips escaped moans laced with insurmountable pleasure was all that could be heard in their proximity, as well as the friction their clothes made as their minds checked out and the lust in their souls took over their movements.

"George, I'm gonna--*fuck*," Dream seized and a split second, he quickly lifted George from his lap, a small gasp escaping him.

The loss of contact had snapped George out of his blinded trance that he hadn't realized the consequences they'd face if Dream hadn't just pulled them apart. They stared at each other through a blurry gaze, slightly panting as they recollected themselves. George sat atop his thighs as Dream's hands hung loosely around the shorter's waist, the both of them sitting in an empty silence.

"Oh my God," Dream swallowed as he hung his head.

George dropped his hands from where he had a loose grip around Dream's neck and brought up his fingers to run through his slightly damped hair, "Fuck."

"I-I was--I had--I was gonna," Dream stuttered, his expressions signified George that he had completely lost his bearings.

George shook his head as he tried his hardest to recollect himself for Dream's sake, "No, no. It's fine. It's probably for the best." He chuckled nervously as he brought a hand to Dream's face, his skin felt hot under his touch, "Are you alright?"

Dream's eyes fluttered shut as a lazy smile formed on his face, "Y-yeah. I'm good, so fucking good," He broke into a flustered laugh, "It just took me by surprise."

George joined in as he moved his hand from Dream's cheek to his neck, "You..." His eyes hesitantly looked into Dream's own as the forwardness of the upcoming words formulated themselves in his mind, "You sounded so good, Dream."

Dream faltered under his touch as he felt George's thumb against his cheek, "I did?"

George nodded slowly as he kept their gaze locked, "Mhm." He placed the pad of his thumb against Dream's bottom lip as he watched the blonde open his mouth slowly.

The previous trance that had been broken had suddenly been replaced by the silence that fell between them as George gently slid his thumb into Dream's mouth whilst the blonde slipped his tongue underneath George's thumb, before intaking the digit in his mouth as he slowly closed his lips around it. George sucked in a sharp breath as he felt the warmth of Dream's mouth around his thumb as the taller began to slowly pull his lips from the now wettened digit.

Dream blinked up at him which nearly caused another moan to escape George, but he suppressed it

as he forced himself off of Dream's lap. If he could stay there all night, he fucking would, but even if he didn't reach his climax, he was sure to have had a tiny bit of exertion as he felt a small dampened spot in his briefs.

"I'm just gonna go to the bathroom. I'll be back," George announced.

"Yeah, okay." Dream smiled up at him.

As George entered the bathroom and closed the door behind him, he felt as though he could finally breathe. He let out a deep sigh before his eyes immediately flew to the bulge that remained apparent through his sweats. He lolled his head back as he let out a groan of annoyance. He made his way to the sink and hooked a finger around the band of his sweatpants as he needed to release the pressure that his briefs had against his pulsating hard-on.

When the thought of releasing the tension from himself surfaced in his mind, he immediately looked up at his reflection: *that is pathetic*, he thought. He couldn't do that. The discomfort that continued to grow in his briefs due to Dream's moans that played like a broken record in his mind, however, only made it harder for him to avoid the action that would grant him relief.

So as he placed one firm grip on the sink and slowly slipped the other into his briefs, a breath of pleasure escaped his lips as he felt his hand on his hardened member. He shut his eyes and allowed himself to teleport back to the moment where he could feel Dream moaning and whimpering beneath him, begging him to sit back down on his lap; George's fingers that had wrapped themselves around his own hard-on began doing the work on its own.

By the time George returned to the living room, Sapnap, Quackity, and Karl had already returned. The four of them were stationed in the kitchen, Karl was sat on the kitchen counter with Sapnap stood next to him. Dream and Quackity were leaning against the counter adjacent to Sapnap and Karl as the four of them were talking to each other about something that George wasn't quite caught up with. Upon entering the kitchen, George got a whiff of the familiar scent that filled his nostrils.

"Are you rolling a fucking joint right now?" George laughed as he directed the question at Sapnap.

George found it a tad bit extreme that Americans wouldn't roll spliffs as he found them to be much better; a hint of nicotine laced with the potency of weed is the exact balance one needs, but he supposed that Sapnap wanted to get absolutely baked tonight, so he let him do his thing.

Quackity joined in, "He literally wasted no time. He whipped that shit out so quick,"

"We don't even know where it came from," Karl giggled as he sipped on his black cherry White Claw.

"Okay, here," Dream said as he handed Quackity a cup, "It can't be too strong now."

"If this tastes like shit, I might actually end your life," Quackity said before bringing the rim of the cup to his lips.

So many things were happening at once, George decided to hop up on a counter and eventually fall into the conversation. He liked sitting back and listening in just as much as he enjoyed partaking in the chaos.

"We were thinking of going to a nearby park," Dream suddenly said, glancing over at George.

George nodded at him, "Sounds good."

"Last time I smoked in the backyard, the neighbors were like *oh, you can't do that here. We have children*. I'm like, lady, I'm not passing them the blunt. If they know what weed smells like, that sounds like a 'you' problem," Sapnap said as he brought the flap of the rolling paper to his tongue before swiping the tip of it across as he enclosed the joint and held it up in the light, "So now we have to go to the park to smoke."

"Jesus, Nick. Maybe she was afraid her kids would get second-hand high," Karl feigned his disappointment.

"Yeah, Sapnap. That's kind of fucked up," Quackity joined in, obviously teasing the boy.

"Just to be clear, he said *'we'*, he means himself. I do not smoke," Dream chimed in.

"Mhm," Quackity smirked.

"He actually doesn't," Sapnap said as he placed the joint in between his lip, "Makes him that much more unbearable to live with."

"That's okay, Sapnap. When I move in, we can smoke together *all* the time." George said, taking everyone by surprise.

"*What?*" Dream laughed, yet the shock was still etched across his face.

"Gogy," Karl gasped, "Spoken like a true sex haver."

"I'm *joking*." George chuckled.

"Uh, no you're not. You can't back out of that," Sapnap said as he placed a hand on his shoulder, "We're gonna have so much fun together."

"I'm gonna regret that, aren't I?" George glanced over at Dream, who gave him a small laugh.

"Regret is temporary, swag lasts forever," Quackity lifted his drink in the air and Karl reached over to cheers him.

"Alright, are we ready to go?" Dream asked as he grabbed his keys from the hook in the wall.

After hearing a chorus of 'yeah's from the rest of the boys, they all embarked into Dream's truck as they had last night. On their way to the park, which was less of a drive than the riverside basketball court, they sang their hearts out to more classics; the singing was admirably horrendous, George thought, as he watched Karl and Quackity drunkenly and passionately scream-shout the lyrics.

"Dude, let me spark up, c'mon--" Sapnap began one more time.

"You're not smoking in my car!" Dream yelled through a laugh.

They all filed out of the car when they reached their destination. Karl and Quackity held onto each other as they stumbled a little on their way to the large field of grass overlooking the city. George was in absolute awe of the place. He didn't get out much, so even the most humble views amazed him. The park was pretty bare, entirely field with grass, a few park benches, and picnic tables next to the small playground. Next to the playground began a forest of trees, which seemed to go on forever. George decided to stay away from that judging by how dark it had now gotten.

"Finally," Sapnap let out a sigh of relief as he pulled out a lighter and struck it, lighting the end of the joint.

"I kind of want a Monster right now," Karl sighed as he interlocked his fingers and rested them atop his stomach.

They were all lying down, staring up at the sky like they were tripping on hard drugs even though only two of them were drunk, and the other was getting high off of a harmless substance.

"That's how you *die*, Karl." Quackity laughed.

"It literally says do not mix with alcohol, on the back, I'm pretty sure." George joined in.

They continued to lay in the grass for a solid hour and George and Dream were the only sober ones who were able to measure the gradual intoxication of their three mates. Karl was getting sleepy, Quackity was a lot rowdier, but somehow Sapnap had matched his level of craziness. One would think after finishing a whole joint that he would be on the same level as Karl, but he suddenly had so many things to talk about and Quackity only fueled the absurdity of the conversation they were having.

"I'm just saying," Sapnap began as he swallowed signifying that his throat was most definitely starting to dry up, "We're all, technically, particles, right? So, I am, like, part of the grass right now."

A moment of silence escaped them; George genuinely began to consider what Sapnap was saying and he was so sure it was because he must've gotten second-hand high because what he was saying actually made *no fucking sense*.

"*What?*" Karl broke the silence.

"No, I get it--" Quackity began earning a chorus of complaints from Dream and George.

"What the *fuck* are you saying?" Dream laughed, "You're *part* of the grass?"

"Mans smoked so much of it, he thinks he's *become the grass*," Karl said, mostly to himself.

George giggled as he looked over at Sapnap whose eyes were so swollen he couldn't help but laugh harder at the state of him.

"We are all actually particles, though," Quackity reinstated.

"Quackity and I are intellectuals, y'all wouldn't understand." Sapnap waved them off.

Dream let out a deep sigh, "We should do something."

"Yeah, I'm down. I'm gonna fall asleep if we don't," Karl said as he propped himself up on his elbows.

"Manhunt, but in real life?" Quackity suggested, as a joke, but when he caught the eyes of all of his mates, he started shaking his head, "No, please--no. Fuck. It's so dark out here, I'm gonna shit my pants--"

"No, let's do it." Dream chuckled, "Except because it's dark, it'll be two v. three."

"Oh, God." George chuckled as he facepalmed, "I'm not seeking."

"True. Not an easy job for someone who's colorblind, guys." Karl chimed in, earning a laugh from Sapnap.

George playfully rolled his eyes, "Okay, so Dream?"

"I'll seek," Dream nodded and turned to Quackity, "You wanna seek, as well, so you're not running for your life in the woods?"

"We're doing this in the woods?" Sapnap asked, sounding completely out of it.

"Well, it's a pretty open space, Sapnap. It wouldn't work unless we did it in the woods." Dream chuckled.

"Okay, so Dream and Alex seeking us three." Karl sat up as he looked over at Sapnap and George.

"You guys can't group up, though." Dream stated as they all forced themselves off the ground.

"Well, how would you know?" George smirked.

"You're not all gonna go in the woods at the same time--" Dream began and immediately received complaints, "Three minutes in between the each of you--c'mon, that's not bad, that's not bad."

"Fine," Karl groaned followed by a small chuckle.

A small silence passed them before Karl and George quickly and simultaneously said, "I'm not leaving first."

"I'm *not* leaving the first!" George shouted through a laugh.

Karl joined in, "I'm *drunk*, you're sober!"

"You had *four* white claws," George argued.

"I weigh, like, 130 pounds!" Karl shouted back.

"I'll go," Sapnap said with a dumb smile plastered on his face.

Karl and George glanced at each other before looking back at their baked friend before nodding, "Sure."

As they watched Sapnap turn his flashlight on his phone, with much difficulty, George began to giggle to himself at their futile actions: they were a bunch of twenty-year-olds playing a kids game in the middle of the night. The thought of Karl and Quackity leaving them tomorrow saddened him, but he pushed the thought out of his mind when Dream spoke after a few minutes had passed them.

"Okay, who's next?" He asked as he looked up from the timer on his phone.

"I'll go," George sighed and switched on the flashlight on his phone.

"O'sevens in the chat," Karl said before giving George's shoulder a tight squeeze.

"O'seven, soldier." Quackity saluted him as to send him off.

Dream laughed softly at them before nodding his head to the forest as he glanced at George.

A few minutes had passed him when George found himself walking through the dark forest by himself. He began questioning his entire existence with every step he took, stepping on a few branches frightened him due to the overbearing paranoia that had settled within him since he

hesitantly entered the forest. He wondered if he'd bump into Sapnap because if Dream was seeking, then Sapnap could get them back to safety since he knew this forest as well Dream did. George decided that his plan was to locate Sapnap, but until then, he would continue to live every passing second with fear.

The flashlight on his phone was set at the highest, but it didn't do much as he found himself stumbling over the overgrown roots of a few trees. He would often hear crickets, which somewhat calmed him. He'd look up sometimes and he was thankful for the fair bit of light that the moon offered through the tall, lanky trees.

Another ten minutes had passed when George began to wonder if there was even an end to this forest, or if he had been walking around in circles without even realizing. He was about to give up and call Sapnap until he heard a branch crack behind him. He froze in his spot as he was so sure it wasn't him that stepped over a branch. The running water that he could hear throughout his entire walk made it hard for him to focus on the possible footsteps that he felt he heard.

"S-Sapnap?" George croaked out.

Before George could turn around, a familiar hand flew to his mouth as his back went flush against someone's back.

"Guess again," The familiar voice rung through his ear.

George smiled into the hand before the hold on him was released, allowing him to turn around and look up into those soft green eyes he ever so admired.

"Found you," Dream grinned.

George smiled back at him, "Now what?"

Dream looked over his head before looking back into his eyes, "C'mon, I wanna show you something," He put his hand out for the brunet to take.

George looked at it for a moment before hesitantly taking his hand into his, their fingers slowly interlocking with one another. Dream smiled down at him before guiding George past a few trees as he pushed a few branches out of their way. George could hear the running water get louder by the second and he was starting to put two and two together, but before he could ask, Dream gently yanked him forward causing George to stumble into the small patch of dirt that seem to circle itself around the small pond of water. His brown eyes flickered up to the humble waterfall that fed into the pool of water before him; the silvery moon that sat in the dark sky bathed the water in a bright spotlight.

"It's nice, isn't it?" Dream softly asked.

George couldn't seem to take his eyes off the breath-taking sight as he continued to walk forward. He could hear Dream follow closely behind, their fingers still interlocked.

"It's beautiful, Dream," George whispered.

George hadn't realized the silence that they'd fallen into until he slowly turned around to look up at Dream who was looking down at him; as he caught the taller's gaze, Dream blinked at him and quickly look ahead.

Dream cleared his throat, "Do you want to go in?"

George dropped his hand from Dream's, "No."

"C'mon," Dream chuckled, "We've been sweating balls all day, this is gonna be so rewarding."

George contemplated on his words before looking back at the inviting water; it *was* calling his name. The air around them was cool enough to step into the water, but he walked closer to the edge and bent down to touch it so as to feel the temperature. He pulled his hand out of surprise as he did not expect it to be as cold as it was.

"It's kind of fucking cold, Dream."

Dream scoffed, "Once you're in there for a while, you won't feel it anymore."

"I don't know if that's meant to be a good thing," George chuckled as he stood up from his crouched position.

Dream shrugged as he began to take his shirt off causing George to turn around to look back at the water; after what had happened in the bathroom earlier, he could not handle looking at a bare-chested Dream. He heard the cocky chuckle that escaped his friend and subtly rolled his eyes for the fact that he knew him too well. George kept his gaze fixated on the water as he heard the shuffling that emitted from Dream stripping down to his briefs.

"Geoooooorge," Dream cooed.

George laughed and shook his head, "I'm not going in,"

Suddenly, George felt Dream's hand on his shoulder as well as his ghosting lip on his ear as he whispered, "Just get in with me, George."

George took in a deep breath as he examined the water: it wouldn't hurt, plus, he knew that Quackity was going to be a lot slower at finding Karl and Sapnap, so they had some time to kill.

A mischievous smirk grew on his face as an idea arose in his mind, "Fine, but,"

"But what?" Dream asked, his lips remaining dangerously close to his neck.

George turned around, taking Dream by surprise as the taller took a single step back, "Take my clothes off?"

Dream smirked slowly as he brought his hand to the hem of George's shirt, his cold knuckles against George's hip sending a shiver down the brunet's back as Dream began to gently pull it over his head. Dream hooked his finger around the band of George's sweatpants causing both their eyes to meet; George nodded at him and Dream began to pull them down as George kicked his own shoes off.

There was something so incredibly awkward, yet intimate about taking their clothes off in front of each other, but they remained stood in a small silence; the heat radiating off their body lingering in the small space between them. Dream grabbed George's hand for the second time that night and walked them into the pool of water. They both tensed as the foreign temperature of the water hit their skin, but eventually eased into it when the water was now pooling at their waist.

Before George could take a moment to recollect himself from the impact of the water, he received a splash of water directly on his face which caused him to gasp.

"What the *fuck*, Dream?" He shrieked.

Dream laughed and splashed him again and George wasted no time in returning the favor. The both of them began to thrash around in the water as they viciously splashed each other until Dream grabbed George by the waist to pull him in the water. George barely had time to catch his breath before the cold water submerged his entire body. He thrashed around in Dream's hold, but the water only slowed his actions down. A few seconds passed them until Dream pulled both their bodies to the surface.

George came back up gasping for air, as did Dream, but also because he was fighting to catch his breath from laughing.

"I could have *suffocated*!" George couldn't help but laugh as he took in the sight of Dream who was slightly choking on a few droplets of water that must've got caught in his throat, "Yeah, that's what you get, you prick."

After recollecting himself, Dream let out a small chuckle, "Okay, but now you're not as cold, are you?"

George frowned at him before splashing him again, causing Dream to turn away from him so as to shield himself, "Fuck you,"

Dream turned back around as he pulled George into him, the water making it easy for George to fall into his hold as his legs instinctively wrapped themselves around Dream's hips.

"You can't be mad at me, George," Dream smiled pompously as he pushed the strands of hair stuck to George's forehead.

George decided to shake his wet hair straight into Dream's face as he held tightly onto the taller's shoulder so he couldn't turn his body away from him. Dream could only turn his head away to fight off the drops of water that escaped George's dampened locks.

"Okay, stop! S-stop!" Dream spoke through laughs as he pushed onto George's bare chest.

George hadn't realized that the foreign feeling of Dream's hands against his bare chest was one he had yet to experience, which caused him to seize his playful actions. Dream slowly turned his head back to look at George's faltered actions.

Their eyes met and they suddenly relaxed in each other's hold; it was as though the moonlight that shone down on them had shifted the way their eyes looked to each other. Dream brought a hand to the back of George's head and placed the other on his cheek as he brushed away the drops of water on George's cheek.

"What?" George found himself asking as his eyes remained on Dream's green irides.

George couldn't voice out how breath-taking they looked under the natural light the moon gifted them, so he posed a question to Dream so as to distract himself, or maybe give himself more time to analyze the way the moon accentuated Dream's facial features.

"I'm just..." Dream shrugged, "I'm just looking at you."

George scoffed lightly, "You always do."

"I do," Dream immediately agreed and George raised an eyebrow at him, his mind half awake and half asleep as he continued to be entranced by the movements of Dream's lips, "I do because you look like *that*,"

"Like what?" George's replies came fast, but weak and almost voiceless as his mind began to shut off slowly.

"Like the prince that you are." Dream whispered.

George's eyebrows furrowed and he slightly cringed, "*Prince?*"

"Yeah," Dream chuckled softly, "Your features are royally gifted, George."

George's eyes flickered from Dream's lips to his eyes as the words slowly sunk into his weakened mind, "What?"

"The moon," Dream looked up slightly and George caught the way his eyes shone brighter as the moon reflected in them before looking up at the moon as well, "It's beautiful, isn't it?"

George nodded slowly, his eyes still focused on the silver sphere, "Yeah."

Dream lowered his gaze upon George once again, "And even then," George took his eyes off the moon and placed them onto Dream's eyes, "Even then, it doesn't stand a chance against you."

"Dream," George breathed out.

"Yeah?" Dream's eyes flickered to George's lips.

"You can't...you can't say things like that." George felt the space between their faces gradually close, his fingers loosening from where they'd intertwined themselves at the back of Dream's neck.

"I'll never tire of looking at you, George." Dream gently bumped his forehead against George's.

George melted under his touch as he felt how close their lips were, mere centimeters away from touching, "Dream," He nudged the tip of Dream's nose with his own.

"George," Dream ghosted his lips over George's causing both of their breaths to simultaneously hitch.

Everything around George went silent. He could feel himself giving in; at this rate, he was absolutely powerless under Dream's touch. And he almost didn't care. He almost gave in to it, almost surrendered. He almost agreed to unlock that door within himself, almost agreed to take a hammer to the brick barricading his entire body. He nearly, *nearly* gave up on everything he'd taught himself for years since having met Dream.

Dream, upon realizing the internal conflict that rose within George, softly pressed his lips against the very corner of George's mouth. George felt as though a shockwave coursed through his body, knocking a breath he hadn't realized he was holding in as he dropped his forehead onto Dream's shoulder.

"Wait, Alex, they're here!" Sapnap and Karl shouted as they came running down the small ramp that led to the water.

Dream gave George's body a tight squeeze as he continued to hold onto him until George slowly pulled away from Dream on the account of their friend's appearance.

"Guys, Quackity literally almost fucking died," Sapnap laughed hysterically.

"Not Sapnap laughing at the fact that I nearly lost my fucking life out there,"

Amongst a body of moonlit water, a pair of glazed-over brown eyes peered into infatuated green ones: a silent communication only two souls could comprehend took place, a mutual understanding was established, but a clear confusion remained prominent.

"Woah, what the fuck? What is this place?" Karl asked.

Dream was the first to break the eye contact as he looked over at Karl, his voice distant as he spoke, "You guys should get in. It's sort of cold, but you get used to it."

George's eyes fell to the water that surrounded him as he zoned out their conversation: there was a pang in his chest that he tried to suppress as he heard the excitement in his friend's voice, the excitement he wanted to fuel and join in on, but simply couldn't. The near-kiss had placed him in a spot within his mind that he wasn't familiar with, a place that layered his soul in an inexplicable amount of conflict.

He wasn't sure how he felt; no, they hadn't kissed, but as the seconds passed him, the realization hit that a kiss wasn't and wouldn't be the problem. It was the mere built-up, the sheer fact that there even was a build-up, to begin with. Why did it hold the weight it did?

Up until this moment, George hadn't wanted them to kiss because he thought that it would be a tie in with what people in relationships did, but it wasn't until it was on the brink of happening that George truly realized why he had written it into the contract; he couldn't kiss Dream because it would open that door. A door he did *not* realize Dream had the key to. *That's* what scared him.

Up until then, he had no idea that Dream held that much power over him. *That's what scared him.*

Chapter End Notes

oopsie daisy, didn't mean to take another eternity to post this chapter, but i always try to perfect it cause i don't wanna half-ass their dialogue and stuff. i re-wrote the ending like five times lmaooo.

anyway, yes. it is 4am where i am, headed off to sleep. soz if there are any grammatical errors or typos. hope you enjoy. i appreciate u guys, as always. see u soooooon. xx

Don't Fight It

Chapter Summary

Quackity helps George in figuring out his conflict regarding Dream. Dream and George confront each other about trust.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The five mates spent the rest of their night playing around in the cold water: laughter bounced off the rocky barrier and tree trunks that surrounded them. The chaos sounded muffled to George as his body and mind were on autopilot; he would mindlessly speak when spoken to, force a laugh that passed as believable to others. He maintained this facade that he realized Dream could see right through as he caught the blonde's stolen glances in the corner of his eyes.

It was nearing two in the morning when their energy started dying down: the effects of weed and alcohol seeping out of Sapnap's, Karl's, and Quackity's system as they asked the tense pair if they were ready to leave. The other three couldn't tell that something had happened prior to their arrival, that much George was thankful for. He didn't need one more thing to worry about, and he doubted Dream did as well.

George didn't realize that he was sat in the passenger seat until Dream was the last to embark into the car and they caught each other's gaze as Dream slowly lowered himself into the driver's seat: both of their expressions unreadable, not a single feature in their face relaxed as they stared at each other for a solid two seconds.

"You guys got food at home?" Quackity broke their trance.

Dream was the first to break eye contact as he glanced in the backseat at his three friends; they were all leaning against one another, Quackity directly bearing Karl's weight with the addition of Sapnap's as the younger snuggled into Karl's side.

"Yes," Dream nodded and forced a smile, "We've got leftovers, which—looking at you right now—I'm sure will hit just right."

"You fucking know it, green boy." Quackity smiled lazily through hooded eyes as he began leaning his head on top of Karl's, his eyes shutting in the process of doing so.

Dream let out a weak chuckle as he closed his door and started the engine. He paused for a second and George sensed his internal debates from where he sat; even if the brunet's senses were jaded due to his deafening thoughts, he could still feel the tension emitting from Dream.

The ride home was silent; nothing but the soft melodies of Dream's playlist sounded through the speakers. The lyrics intertwined themselves with his thoughts and he was surprised that he could even absorb the sung words all while formulating his own unrelated ones in his head.

'Everything is wrong, but it's alright,'

George wondered how it was possible to feel such inescapable physical pain from having not

suffered any blows to any parts of his body. That near-kiss was messing with this head so much so it implemented a placebo effect. If his brain had hands, they would be pressing themselves roughly around his chest emitting a pain that George assumed sharp chest pains would feel like.

'You're the only good thing in my life,'

George was momentarily brought out of his thoughts when he heard the relentless sound of someone drumming their fingers against the armrest separating his and Dream's seats: he looked over and saw how the pad of Dream's fingers mindlessly tapped against the leather surface. George couldn't help but glance at him to notice how his brows were knitted as his other hand gripped the steering wheel tightly.

'Do what your heart desires'

George hesitantly brought his hand up from where it laid in his own lap before shakily hovering it over Dream's hand; he slid his fingers atop Dream's own before slipping them in between the space of Dream's parted ones.

'Love is always strange when it just starts,'

The drumming of Dream's fingers had relaxed in the embrace of George's touch as their fingers were now interlocked: Dream's fingernails slightly scraped against the leather compartment as he welcomed George's fingers in between the space of his own by the curve of his hand, George's own digits being gently squeezed in the motion.

George wasn't sure how he'd manage to push his thoughts aside in order to ease the clear tension shown through Dream's facial features, but as he watched their interlocked fingers, he felt the mental grip loosen around his chest.

When George caught Dream momentarily glance at their overlapping hands before his green eyes fell upon him, George quickly diverted his eyes to the consoles on the dashboard; staring blankly until Dream averted his eyes to the road ahead.

The voice and melody of the song continued to fill in for the words not shared between them. And so the rest of the car ride continued in that mental agreement: allowing their silence to settle around the shuffled songs as they kept their fingers interlocked, yet refused to address the clear tension that rested between them.

It was when they arrived home that the space between their hands returned, George the first to pull away when he heard shuffling in the backseat, signifying that one of the three boys was starting to wake. Dream didn't react to the loss of contact as he brought that exact hand to remove the key from ignition after having killed the engine and unbuckling his seatbelt; his head didn't come from its hung state following his mindless actions.

"I'm gonna go straight to bed, boys," Karl spoke through mumbles as he lazily hopped out of the car.

Everyone grudgingly made their way to the front door; shoes scraping against the asphalted driveway was the only thing that could be heard in their space, as well as the occasional clinking of Dream's car keys that rested lazily from his fingers.

George was the one to close the front door behind him as everyone else disappeared into their own little corner; Sapnap was the first one out of sight, Karl and Quackity side by side as they made their down the hallway opposite of Sapnap's designated one.

They were left alone, once again. George took in a deep breath as he lingered in the foyer for a bit. Dream looked up from his phone as he started walking from the living room where he had gone off to switch off the TV, which they'd forgotten to do before leaving.

"I thought Alex said he wanted food," Dream said through a weak chuckle.

"Yeah, probably forgot he was even hungry," George answered, his voice distant and quiet, "He seemed tired."

George stepped down from the two-inch platform that led to the front door as he made his way to the kitchen; he wasn't sure why he felt as though water would calm his nerves, but he figured it didn't hurt to get some anyway. He wasn't ready to retrieve to bed, just yet. Nor was he in the right state of mind to even consider sleep, though he knew his body was begging for it, given the time displayed on the digital clock on the oven: 2:17 AM.

He heard footsteps following behind him, "They all did." Dream spoke in response to the boys' exhaustion.

"Are you?" George asked as he grabbed a glass from the cupboard before filling it up.

He heard a sigh escape his friend, "A little."

A silence followed as George watched the water make its way to the 1-inch mark from the rim of the glass before bringing it to his lips as he turned to face Dream; it was then that the silence became apparent to him--when he noticed the way Dream looked at him with a slightly surprised expression, one laced with a bit of adoration.

"What?" George asked softly as the rim rested against his bottom lip.

"Nothing," Dream smiled as his eyes fell to the ground before looking back at him, "You just..." He pointed to the cupboard, "Your first day here, you offered to wash the dishes instead of drying them 'cause you didn't know where things went and now it's all just...it's all second nature to you."

George paused for a second as the memory came to him before he nodded, unsure of why Dream had brought this up, "Yeah...? I've been here a while," He forced a light laugh.

"Well, yeah, that's exactly it." Dream shrugged, "It just kind of hit me how long we've been doing this for."

George swallowed the water he had taken while Dream spoke, "Doing what?"

"I just mean...like, being in the same space. Physically. When months ago, I'd just be imagining you while listening to your voice through the phone." Dream's eyes had been scanning the floor as he spoke until the last words were spoken through hesitant eyes that danced on George's features.

George couldn't help but notice the shift in his demeanor over the last few hours: Dream would always limbo between confident and slightly flustered around George, but it was mostly the former because that's just who he was at his core; loud, expressive, sure of himself, but lately, it was more tamed. At least around George, it was.

"You'd imagine me?" George recircled back to his words.

Dream blushed as a small nervous chuckle escaped him, "Yeah,"

In a state of pure curiosity, George urgently asked, "What do you mean, by that?"

"Well," Dream leaned his hip into the counter as he crossed his arms over his chest, "Sometimes when I closed my eyes, it's almost as if you were right next to me. It wasn't intentional, at first, then when it became apparent to me, I sort of just...went with it, enforced my imagination by feeding into it."

George blinked at him as he absorbed the words and instead of answering when Dream looked over at him, he took a sip of his water. He was sure his brain was malfunctioning at this rate because it was making him do things like 'drink water' in order to stop himself from thinking even more than he already was. As if water was meant to cleanse him of his thoughts; his brain had thrown him into a whirlwind of placebo effects as he genuinely believed the water was helping him avoid the feelings that grew from Dream's words.

"Oh," George licked his lips to dry them from the residue the water had left

George watched as Dream furrowed his eyebrows at him; he seemed to wanna press, to say something else, or even ask something, but when his green eyes went over George's head, the brunet realized that Dream had swallowed his words. Dream pushed himself off the counter with a small sigh and turned around without another word as he made his way out of the kitchen, leaving George to battle with more things on his mind as he tried to understand this newly formed strain that had pitched itself between them.

"Are you, um," Dream spoke as he lingered at the end of the hallway, hand on the back of his neck as he kneaded the spot, "I'm gonna head to bed."

George inhaled deeply, "I'll be there soon," He breathed out, "If that's alright."

"That's fine, George." Dream smiled weakly before disappearing into the hallway.

As George heard the door to his bedroom close, he placed the empty glass of water in the sink and made his way to the empty couch before flopping down onto it with an involuntary huff.

He didn't want to think, he ran a hand through his hair and took in a deep breath before fishing for his phone in his pocket. He began scrolling through Twitter, Tik Tok, anything to get his mind off of him.

And *God*, George never hated the idea of his job until this very moment; his and Dream's relationship lived online for so long that it was nearly impossible to escape him through the socials. Even his 'indirects' were filled with talk about his and Dream's relationship, every other TikTok on his FYP was of 'DNF fan art'. It came to a point where his eyes would immediately fly to the description to see if 'DNF' was tagged just so he could quickly swipe up and avoid it.

How ironic, he thought as the meaning of the FYP came to his mind; it would only show you things that you were heavily looking through for it to be embedded into your preferences.

What choice did he have, George thought as he rolled his eyes and gave up on trying so hard to avoid it. At this rate, Dream became the one to live rent-free in his mind and he was indifferent about it. Exhausted from having to think all day, he just went along with it.

Halfway through reading a tweet through hooded eyes, George's mind began drifting off into a phone call he was once on with Dream:

"Wait, Dream, check DMs." He snickered as he sent him a tweet of a Fan Art that most definitely piqued his interest.

"What? Okay."

George withheld his laughter as he waited on Dream to look at it; the small gasp escaped Dream, which then fell into a wheeze caused George to explode into laughter.

"WHAT? What? Wait, why is this kinda fire?"

"Stop," George said through laughter, "That right there proves I'm not seen as a bottom--"

"That doesn't mean anything," And George could practically imagine Dream analyzing the picture of George dressed as a prince, lifting Dream's chin up as they were inches away from a kiss, "Oh my GOD," He laughed, "No, yeah, that's kinda hot."

George cackled, "Should I reply with that?"

Dream spoke through laughter as he repeated, "Do it, do it, do it."

"I did it, I did it," George giggled as he felt his palms pool with sweat from giddiness.

It was so stupid, so futile, but it was them. It was so like them to take the absolute piss by feeding into the DNF craze by encouraging the fan arts, the fanfics, all the statements related to that fandom.

Dream scoffed as he read George's tweet, "Hot," Their giggles echoed through the call, "N-Nice."

"George," A voice seeped into his state of unconsciousness as he slowly felt himself returning to reality, "Are you awake?"

George opened one eye earlier than he did the other as he peeked at the person who'd disturbed his slumber as he groggily answered, "Obviously I wasn't."

"Well, you are now." Quackity's face became detectable shortly after his voice did.

"What'd you want?" George groaned as he shut his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose, slowly sitting up from the couch.

"Food," He sighed and nudged an object into George's side, "You dropped this, by the way,"

*George opened his eyes as he looked down at the object that now laid at his side; his phone was locked, *thank god*. He couldn't bear the embarrassment he'd get from Quackity seeing what he'd been looking at on Twitter was it unlocked.*

"Your arm was, like, stretched out and your phone was just on the ground. Kinda looked like you passed out or some shit," Quackity said as he stood up from his crouched position, "You good?" He put a hand out for George to take so he could help him off the couch.

George gratefully took it and allowed himself to be pulled onto his feet by Quackity; they began making their way to the kitchen as both he and Quackity were now famished. George aimlessly checked his phone screen and read the time: 3:01 AM. He hadn't been asleep for that long.

"This is Sapnap's," Quackity said after opening a takeaway box that carried some half-eaten pasta.

George leaned his bum against the counter as he craned his neck to look at the box Quackity was holding, "Looks like dogshit."

"Damn," Quackity furrowed his eyebrows at him, a small laugh escaping him, "That was bitchy."

George rubbed his eye, a small smile grew on his face, "Fuck off."

George swore quite often when he was off-camera, but he almost wanted to blame his feral behaviour on Quackity. Whenever they were together, George noticed that Quackity's unfiltered personality sort of gave him a push to also be a little wayward with his words.

Quackity smirked at him knowingly before looking back at the pasta in deep thought, "You know what? Fuck it. I'm leaving tomorrow, what's he gonna do?"

George tutted, "I wouldn't push his buttons if I were you."

Quackity opened the microwave and tossed the takeaway box into it before slamming it shut causing both of them to jump at the sound slightly. George's eyes widened at him and his lips parted in shock.

"Whoops," Quackity suppressed a laugh, George doing the same, "I didn't think it'd be that loud--"

"You *slammed* it shut--"

"I wasn't thinking, okay?" Quackity dramatically cried, like he always did when he was trying to be funny.

"You're ridiculous," George shook his head as a smile danced on his lips, "Wait,"

Quackity began punching in the numbers onto the keypad of the microwave.

"Wait, Quackity--"

"What?" Quackity pressed start and turned around to face him.

"Are those boxes microwavable?" George chuckled as he pointed to the microwave that already begun its heating process.

Quackity glanced over his shoulder and back at George, "Shit," He bit his lip, "Guess we're about to find out."

If George had even a sheer bit of energy still flowing through him, he'd have maybe done something about it, but instead, he walked over to the fridge, swung it open, and grabbed his leftovers.

After Quackity retrieved his alarmingly hot container from the microwave, he joined George at the dining table. George was at the head of the table, he had taken a few bites of his sandwich, but placed it back down as he stared into nothingness. Quackity took notice of that when he pulled the chair adjacent to him, his eyes fixed on George as he slowly sat down.

"Man," Quackity laughed nervously as he pulled himself in and dug his fork into his box, "You look fucking out of it, dude."

George blinked upon Quackity's words pulling him out of his subconscious for the second time within the hour, "What?"

"Point proven," Quackity said as he laughed through his nose, his mouth occupied by his chewing.

George only stared at him before his eyes flickered down to his food, "I remember this tasting a lot better."

"Maybe 'cause you didn't heat it up," Quackity smirked as he waited for George to realize something he hadn't prior to this moment.

Quackity's smirk only grew wider when he noticed the realization etch onto George's face; George was so into his own head he hadn't even thought about heating up his food. It was the little things that said a lot about someone's mental state.

As if he read Quackity's mind, George's head snapped up from his meal and landed on Quackity, "I am *not* losing it."

"You kinda are, but it's okay," Quackity chuckled as he took another bite and looked back into George's eyes.

This time, the look held a lot more power. He seemed as though he knew something George didn't or something that George *did* know, but didn't want known. Then, through his puzzled thoughts, he was able to string together where Quackity was going as he continued to stare at him knowingly.

George immediately broke eye contact and lightly pushed his takeout box away from him, "It was trash, to begin with."

Quackity giggled through a hum as he swallowed his food and looked down at his box before swirling the pasta around the spears of his fork, "I'm sure."

George rolled his eyes, "Oh God. Just say what you have to say."

Quackity paused for a moment, his smirk had dissipated from his face as he seemed to have realized the consequence of his teasing. George knew that both he and Quackity weren't massive fans of getting too soft with each other, their personalities sort of matched in that sense.

The younger leaned forward slightly after having chewed on his food as George watched the facial expressions Quackity had flipped through as he went into deep thought; he was probably thinking of the way to approach the topic. George would offer some help, but he wasn't entirely sure on what was about to be discussed, so he sat silently, and patiently, though it fucking killed him.

"You seemed off. Not just tonight—I mean, tonight's really noticeable, but there were a few moments yesterday where I'd see that small shift in your mood," Quackity chose his words carefully, but his tone would go into an inquisitive one when he wasn't sure if he was using the right term, "Then I noticed a change in Dream. That's when it all started making sense to me, you know?"

A silence fell between them, Quackity was trying his best to withstand the gaze he held with George; the both of them looked like they sort of hated the idea of having this conversation, but they'd both been responsible for having started it, so they kept it going.

"Dream?" George croaked, "What about him seemed off?"

"Not off, necessarily. Just...different," Quackity shrugged, "Not good, or bad," He said before George could ask, "Just different."

"Okay..." George trailed off and looked at Quackity expectantly, "What are you getting at...?"

Quackity huffed and sat back in his seat as he chuckled nervously, "You're really gonna make me spell it out for you?"

George knew; *god, fuck*, he knew. This teleported him back to the conversation Sapnap had a hard time bringing up, yet it held less tension than the one that was taking place between the two young men at the moment.

"I really don't—"

"Something's going on between you and Dream, right?" Quackity sighed, his patience wearing thin, "And I mean, there always has been, but like...for real, for real?"

George tensed in his seat and he hated the way he blushed so easily; the way his complexion always spoke way before he could.

"No," *There* it was.

George's defense mechanism: deny, deny, deny. However, as Quackity broke into another knowing look, George knew he was absolutely toast.

"George--"

George sighed, "I regret even bringing this up in the first place if I'm honest."

Quackity nodded as he slowly put his hands up in defense, "That's fair. We don't have to talk about it."

Another silence passed them as George pretended to reach over for his sandwich to busy his mouth with something so as not to let his curiosity start up the conversation he just tried to kill, but he simply could not help himself as he pulled his hands away from the sandwich for the second time within the last few minutes.

"Fuck you—"

Quackity raised an eyebrow, "What—"

"Cause now you've gone and put that thought in my head, so I have to know. What were you gonna say?" George felt his chest tighten as he saw Quackity sit up in his seat.

"Where do I even begin?" Quackity scoffed and covered it up when he received a glare from George, "I was sort of awake in the car and saw you two hold hands. The tension when we were in the water, super thick dude, extremely uncomfortable—all good though. Nice matching hickeys, by the way, are you guys sex-deprived sixteen-year-olds, what the hell is wrong with you—"

"Okay, stop." George drew a flat line with his hands, "Oh my God," He rested his hot cheek into his palm as he placed his elbow on the table, "Fucking hell. Please tell me Karl doesn't know—"

"He hasn't noticed," Quackity cut him off, reassuringly, "Surprisingly enough."

The brief moment of silence after each escalation was starting to get repetitive, but they were both at a crossroads on how to answer the other—George flustered as he tried to justify his actions with his best friend, and Quackity, as he tried to bring the topic forward without being too direct.

"I'm not--" Quackity cleared his throat, "Look, dude. I'm not bringing this up to make fun of you or put you on blast. I'm just worried."

George shot him a look that clearly spoke '*you must be joking*', which caused the tension between them to ease out as they both seemingly relaxed in their seat.

"I am worried. You look fucking exhausted, dude. And he does too," Quackity nodded to the hallway to reference to Dream; who George was thankful was shielded behind his bedroom door, possibly fast asleep, "You're my boys. I'm just checking in, you know?"

George nodded and leaned his back into the backrest of the seat with a small sigh.

"Have you guys..." Quackity began and George's eyes flickered up at him as they slightly became alarmed at the expectancy of the other to answer, "I mean, cause if you have like that's cool—"

"We haven't." George waved his hand over the table so as to dismiss the topic, "We'd never actually go that far."

"Oh," Quackity furrowed his eyebrows, "Are you guys slowly figuring it out then?"

George inhaled deeply as he began to formulate an answer in his head, "Not...really. I mean, we've spoken about it a couple of times. We've decided we didn't want...you know..." He trailed off, but only received a confused look from his friend, "C'mon, Quackity."

"What? A relationship?" Quackity asked, his voice low as if it were a taboo subject.

George slightly winced, "Yeah, but..."

"But...?" Quackity leaned forward slightly as he awaited his answer.

George looked over at Quackity and let out a deep sigh before contemplating on how far he wanted this conversation to go: out of the four boys, he trusted Dream the most. He'd tell Dream things he'd never told anyone before. That remained a fact. But as George began to realize that his thoughts might actually be the end of him, he realized, helpless and exhausted as he was, that confiding in Quackity couldn't hurt.

George and Quackity have had conversations a lot more weighted than the ones mindlessly shared on discord group calls and streams, but they were never as serious and impactful as these. In their own weight of importance and seriousness, they managed to voice out how they felt and did so with much difficulty, but also at ease because they were conversing with one another. In terms of emotionally sharing thoughts, George and Quackity were similar. It was as contradictory as it could get, but it made sense to them. They felt safe knowing the other was to intake and procure thoughts in similar ways.

"The line's getting blurry." George deadpanned.

Quackity chewed on his bottom lip as he averted his gaze from George at the same time that George broke his gaze from the wooden table and placed it on Quackity.

"For the both of you?" Quackity asked as he slowly brought his eyes to meet George's.

George swallowed and nodded.

"Shit," Quackity broke eye contact again as his eyes fell onto the takeout boxes in front of them, "Did you always feel that way?"

George shifted in his seat and took in a deep breath, "When I first landed, it was awkward--between me and him. A little awkward between Sapnap and I, as well. That was just expected. It was different, though, you know? The awkwardness between Dream and I?" He finally lifted his eyes from the wooden table to glance over at Quackity, who was attentively listening, "And...we talked it out. We were good. Back to normal, joking around with each other. And then..." His breath hitched when he realized he didn't know how else to word their sexual tension other than flat-out saying it.

As he looked over at his friend, seemingly in distress, Quackity offered him a soft understanding

smile and pointed to his own neck as if to mentally convey 'the hickey'; George chuckled lightly, a blush crept on his face as his eyes fell to the table once again.

"After that had happened, we talked. We both agreed that we weren't gonna think too hard about it," George looked over at Quackity whose eyes had flickered to the table, seeming to have gone in a thought of his own, "Just 'cause...we thought that it was all that built-up tension from being away from each other, physically. That it didn't mean anything other than just liking the affection that we gave each other--I don't know," He shook his head.

Quackity sighed, "But you're best friends."

George raised an eyebrow at him, "And?"

"George," Quackity chuckled as he sat up in his seat, "You and Dream, like, I don't know. I've had platonic friendships, but...you two--that's different."

"What?" George said in a barely audible whisper.

"I think everyone in the friend group knows that the relationship you two share could *easily* go beyond a platonic friendship," Quackity spoke slowly, carefully, as he watched the conflict arise through George's knotted features, "We always make jokes about Dream being protective and possessive of you, but just because we're making jokes about it, doesn't mean it's not true. And I mean, don't get me wrong, it doesn't make anyone feel awkward, but just the fact that we all genuinely feel like we're third-wheeling sometimes is a...not a red flag, that's not the right word, fuck," Quackity pondered for a moment.

"A sign?" George offered, his mind was torn, but he always managed to somehow still pay attention to the words flowing out of Quackity.

"Yeah, sort of," Quackity shrugged and sat in silence for a moment, so as not to bombard George, "What I'm trying to say is...if you and Dream have gotten to the point where you're...physical...with each other," He laughed nervously when he saw an awkward shift in George's movements, "The line is going to get blurry and it probably won't unblur itself because you two genuinely probably have something for each other. Something that could eventually turn into a...long-term...*thing*."

George let out a small whimper as he dug his elbows into the table and dropped his head into his palms, "You can say relationship."

Quackity scoffed, "I mean, I wasn't sure--*look* at the state of you, right now, dude."

"I just don't know what to *do*," George let out an exhausted huff, "I don't wanna fuck things up."

He hadn't realized how aggressive it had come off until he looked up from his palms and saw the sheer bit of shock etched in Quackity's facial features.

"Yeah, no, I get it," Quackity shrugged.

"I'm just scared of...what will happen if we, like, *date*?" George scrunched up his nose as he let the word dance on his tongue for a second.

"Scared?" Quackity furrowed his eyebrows, "Of what?" He nearly laughed.

George looked at him as if *Quackity* was the one not making sense, "What'd you mean, of *what*? Our entire lives are online. There are so many eyes on us. On top of that, the dynamic of the friend group would change, I feel like. And Dream..." He trailed off as he began to realize that his third

reason was still in the works.

George had his reasons for not being too keen on the idea of being in a relationship with Dream: that's why he'd been denying the thought of it the entire duration of their little game. However, the main reason that really pushed him away from the idea was his relationship with Dream; what would happen if they were to break up? Would it be an ugly one? Would they be able to move on and stay as friends?

He remembered his near panic attack in Dream's bathroom within the first couple of days of his stay here; he had remembered how he was afraid he would be the one to suffer the least in terms of things going wrong between them. He remembered how he wouldn't be able to live with himself if he did anything to hurt Dream. As he watched Quackity await the ending to his discourse, he wasn't sure what to say to him. Or how to say it. He simply hadn't figured it out himself.

"I don't..." George swallowed as he felt a sting in the corner of his eyes, causing him to blink away from looking at Quackity, "I just don't want to mess up what we already have."

Quackity let out a small sigh and George kept his eyes fixed on the wooden table.

"George," Quackity said and George tore his gaze from the table to look up at his friend, "It's already getting messy."

George paused for a brief moment as he let the words sink in; it wasn't something he didn't already know, but to hear that from someone else--from someone that hadn't been around them long enough to really watch it all derail from the start--that was different. It affected him in a way his own mind could never reach him.

George's eyes fluttered as his shoulders slumped, "Then how do I *fix* it?" He breathed out.

Quackity frowned, "I'm not sure I even understand what there is to fix," He said before sitting up slightly, "How does Dream feel about you? Does he look like he wants something more? Like, what the fuck is actually going on?"

George's eyes flickered to above Quackity's head as he began to think; they were fighting it. *He* was fighting it.

George sighed, "I don't know--"

"You do know--"

"I don't know how *he* feels--"

"Then how do *you* feel?"

"I don't know--"

"George," Quackity raised his voice slightly, "You *do* know."

And George needed it. He needed the sternness that Quackity's tone held, he needed to be woken up from this fantasy world he'd built for himself and Dream to prance around in order to avoid the reality that followed so closely behind them.

"I feel like I don't have the right to like him," George uttered out, his tone had a slight boom to it, "I'm scared of what will happen if I give into my temptations and then I can't fulfill what he'll ask of me. I'm scared of how one little mistake is going to break everything we've built."

Quackity's eyebrows jumped briefly before they molded into a knot, "So, you're fighting it?"

George nodded slowly, "I have to."

Quackity took in a deep breath before finally looking into his eyes, "You're scared of what will happen if you stop fighting it?"

George nodded again.

"I think you should be fucking terrified of what will happen if you *keep* fighting it," Quackity sincerely said, his tone having gone soft, "Look at what it's done to the both of you because all you've done is fight something that the universe is trying so hard to make happen," He cleared his throat as he now had George's eyes fixated on him, "Listen, you and I, we don't do that mushy shit, right? So, I'm gonna be straight with you. If something happens, and it's not forced, not planned, if something is so clearly presented to you and you have that instinct to fight it? *Don't*."

"But--"

"George," Quackity cut him off, shaking his head, "Don't fucking fight it, dude. It's driving you insane. It's gonna make things messier for you two."

"But the viewers, the group--"

"Fuck all that shit," Quackity chuckled bitterly, "Who gives a fuck? If you like him, and he likes you, why are you fighting that? Why are you bringing other people into it? Who cares what they think or how it affects them? Like, yeah, it'll be something for others to adjust to, but...you're gonna sacrifice something you want on the account of people it doesn't even concern?"

George remained still in his seat as he allowed Quackity to call him out on his wrongdoings; he knew he wasn't doing it in a malicious way, or in a way to force him into doing things he didn't feel comfortable doing or admitting yet, and he was thankful because he felt ten times lighter as Quackity's words continue to settle into his mind.

"And I know you're not sure how Dream feels about you," Quackity sat back in his seat, "But if it's any help, I don't recall looking at any of my boys the way Dream looks at you. Mans zeroes out on you all the fucking time, dude. He'll talk about you non-stop when you're not in a call--just randomly brings you up, like, you're constantly what he thinks about. And it wasn't always like that, it's just something I've been noticing in the last, like, couple of months."

George bit his lip as he stopped the smile on his face from growing, "Ok, stop."

Quackity laughed, "I'm just saying, man. People may have different ways of showing their affection and love towards their friends, which is why Dream and I are different in that sense, but...he's also just *not* like that with anybody else. That, I'm sure you know."

George hung his head as he took in a deep breath, "Fuck." He breathed out.

Quackity hadn't figured all his problems out, but that wasn't his job. George was just glad he had voiced out some of his thoughts, and though the main issue was still prominent in his mind, some of the things he hadn't realized were pointless, but were still holding him back, somehow no longer was.

There was a small grip on George's shoulder, which pulled him out of his thoughts; he looked over at Quackity who had sent him a reassuring smile.

"Don't fight it, George." He winked before getting up and clearing the table, taking George's takeaway box as well.

George let out a deep sigh as a small giggle escape him, "Thanks, Quackmeister."

Quackity chuckled as he made his way to the kitchen, "I'm gonna go take a fucking nap, now, if you don't mind."

"I probably should, too." George wearily stood up from the chair, the conversation having worn him down.

"I can never get any sleep on airplanes, dude," Quackity said as he joined George who remained stood near the table.

George smiled lightly, "Crying babies or?"

"I don't know how I somehow always get stuck on a plane with a crying baby," Quackity fumed, "I literally don't fucking understand what their deal is."

"The babies?" George raised an eyebrow, an amused smile plastered on his face.

"Yes," Quackity emphasized, "They have zero responsibilities, yet they're always fucking crying, like find another way to communicate that you're hungry or that your diaper is full of shit, you know?"

George laughed, "What is wrong with you?"

"I'm sleep deprived," Quackity sighed and patted George's shoulder as he walked past him, "See you tomorrow, buddy."

"Goodnight," George waved him off, his back to him.

George was left alone once again. And he was thankful; he was beyond appreciative of the talk he shared with Quackity as it lifted some weight off his shoulders, but his mind was still uneasy. In the back of his mind, he was aware that Dream liked him. For there to have been sexual attraction, there had to have been a mutual crush established. And for them to have gotten along well all these years, to have been jokingly flirting, there had to have been something. The possibility of being physical with each other had caused George to block that idea out of his head simply because of every aspect he had previously mentioned to Quackity.

Don't fight it.

That was going to be something George had to work on. He had spent so long avoiding the presence of the door that Dream could easily open if George let him in.

George decided to step outside for some fresh air as the troubling thoughts continued to swarm his head. His head immediately inclined itself as he looked up at the stars that shone down on him. He remembered when he and Dream had slept under their humbling light, how they'd discuss the unique essence of their story; how Dream thought their story was so powerful it belonged amongst the stars. He also remembered how Dream had pretty much said it could only exist up there and not amongst them.

As he sat down on the grass with a huff, he slowly laid himself back so his back was flush against the grass. He was thankful for the fact that it was nearing four in the morning because he was out on the front lawn and that made a bit of a difference in comparison to laying down in the privacy

that a fenced backyard offered.

Some time had passed and George could see the stars begin to disappear as the dark blue sky diluted into a slightly lighter blue. He didn't check his phone, but he assumed it had been at least forty minutes since he stepped out.

He was so deep into a thought that he hadn't heard the front door shut, so when he noticed a figure in the corner of his eye, he immediately sat up on his elbows. Dream's tired features were identifiable in the dim light, and George's heart nearly somersaulted as he took notice of how Dream looked down at him inquisitively.

There were no words spoken as they kept each other's gaze; Dream lowered himself onto the grass, their eyes still locked. George slowly began to lower his own back against the grass as he watched Dream mirror his actions. Both of their heads were turned to the side, their eyes remaining fixed on the other's.

They stayed in comfortable silence for a minute or two. Nothing was said as their eyes followed each other's tired features; facial features that could speak a million words if they looked deep enough, and they tried until one of them couldn't help but speak up.

"You look tired." Dream whispered.

George could tell he hadn't meant to speak so lowly, which also told him that Dream hadn't meant to speak in general. It was an observation he had made and it had found its way through his lips.

"I am," George replied, their tones had unintentionally matched in auditory levels.

"Come to bed?" Dream asked, his eyes flickering down to George's neck.

George's eyes fluttered, "Can we actually stay here for a bit?"

Dream's eyes flew to soft brown ones, "Of course."

Another silence fell between them, one that was bound to return as Dream had unintentionally interrupted the previous one.

"Are you happy?" George uttered out shakily.

Dream furrowed his eyebrows before slowly asking, "Are you?"

George couldn't help but smile, "I asked you first."

Dream returned the smile, "Well, that answered my question."

George rolled his eyes, "Clever."

Dream cocked an eyebrow, "Thank you." He chuckled softly.

His smile began to dissipate as he realized his question remained unanswered, "Dream,"

Dream realized George's expectant look asked something of him, which caused a small sigh to escape him.

"Do you hate me?" Dream asked and George was completely taken aback, "For what happened in the water earlier?"

George took no time to shake his head, "No."

"Good," Dream nodded, "Cause your rules...you know?"

George sighed as the memory of the contract and rules resurfaced in his mind; he was almost sick of hearing about them, yet he was the culprit.

"Do you hate me?" George recycled his previous question and Dream furrowed his eyebrows, "For making that contract."

Dream mused as he looked away from him for the first time since laying down, "I hate the contract, and the rules," He looked back at him before sighing, "But I don't hate you, George."

George faltered under the tone that Dream's voice held as those words beautifully cascaded to him.

Dream smiled at his reaction, "I could never hate you."

George frowned, "You can't be sure of that."

Dream chuckled softly, "It took me some time to figure it out, but...I'm most definitely sure now."

George raised an eyebrow, "Figure out?"

Dream nodded, "Over the years of being friends with you, I realized that nothing you do could make me hate you."

George shook his head, "That's not...that just not true."

George really wanted to say: *What if I broke your heart? Would you not be able to hate me even then? What if I purposely messed things up for the both of us? Would you not hate me then?*

"It is," Dream nodded, "And I am so fucking aware of how dangerous that can be," He said before taking in a deep breath, "And I've run through all of the scenarios. I've considered every bad thing that a person like you could do. They're all excusable. None of them are worth hating you."

George raised an eyebrow at him, "You've considered everything?"

Dream paused for a moment as he analyzed his features, "You think I'm missing something?"

George felt his heart churn at the way his tone had taken a much different route than the previous loving, soft one. Dream suddenly seemed on-guard; he sounded like he had that one time he was getting canceled for yet another thing that didn't require the dramatics. His demeanor could switch in a nanosecond; Sapnap and George were the only ones to have noticed it in the past.

"Surely you couldn't have imagined every single scenario," George pressed, "Shit's sort of inevitable."

"Is there something you're not telling me, George?" Dream asked, his voice calm, his tone far from it.

"I just don't understand how you can be so optimistic," George shrugged.

"Because it's you, it's us." Dream sat up slightly, which caused George to do the same.

"Which is exactly why you have to be wary," George hadn't realized he'd risen his voice until

Dream rebottled.

"I'm not going to be wary because I *trust* you, George--"

"How can you *say* that? How do you know that for sure--"

"Because I *know* you."

"But I could be the second person you've mistaken worthy of your trust," George breathed out.

That had silenced Dream. George swallowed as he watched the confusion on Dream's face tie itself with a realization that the blonde was trying really hard to stomach, but had resulted in denying it as his eyebrows knitted together.

"The fuck is that suppose to mean?" Dream asked coldly.

George knew that if he were to expand on that, it would only make matters worse. Dream knew that George was referencing to the unloyalty of his ex. He wasn't saying that he would do something likely to Dream, but he wanted Dream to realize that he *could* hate him. Sometimes, Dream's faith in their friendship made it feel as though George had high expectations to live up to.

"Dream," George began as his eyes carefully danced within the icy stare Dream held, "I just have to know that you're going to be alright if I can't live up to the expectations you have of me."

"Exp-expectations?" Dream sputtered, "I don't have expectations, George. I have experience from my past. I know what an ingenuine person sounds like, how they assess certain situations. That's how I know that I can trust you. I know who you are. No one's gonna make me doubt that, not even you."

George knew he was referring to the facade he had put up when they were at the water, and most definitely all the times in the past where George would pretend he was alright, or that a certain situation didn't affect him. It was something Dream had learned to adjust to over the years of knowing that George wasn't open and clear in communicating his emotions.

"So, yeah," Dream forced a small smile which then grew candid when he saw George relax, "I'm pretty fucking positive I can't hate you."

A brief silence fell between them.

George grimaced, "I hated that."

"What? Talking it out? Like friends do?" Dream mocked.

George rolled his eyes and bit his lip to stop a smile from growing, "Shut the fuck up."

Dream laughed as he stood up from the ground and extended a hand to George, "C'mon. I think we both could use some sleep."

When they laid in bed that night, next to each other, limbs to themselves with a few inches of space between them, George felt somewhat relieved. He was slowly growing from the fear of having everybody know that there was something happening between them, but the pang in his chest that rose from the realization that emitted from the near-kiss was still resting uneasily in his mind.

There was the door. That fucking door. The door he had spent years solidifying shut. He was fine keeping it that way, he was more than okay to leave it un-creaked until Quackity's advice sunk into

his mind until he heard Dream's reassurance that he trusted George. Until he realized that something could come out of it if he just surrendered, raised the white flag, and let Dream in.

But *fucking hell*, it wasn't going to be easy.

"George?" Dream's voice pulled him away from his thoughts.

The room was dark, George was thankful for the fact that they were both looking at the ceiling instead of each other.

"You know I trust you, but," Dream cleared his throat, "That's not the problem, isn't it?"

"What?" George felt his heart rate quicken.

Dream sighed quietly, "You're the one that doesn't trust me."

When George looked over at him, he realized that Dream's eyes were shut and they remained shut for the minute that George's gaze fixated on him. Nothing else was said between them, George was hoping that Dream had spoken in his sleep, though he was sure to have meant every word.

And George hated him for it--hated Dream for knowing things even when he wasn't awake to properly expand on it, though it was not needed. He hated Dream for knowing him better than he knew himself because *that was* the fucking problem. That's why George fought so hard to keep that door shut.

George hated Dream, but not as much as he hated Quackity for his constant pestering voice that played in George's mind like a broken record: *don't fight it*.

As George tried his hardest to suppress the day's events and the conversations embedded into his brain, he could feel the hand of his inner self hovering over the handle of the door he so badly wanted to keep shut.

Chapter End Notes

A WEEK. wtf. im so sorry ahaha. here's a chapter that's conversation-heavy and literally just quackity being george's therapist. i wanted to upload another chapter tomorrow because it won't be a long one, but definitely....impactful. but NO promises lmao.

we're gonna start getting into the "feelings" and "angst" now because we're having a shift from them being dumb to them actually growing from just the sexual shit. don't get me wrong tho, i will still be writing those ;) scenes ;) dnf are Not done exploring. anyway, thank u so much for those who always revisit this fic and check for updates. i appreciate you so fucking much, u don't even know. xx

Don't Give Up On Him

Chapter Summary

They weren't lying when they said a lot can happen in one day: Dream unravels something that he sort of already knew, Sapnap is a godsend, and George continues to fall into his pit of conflict until Quackity's words pull him out.

Chapter Notes

I just wanna give a quick head's up lol. I wanted to include a Sapnap and Dream convo, but since I decided to write this story from George's perspective, I've opted to write Sapnap and Dream from a third person POV (but kinda like a fly on the wall ahahah bc we don't get to really know how they're feeling other than deciphering their feelings through their actions)

Ok sick. Have a fun read.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An ear-piercing scream busted through his subconscious causing his eyes to flutter open with much difficulty.

"What the fuck," George mumbled, tone laced with confusion.

Through hooded eyes, he could merely make out the figure that laid beside him, covered underneath a familiar patterned blanket. George looked up from where his sleepy eyes unintentionally fixed themselves upon his rude awakening; Dream was sat up against the headboard, his hands laying flat on what seemed like an opened journal in his lap.

"Sapnap!" Dream's voice boomed from above George's head.

"What?" George heard Sapnap yell in return.

"Shut up!" Dream shot back.

George scoffed a weak laugh as he propped himself up onto his elbows with great effort. He immediately took note of how quickly Dream tucked his once opened notebook behind him as his green eyes fell upon George.

"Hi," Dream softly smiled down at him.

George let his eyes waver onto Dream's facial features before he sat up more, to get as close as possible to levelling his eyes with Dream's.

George yawned before saying, "You were writing,"

Dream seemed only slightly alarmed: George realized it was more so because Dream hadn't

thought he would mention it, and less so about the fact that he'd gotten caught. Shortly after both their eyes fell upon a black ballpoint pen that Dream loosely held, the blonde tossed it onto the nightstand next to him, as he did with his journal.

George's eyes followed his actions before Dream turned to face him.

"I was," Dream admittedly said.

"What about?" George asked.

Dream sat up slightly, "I've already told you what I write about."

George hummed as he squinted his eyes, "Not *really*,"

"Well, what I told you is all you need to know." Dream chuckled.

George playfully rolled his eyes, "You're so annoying."

George hated himself for even having the urge to reach over and grab the journal, despite the imaginable protests from Dream. He just wanted to know what he was writing in there; a deep part within George was so sure Dream was writing about him, about them, which didn't help the pestering voice in his head that tried to convince him that reading it would be acceptable.

"Make a wish," Dream said, snapping George out of his thoughts.

George furrowed his eyebrows, "What?"

"It's eleven-eleven," Dream smiled.

George fought a smile as he shut his eyes and began his wishing process, "I wish Dream would tell me what he writes about in his journal," His eyes slowly reopened as his smile grew when he noticed the way Dream was shaking his head at him.

Dream laughed, "You're such an idiot—"

"*You're such an idiot*," George mimicked causing Dream to laugh louder, "Tell me what you write about!" He whined as he playfully shoved him.

Dream tutted, "Wishes don't come true if you say them out loud."

George feigned a gag, "You sound like my mother."

"Of course I do," Dream said, his tone falling into a serious one, "We talk *all* the time," He winked.

George scrunched up his nose, "Mum jokes? We've gone back to that now?"

A knock sounded from Dream's bedroom door which caused the both of them to look in the direction of the sound. Dream hopped off the bed and walked over to answer whoever had interrupted their conversation. In the meantime, George took notice of the shirt Dream sported and how it did justice to his shoulder blades. He immediately swallowed the thought, one that he's had more times than he'd ever like to admit.

"What?" Dream asked after having swung the door open.

"I'm dropping them off at the airport in, like, a half-hour. You gonna join or?" Sapnap's voice came

clear from where George sat.

George crawled to the edge of the bed to poke his head over far enough for Sapnap to take notice of him. Dream moved out of the way slightly so that the boys could properly see each other.

"George," Sapnap smiled at him.

"You *woke* me up." George feigned annoyance.

"It's almost noon. You're welcome." Sapnap smirked.

Dream turned to Sapnap before saying, "Is it cool if I stay back? I gotta do a podcast with Train at, like, twelve-thirty."

"Yeah, that's fine," Sapnap began to leave until a thought visibly popped into his head, causing him to turn on his heel, "Can I take your car?"

Dream smiled knowingly and eyed him carefully before asking, "Because of gas or convenience?"

Sapnap pursed his lips to hold back a smile, "If I say convenience, will you say yes?"

Dream laughed lightly, "Sure—"

"Let's go!" Sapnap cheered before giving Dream's cheek a slight tap, "Thank you, *Dweam*."

Dream shut the door behind him, but not before returning a soft "you're welcome", which caused a smile of adoration from George as he watched the two of them interact.

"You're doing a podcast with Train?" George asked as he watched Dream walk over to the edge of the bed.

Dream leaned down and dug his fists into the mattress before looking at George, who had moved further back into the bed to lean against the headboard.

"Yeah," Dream glanced at his desk, where his setup idly sat, before looking back at George, "You know, since I'm *such* an important person," The corner of his mouth twitched into a smile that only grew as he realized George had caught on.

George scoffed, "How do you even remember me saying that?"

Dream raised an eyebrow, "I always remember the things you say to me. Even if they hurt a little," He feigned the small flash of hurt that etched itself onto his face before replacing it with a smile, "But I also remember the nice things."

"What nice things?" George played dumb as he cocked his head to the side, "I think you got the wrong guy."

"*Ooh*, have I?" Dream asked in a playful, taunting voice.

"They probably just want you on there to get insights on your new song." George nonchalantly said, suppressing a smile he knew Dream saw coming.

Dream snorted as he sat down at the edge of the bed with a huff, "You're probably not wrong on that one," He fell back onto his mattress with a groan as he squeezed his eyes shut, "But they're not gonna get much out of me,"

"Why's that?" George mindlessly asked as he watched the way Dream's adam's apple bobbed when the blonde swallowed.

Dream's limbs were fully relaxed, as were his facial features; George was thankful that those green eyes were shielded by his eyelids because he couldn't stop admiring the way Dream's body looked in this peaceful state. The way his chest rose and fell with every breath he took. His soft pink lips merely parted. The way his slender fingers were intertwined as they laid on his stomach. The sun that peered through the window accentuated the split ends in his dirty blonde hair, while also bathing the strands in a natural light that complemented its colour. It was so simple, yet effective-- to George, at least.

'I'll never tire of looking at you,' George thought back to the words that had been spoken to him under that moonlight. He wondered if Dream had ever asked himself, or cared, as to how he looked to George: if George's opinions on his looks mattered. It was hard to tell when Dream was so comfortable in his skin, *rightfully so*, George thought as his brown eyes continued to admiringly scan his friend's resting features.

"It comes out in two days and it's pretty much finished, but," Dream's eyebrows furrowed as he seemed to briefly go into deep thought, "Every time I re-visit it, I feel like something is missing, or that I could improve on some aspects of it...I don't know," He brought his fingers to rake them through his hair before laying his palm onto his stomach again, "Like, the song's ready, but it feels like it isn't."

George didn't know a single fucking thing about making music, so he was at a complete loss on how to answer, how to assess this situation. He could have left it, but the way Dream seemed so winded down by his thoughts urged George to say something.

"What was missing, when you last listened to it?" George asked as he crossed his legs so he could lean forward with his elbows pressed into the mattress.

At the sound of how close George's voice sounded to him, Dream turned his head from where he laid and opened his eyes to look up at George; the brunet had his chin resting on his palm, his eyes immediately flickering up from Dream's lips when he noticed that Dream was looking at him.

"Um," Dream licked his lips as his eyes flickered to the duvet covers, "I don't know...I guess I wasn't entirely happy with how the vocals were layered? I'm just overthinking it, I think," His weak laugh faltered when his eyes fell back onto George.

Once again, George found himself not knowing what to say. He always found that to be an issue when he'd have these sorts of conversations; it happened with others, but not as much as it did with Dream. He wasn't sure if it was because he wanted to say the right thing when it came to him or if because the impact of his words on Dream mattered so much more than anybody else he'd find himself in this type of situation with.

Without having anything to say, George was left with his actions. He wasn't sure what he was meant to do to ease Dream's stress and he's never had someone ease his own mind...other than Dream. As a memory surfaced atop his mind, George found himself bringing his hand to Dream's hair before he carefully ran his fingers through the sunlit loose strands. *It was strange*, George thought, how he learned these things through Dream.

George watched as Dream's eyes fluttered shut, a small smile growing on his lips. George mirrored his smile as the success of his actions presented itself in the serenity that Dream's relaxed state emitted. He continued to run his fingers through Dream's hair, his fingernails occasionally grazing over the blonde's scalp.

"I could easily fall asleep right now." Dream whispered.

And they could have, but they knew they had to spend some time with Karl and Quackity before they left. They both reluctantly got out of bed and were greeted in the living room as soon as they entered. Karl took no time to make some jokes about them coming out of Dream's room together and it had then occurred to George that they hadn't left the room at the same time since the pair got here.

George, also, did not fail to notice the way Quackity had been eyeing them carefully. When they both caught each other's gaze, Quackity offered him a soft smile, which George returned: a telepathic communication that stated that things were alright which received a proud nod from Quackity.

They spent the remainder of their time together just as they did on the first day. Most of it was spent reminiscing through their time together; though short-lived, it still held so much weight. Karl would have his phone passed around so all of the boys could watch the videos he'd secretly taken of them: the singing in the car, running around in empty fields, the foggy shots of them at the water.

"This is kinda pog," George chuckled as he held up Karl's phone to Sapnap.

It was a picture of Sapnap lounging on the grass with a joint in his hand: the smoke swirled around his face, shielding his nose slightly, some of it still pooling out of his parted lips.

Karl whistled, "Sheesh."

"Too bad you can't post it anywhere." Quackity chuckled.

"I don't know," Sapnap laughed lightly as he eyed the photo, "I might just say *fuck it*."

"They'd expect it, at this point." Dream spoke from George's side.

A few more minutes elapsed between them, the boys made sure to savour every last bit of it until the sad truth dawned on them.

Sapnap sighed as he looked up from his phone, "Time to drop you off, boys."

"I don't wanna leave," Karl stated as he curved his fingers around the straps of his backpack.

"Yeah, just don't." George shrugged as he walked over to Karl who already had his arms opened for him.

"It's gonna be hard to leave this place," Karl said as he wrapped his arms tightly around George, swaying the both of them side to side.

Quackity and Dream seemed to be in their own conversation as Karl, George, and Sapnap were immersed in one of their own. *It was sweet*, George mindlessly noticed, how they were on the verge of being late for the plane, but they were lingering around the living room avoiding the reality that rested so closely above their heads.

"Okay, we *actually* have to go." Sapnap clapped his hands once.

Karl had managed to force them all into a group hug, though it was less reluctant than the one that had occurred on the first day. The duration of this lasted a lot longer than they could afford, but they did not care.

Sapnap and Karl were already seated in the car: Sapnap leant over Karl to speak to Dream through the passenger side window about some things that did not concern Karl, but the boy in the middle made sure to involve himself in the conversation for laughs.

George watched them momentarily before he noticed a figure walking over to him. Quackity grinned at him, which caused an unstoppable smile to grow onto George's face. The two of them fell into each other's arms, their chest colliding as Quackity tightened one strong arm around George's shoulder while the other was hooked under George's as they both placed small taps on each other's backs.

"Remember what I said," Quackity's voice sounded muffled from George's perspective, but it was clear enough for him to tighten his hold around Quackity's shoulders, "Take care of yourself, man."

George sighed, "Thank you, for the talk." He pulled away and the both of them simultaneously placed a firm grip on the other's shoulder.

Dream and George chorused heartfelt 'safe flight's and 'we'll miss you's, as well as making sure they returned Karl's kissing gestures as the boy repeated, 'mwah'.

"Shit," Dream said as his thumbs fervently tapped away on his phone.

George caught the last sight of Dream's truck disappearing down the street until his eyes flew to Dream inquisitively.

"Train already started," Dream looked up from his phone, "You said you were gonna do some editing?"

George huffed, "I mean..."

Dream laughed, "Stop putting it off," He gave George's shoulder a tight squeeze.

"I wanna lay down for a bit," George turned on his heel as the both of them made their way back into the house.

"Will you be able to fall asleep while I'm talking?" Dream shut the door behind him before pocketing his phone.

"There *are* three other places in this house that I could technically sleep in," George chuckled as he watched the realization sink into Dream's face.

He and Dream were so accustomed to sharing a bed that it had truly felt as though there was no other place to sleep other than Dream's bed.

"Yeah, I-I guess." Dream simpered.

George shrugged, "Then again, I've been falling asleep to your voice for years now, so it shouldn't be too difficult."

Dream's nervous smile shifted to a grin as he nodded, "Alright," He motioned to the hallway that led to their bedroom, "After you."

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The nightbot in the chat signified that Train's podcast had been going for a solid half-hour. Dream hadn't planned on staying for long seeing as he was a mere guest on the stream. Whenever the

attention was off him, Dream would look over his shoulder to glance at George who was slowly and slowly slipping into a state of unconsciousness.

"I think I'm gonna head out." Dream chuckled lightly.

"Where are you going?" George slurred from behind him.

Dream whipped around in his seat upon hearing George's voice but immediately relaxed in a fond smile when he saw that the smaller boy was talking in his sleep. Upon looking back at his computer, he sighed in relief as he glanced over at his noise-suppressing mic.

A few more goodbyes were exchanged before Dream got up from his seat with a small stretch. He checked his phone and read a few text messages from Sapnap before exiting his room, but not before looking over at George as if to check that he was still sleeping.

Dream entered the kitchen and was immediately welcomed by Patches, who hopped onto the counter where he had just placed an empty glass of water.

"Hello baby," Dream brought the ends of his fingertips to run across the top of her head, "What's up?" He continued to ask through a baby voice.

He looked over to his side where Patches' bowl laid; the food that had been previously served to her was half-eaten. After downing a glass of water, he picked her up carefully from the counter and walked them both to the couch where he sat with her for a bit. They played around and lounged for a solid ten minutes before Patches had found a comfortable spot--a spot that was quite familiar to Sapnap.

Dream made his way back to his bedroom and entered as stealthily as possible. His eyes landed on the sleeping body that had curled itself in the bunched-up covers. His shoulders tensed as he made his way to the edge of the bed before slowly sitting down, the mattress dipping underneath him causing George's sleeping head to slip down the edge of the pillow situated fairly close to Dream's thigh.

Dream had his palms planted in the mattress as his fingers nervously drummed against the bed frame. He glanced down at the brunet, admiring his sleeping features: the small portion of his hair that always seemed to lay astray on his forehead, his lips pressed into a thin line as small breaths escaped his nostrils, his rather long eyelashes.

He brought a shaky hand to the cheek of the asleep boy and gently cupped his face: no movements came from George under Dream's subtle touch. Dream drew his bottom lip between his teeth as he began slowly drawing circles with the pad of his thumb onto the other's porcelain skin.

Dream's eyes fluttered as he let out a quiet breath, "What are you doing to me, George?"

The words spoken under his breath rested between the space of his lips, not quite reaching the attention of the sleeping boy that remained aloof in his current state.

A few seconds passed, Dream never retrieving his hand from George's cheek as he continued to caress his supple skin. That was until a small shuffle was heard from behind Dream, which caused him to turn around in his seat.

Sapnap looked at him with slightly risen eyebrows: the younger's eyes flickered from Dream to his hand on George's cheek, then back to Dream before quietly exiting the room. Dream watched his friend depart with widened eyes before he retrieved his hand from George's cheek and exited the room himself, closing the door behind him as he did so.

The roommates met in the kitchen, Sapnap leaned against the counter, Dream mirrored his actions as they stood in a brief silence.

"You wanna start or should I?" Sapnap asked quietly.

Dream took a deep breath before speaking, "Judging by where this conversation is going, you're more than welcome to take the lead."

Sapnap crossed his arms over his chest, "Help me understand what the hell is going on between you two? I'm not mad, don't get me wrong. I'm just confused at this point."

"I don't know, Sapnap--"

"No, I think you do." Sapnap's shoulders relaxed as his eyes took in the way Dream's own had fallen to the ground, "Are you two together?"

"No," Dream quickly answered, his face ridden with an offence as he looked at Sapnap.

"Oh, no? Cause I don't look at my friends like that when they're asleep," Sapnap scrutinized Dream's face.

Dream's eyebrows drew together, "Are you sure you're not mad? You're starting to sound like you are."

Sapnap's drew his lower lip between his teeth, "I'm not. I'm worried for you," He nodded his head over Dream's shoulder that exposed the hallway as if to reference George, "And him."

Dream pocketed his hands into his hoodie, "Don't be."

"I am." Sapnap sternly said.

"Why--"

"Do you love him?" Sapnap deadpanned.

Dream's fidgeting stopped and his jaw clenched: the silence they fell into while having no choice but to look at each other felt longer than it should have.

Dream cringed, "*What?*"

"You heard me." Sapnap persisted.

They stared for a few more seconds until Dream looked away with an exasperated sigh; Sapnap's eyes were still fixed onto him, seeming like he was going to back down from getting answers.

"He doesn't want a relationship." Dream muttered.

Sapnap cocked an eyebrow at him, waiting on his friend to look over at him, "But," He paused, his lips drawing into a thin line before he re-opened them, "You do?"

Dream shut his eyes as he took in a deep breath, "I like him, Nick," He opened his eyes and looked at his best friend, "And I always did. He's one of my *best* friends. But lately, I don't know...something's changed."

"How do you know? I mean, it's always been a fine line, right? You two would flirt on stream and stuff, but it also happened off-stream?" Sapnap mused.

Dream frowned, "Maybe...maybe, I always did have feelings for him, but never thought too much of it because of the distance? I don't know. When he was away, it was easy to just go with the flow of things, but now he's here," He placed his face in his hands as he took in a deep breath, "He's here, he's *right* here. It's so hard to avoid him, to get over these feelings that I *know* I'm not allowed to have," He breathed out and dropped his hand to his side before looking at his friend.

Sapnap's expressions faltered, "Clay..." He trailed off, "You're *allowed* to feel these things. How can you not with the way that you guys are with each other?"

Dream hung his head, "We made this contract."

"What?" Sapnap furrowed his eyebrows.

"Don't make me say it again," Dream whined.

"No, either I actually heard you say the word *contract* or I'm deaf--"

"You heard right." Dream sighed.

A brief silence followed before Sapnap pretty much exclaimed, "A fucking contract of what?"

"Just a bunch of dumb rules that would stop us from crossing the line." Dream rolled his eyes.

"Contract, huh," Sapnap shook his head as a small smile danced on his lips,
"That *screams* George."

"It was his idea," Dream chuckled lightly, "I encouraged it, though, so I can't let him take all the blame for the way I'm feeling right now."

Sapnap let out a deep sigh, "Jesus Christ. See, this is what I meant by being worried about this whole thing."

Dream raised an eyebrow at him causing Sapnap to continue.

"The idea of a contract itself proves that you guys have no idea what the *fuck* you're doing," Sapnap motioned to nothing in particular, "It's the worse thing you could have in a relationship that strong."

"I told him that," Dream groaned, "But what am I supposed to do? He doesn't wanna cross that line--"

"You do though?" Sapnap asked.

Dream chewed on his lip as he pondered for a moment, "Ye-yeah."

"Dude," Sapnap shook his head as he looked away from his friend.

"What?" Dream asked, slightly alarmed.

Sapnap lowered his gaze, "You gotta be careful."

Dream straightened his posture, "What do you mean?"

"George is...sort of...closed off," Sapnap spoke slowly as he watched Dream with careful eyes.

"Well, I mean." Dream said, his tone filled with denial.

"Dream, buddy," Sapnap snickered, "He kind of is. We *both* know that. Remember the argument you guys had on stream, long time ago, about how if you gave him a face reveal, he'd finally say, 'I love you'? I'm pretty sure he deadass made a contract for that too, now that I think about it."

Sapnap waited as he watched the realization grow upon Dream's face.

"Yeah," Sapnap nodded as Dream's expression spoke for him, "He has a hard time expressing his feelings and shit. That doesn't mean that he doesn't feel the same, but I just don't want you to get hurt, you know? Like," He cleared his throat, "You two are very different in that sense and maybe that's a good thing, and what the fuck do I know about love—"

"Sapnap," Dream chuckled, "You're fine."

Sapnap smiled sheepishly before he spoke again, "I'm not saying you shouldn't feel what you're feeling, cause that would be stupid. I just want you to be careful because if you get to a point where you can't pull yourself out of it? That might be a little dangerous."

Dream gently fell back into the counter as he ran a hand through his hair. Sapnap continued to analyze his friend's features as he waited on an answer.

"I don't want to discourage you, bro." Sapnap frowned, earning a weak smile from Dream who previously had his eyes fixated on the ground, "I just know how you get when you're in too deep. Just try to be a little more...aware?" He winced at his own words before finishing with, "Before you fall for him."

"I get it, though, you know?" Dream gripped the edge of the counter with his hands, "I get him. I understand why he's scared. I've been there. I get why he's not good with the whole, 'relationship' thing. If time is what he needs in order to get there, then I'll wait. And if I get hurt a couple of times in the process, that's fine."

Sapnap rolled his eyes playfully, "If you think like that, there's no way you're not gonna fall for him."

The smile on Sapnap's face began to dissipate as he caught Dream's look: soft glossy eyes filled with the realization that he was absolutely, and utterly, *fucked*.

Dream swallowed, "I think I'm already falling for him."

Sapnap paused for a moment before he blinked, shifting his eyes to look at the ceiling before looking back at Dream.

"Can't say I'm surprised," Sapnap forced a smile, "C'mere," He opened his arms for his friend to walk into.

Dream scoffed out a feigned laugh before allowing Sapnap's arms to snake themselves around his waist as Dream wrapped his arms around the younger's shoulders: they both placed generous taps onto each other's backs before slowly pulling away from their brief hug.

"I knew something was eating away at you," Sapnap said as he looked up at Dream.

Dream rolled his eyes, "I've got a lot of shit on my plate, George just happens to be the main thing."

"Oh, your song," Sapnap's eyes widened, "That's coming out in two days--oh, shit." His excitement quickly died down upon realizing the discomfort in Dream's expression, "You've never been good with pre-release anxiety, have you?"

Dream sucked his teeth as he shook his head, "No."

"Now I feel like I can't leave you unattended for a whole week--"

"Nick--"

"Say the word and I'll cancel the trip--"

"Absolutely not," Dream cut him off indefinitely as he placed two hands on his friend's shoulders, "Go. I'll be fine. I've got George,"

Sapnap grimaced, "Was that supposed to make me feel better?"

Dream laughed lightly, "Patches?"

"Oh, yeah," Sapnap grinned as he scanned the area for her, but to no avail, "Alright, well," His shoulders slouched when Dream withdrew his hands from them, "You can always call or text me."

"I know that." Dream smiled at him endearingly, "Thanks. I love you, brother." He pulled him into a light hug.

Sapnap chuckled, "I love you too, brother."

Shortly after pulling away from the hug, they fell into an easy conversation regarding Sapnap's travelling plans. Dream suggested a movie night, but Sapnap informed him that he, unfortunately, would not have the time seeing as he had to leave for his flight at four in the evening, and he had yet to pack.

"Alright, just let me know when you want me to drive you," Dream nodded as he made his way to the entrance of his hallway.

"Okay--oh, and Clay," Sapnap turned around causing Dream to do the same, "If you're willing to wait on George, don't give up on him--when it gets tough."

Dream's eyebrows drew together, "I won't--"

"*But*," Sapnap raised a finger, causing a half-smile to appear on Dream's face, "Don't you dare put up with his shit. Don't lose yourself in it."

-

"George!" Sapnap yelled as he playfully threw the controller at him, entirely missing him which caused George to laugh even harder.

They were playing Mario Kart while Dream was in the kitchen making himself a quick snack. George would only admit it on special occasions, but he was going to miss Sapnap's presence in the house. He liked how undescribably easy it was to be around him, how it came freely, especially since they're both naturally awkward with one-on-one instances.

"I can't--" George gasped as he clutched his stomach, "I can't--I'm crying."

"What's happening?" Dream laughed as he made his way to the couch.

George wiped the small tear that pooled at the corner of his eye as he tried his hardest to calm himself down.

"I just got fucking coconut-malled is what," Sapnap gawked at George, eventually breaking into a soft laugh.

"You were so confident as well," George giggled, "I literally meme'd you."

Sapnap feigned a straight face as he turned to Dream, "I don't wanna see him here when I get back."

As George glanced over at Dream to hear his response, he noticed how he'd been endearingly looking at him. The way Dream was lightly laughing with him reminded him of the time where Dream had admitted to finding his laugh the most contagious, it was followed by a lame line about how it was one of his most favourite sounds in the world. George was sure to call him out for being corny, which Dream gratefully accepted.

"I don't know. I kinda like him," Dream jokingly replied as he took a bite of his toast.

"Yeah, me too," Sapnap rolled his eyes, "Only sometimes, though."

George scoffed, "You're *both* in love with me."

The chorus of playful denial from Sapnap and Dream caused a grin to etch itself onto George's face. They continued to lounge into the living room for another half-hour before Sapnap announced that he had to leave for the airport. They embarked in Dream's truck; George and Sapnap argued for the passenger seat for a solid two minutes.

George won the argument and he made sure to rub it in Sapnap's face as he began talking about how much legroom he had, how he could peacefully rest his arm on the leather compartment that separated his and Dream's seat, how he could open the window so the wind would fly directly into Sapnap's face, which he would do occasionally just to piss him off.

After pulling up to the curbside at the departure terminal, George and Dream helped Sapnap with his bags as they loaded them onto the trolley. George was the first to get back inside the car, but not after he gave Sapnap a tight hug; he was sure to also tell him that he'd miss him, which Sapnap pretended to half-heartedly return.

George watched from the passenger window as Dream and Sapnap said their goodbyes. He couldn't quite make out what was being said due to the commotion that was happening around them, what with other people trying to make their flights and the occasional car honks. George realized, since being here, that Americans danced between angry drivers and aloof ones that made the aforementioned angry, in the first place.

When Dream and Sapnap continued their conversation, George was starting to become slightly envious. He understood that they had a closer bond and that they barely left each other's side given the fact that they lived together, but Sapnap was leaving for a week, surely they couldn't be that torn over Sapnap's vacation. It propelled George to want to know what they were talking about because he was positive that it was something that he would also like to be in on.

The envy only grew within him when Dream turned on his heel to make his way back to the car, but not before glancing over at George through a lowered gaze. He quickly broke eye contact as he disappeared behind the car to head to the driver's seat.

After waving Sapnap off, Dream and George were alone. For the first time since George had landed, they were *alone*, alone. And though they had already been in the same room together and most definitely surpassed the sexual tension that continuously grew between them, the realization

that they'd have to go back to a house with no evasion or interruptions from Sapnap rested uneasily on George's chest.

"Do you wanna go off-roading?" Dream miraculously asked as they pulled out onto the highway.

George blinked at the sheer randomness and absurdity of Dream's request, "I'm sorry, what?"

"I feel like popping off in this whip, George. Are you down?" Dream said through a laugh when he caught a glimpse of George's pure confusion to his choice of words.

"Are you feeling alright?" George's eyebrows were furrowed, but an amused smile grew on his face.

"*Yes or no*, George?" Dream grinned as his grip around the steering wheel tightened.

George laughed nervously, "I mean I *guess*."

"Great 'cause we're already here," Dream leaned forward slightly so he could look over the hood of his car since the grounds were already getting a little rocky.

George looked around him and saw nothing but a massive plot of land filled with naturally formed ramps. There was about a five-foot fence that separated the exit they'd just taken, off of the highway, from the off-roading course. As George continued to look around, hesitantly turning in his seat as he scanned the areas he couldn't see from sitting still, a small worry within him grew.

"Dream?" George asked as he looked through the back windshield.

"Huh?" Dream sounded like he most definitely was not listening, which caused George to turn back around in his seat to face him.

"Is this legal?" He juttied his thumb to the land of dirt ahead.

Dream slowed his car down until he came to a full stop, "What do you mean?"

George raised an eyebrow, "I *mean*, are we lawfully allowed to be here?"

Dream looked ahead as he mindlessly scanned the area with his eyes before looking over at George, "Sure," He nonchalantly said.

"According to the state--"

"George." Dream cut him off with a mildly stern tone as he turned in his seat, his foot still on the break.

"I just want to be sure--"

"And I want you to trust me," Dream cut him off as he reached over and placed a gentle grip on the nape of the brunet's neck, "Can you do that?"

The way Dream's eyes peered into his had him fixed in his seat as he felt the blonde's slender fingers expand on the nape of his neck. He could only manage to offer Dream a nod, which promoted Dream to reach over the strap of George's seatbelt, tugging it upward so he was properly strapped in his seat.

"Grab the dashboard," Dream smirked when he noticed the small expansion in George's eyes, "If I'm going too fast," His smirk widened as a small blush crept onto the brunet's cheeks, "Are you

ready?"

Before George could say anything, Dream lifted his foot off the break and lightly pressed on the gas pedal, enough for the truck to lurch forward causing George to harshly sway in his seat.

"Oh my god," George felt his heart rate pick up at an inexplicable rate as one of his hands gripped onto the armrest and the other flush against the dashboard.

With every turn and jump the truck took, George was slowly easing into the adrenaline that visibly coursed through Dream's veins. An alarmed and panicked expression turned into an excitable one on the third lurch off a ramp. George burst out in laughter as he let the back of his head fall against the headrest. Their laughter, and occasional screams of excitement, filled the inside of the car.

George could no longer feel how fast his heart was beating, but he had completely disregarded it two minutes into the off-roading. There'd be moments where Dream would have to ease off the gas to turn the car around back to propelling spots, and George admired the way he seemed so goddamn comfortable; George thought it was up there with the moments in which Dream looked insanely attractive. He wasn't sure if it was the way his hands glided over the steering wheel with such confidence or how the veins on his neck would come through when he'd look behind him to back up the car. He was so sure of himself, in what George still considered a rather terrifying situation.

They off-roaded for a good ten minutes until Dream slowed the car down, the windshield exposing a forest of trees as they came to a full stop.

"Well?" Dream chuckled as he glanced over at George, "What'd you think?"

George swallowed as he watched Dream blow the blonde strands away from his eyes, "Huh?" He asked mindlessly.

Dream laughed, "Are you okay?"

"Kill the engine," George muttered.

"What--" Dream was cut off by George reaching over and switching the car off, tossing the key in his hold onto the dashboard.

George unbuckled his seatbelt, leaned over the armrest as he brought his face close enough to Dream's so that the tip of their nose touched.

"What did I think?" George asked as he shut his eyes and dipped his head, pressing a soft kiss against Dream's exposed neck before pulling away and looking up at him, "I thought it was fucking hot."

Dream bit his lip, the corner of his mouth turning upwards as he leaned down so their lips were centimetres apart, "Get on me."

George smirked and wasted no time in shuffling over the armrest to situate himself in Dream's lap: they struggled to get comfortable at first, a few giggles escaped them as their limbs bumped against parts of the car. Once George had his thighs straddling Dream's own, he brought his hands up to cup Dream's neck as Dream's own gripped the shorter boy's waist, pressing their hips against each other.

Dream's lips immediately attached themselves to George's neck, George's fingers intertwining themselves at the back of Dream's neck as he inclined his jaw to expose more of his skin for

Dream's lips to cover. George began rocking his hips against Dream's, the blonde's lips emitting a hot breath against his wet skin. A smile of pride flashed onto George's face as he felt Dream's grip tighten around his waist; he pulled George into him so the growth in their briefs were pressed against each other.

George fell into a panting mess with the accelerated rhythm of their hips grinding against each other; he was thankful that they'd gotten to a point where they'd done this a few times to know the spots the other liked touched. Dream knew exactly which spot on his neck to create warmth, bites, and suction. George knew exactly when to slow down his rhythm against Dream and when to pick it back up.

The strain in his jeans was tightening with every desperate thrust caused between them; George couldn't help but roll his hips forward just to feel Dream's hard-on against his clothed ass, which emitted an audible moan to escape his lips. The moan that escaped him had a clear effect on Dream as George felt a strained sound followed by a vibration against his neck from Dream's lips.

George lifted himself from Dream's lap, causing the taller to loll his head back onto the headrest as he looked up at George with glossy eyes and swollen lips. His hands loosened around George's waists, his green eyes raked over the shorter's body as it maneuvered over him. George realized that Dream had entered a daze as he let his hands drop to either side of George's thighs. George pushed one knee in between Dream's legs to separate them and Dream happily obliged as his hands, once again, found their way back to George's waist while the shorter took the same knee and slid it over Dream's hips while his other thigh remained still. The brunet lowered himself onto Dream's thigh, his dainty fingers running through Dream's hair as he leaned back slightly, his lower back rested against the steering wheel.

Dream watched every movement with parted lips as George's eyes fluttered before he started brushing his hard-on against the taller's thigh.

George let out a shaky breath as his head lolled back slightly, a sigh of pleasure drawing out from his lips as he continued to grind himself against Dream's thigh. When George felt Dream push his thigh against his now throbbing hard-on, an unwarranted moan escaped him which caused his eyes to flutter open in mere shock as he looked down at Dream who had been admiring him the entire time; lust-filled eyes and parted lips.

"Holy shit," Dream breathed out as his grip tightened around the brunet's hips.

George could only muster up brief panting and soft moans as he continued to ride his thigh, his head lolled backwards as his eyes fluttered shut.

"You look so fucking good right now." Dream's voice came out strained as he brushed his thigh against George's crotch.

"Dream," George moaned as he fisted Dream's hair.

George took one hand from Dream's hair and reached behind him to grip the steering wheel as he quickened his pace against Dream's thigh. He felt one of Dream's hands leave his side and in a split second, he felt the seat jerk underneath them. George brought his head forward as he looked down to see Dream slightly reclined in his seat, allowing more space for George to comfortably fasten his rhythm against his thigh.

Dream suddenly slid his hands from George's waist and over his lower back until they cupped the brunet's lower cheeks. A small gasp escaped George as Dream kneaded the area in the process of aiding George's rhythm against his thigh. George squeezed his eyes shut as he lolled his head back

and let out a strangled moan as Dream continued to help his movements against him.

"Fuck," Dream's breath hitched as tightened his grip around George.

George tugged harshly at Dream's hair as he felt a warmth rising in his stomach, "Dream, I--*holy shit*," His grip around the steering wheel tightened.

"What do you want, George?" Dream leaned forward, kneading the skin he was gripping tightly, continuously moving him up and down his thigh.

"I need to feel your hands on me," George whimpered, "Please."

Dream kissed his adam's apple, "What about your rules--"

"Fuck," George moaned frustratingly as his pace against Dream's thigh slowed down.

Dream squeezed his hands around him causing another audible gasp from George.

"I wanna touch you so fucking bad," Dream grazed his teeth against his neck, "But unless you're willing to break them, we can't."

And George was so close. He could feel the dampened spot in his briefs. The more they waited, the more he held himself back, the more contract became apparent. And he didn't know who he hated more at the moment that he felt himself coming back down to earth: himself, for having made the contract in the place and letting it stand for as long as it did that he now felt mentally bound to the rules, or Dream, for not just saying 'fuck it' *for* George, since he didn't have the confidence to do it himself.

"I...can't," George breathed heavily as he jerked against Dream.

"Maybe we should stop," Dream said, his hands slowly falling from its leverage.

George bumped his forehead into Dream's shoulder as he let out a deep sigh: though the tension that rushed down south made it hard for him to pull away, to break away from a moment where he'd gotten so close to reaching his climax, he mustered the courage to pull away from Dream.

They avoided eye contact as George struggled to move back to the passenger seat all while Dream fidgeted with the lever to pull his own seat back up.

George sat uncomfortably in his seat as Dream re-adjusted his own: he was uncomfortable due to the silence that lingered between them, the tension that was never resolved, and the growth that remained present through his tightened jeans.

It all happened so fast, George thought as he glanced out the window: all of that build-up and it was ruined by his own unresolved issues. Prior to this moment, he wasn't sure who to be angry at, but now he was most definitely certain as a sense of self-hatred rose within him.

Before Dream could pull out of the site, George's eyes caught the lights flashing through the exit ramp as it approached them.

"Dream?" George asked as the realization began to settle in.

"What?" Dream mindlessly asked.

"When you said this was legal, were you lying?" George asked as he turned to face Dream and jutted his thumb to the police car pulling up behind them.

Dream's eyes flickered to his rear-view mirror before he sunk in his seat with a huff, "Yeah."

-

"I haven't even been gone a day and you've already gotten in shit with the cops," Sapnap's voice sounded through the phone.

Sapnap had called George just as they pulled into the driveway, and due to the tension that been suffocating the car, George wasted no time in answering it.

"Yeah, well." Dream let out an annoyed sigh.

A silence fell between the three of them; a painful one as George realized how a situation they'd usually be laughing at had them uncomfortably looking around the space they sat in. Sapnap tried to lighten the mood, being the one who called, but George knew that Sapnap could sense the energy that had settled itself in-between them.

"Right," Sapnap chuckled nervously, "Okay, well, I'm gonna go. Hope the ticket wasn't too expensive, though that's not much of an issue for you, is it pal?" He playfully asked Dream.

Dream hummed in response and George took that as a sign to end the call, "I saw how much it was, it wouldn't even leave a dent in his bank account."

"That's what I thought," Sapnap chuckled, "Bye guys."

"Bye," George smiled weakly as he ended the call.

"I'm gonna, uh, call Parker. Go over some stuff with the song," Dream quietly said.

George nodded as he got up from the couch, "I'm gonna go for a shower."

"Okay." Dream reached for his laptop from the coffee table.

"Okay," He mindlessly repeated.

George fought back an eye roll as he made his way to the bathroom and closed the door behind him. He let out a deep breath, one that he felt he'd been holding since their moment in the car. He couldn't even blame the sheer bit of hostility he got from Dream's demeanour as soon as their moment got interrupted. There was no one else to blame but him. It started with him and it ended with him. Everything he feared was slowly coming to life and he felt so fucking helpless.

He wanted to pull his hair out as he paced in the bathroom; he felt as if there were two puppeteers in his brain, one pulling him away from the door and the other helping his hand that hovered over the doorknob. Whenever those green eyes looked into his, George was placed right in between the two puppeteers; and god knows, cutting the cord was rotten work.

After suffering through a series of thoughts that the cascading water did nothing to ease him out of, George made his way to Dream's bedroom. The silence that had settled itself in the house hadn't even occurred to George as his empty mind rendered his body on auto-pilot; he fished for a sweater out of his suitcase and paired it with his track pants and socks.

George spent a solid half-hour hiding away in Dream's room as he recollected his thoughts. As he aimlessly walked around in Dream's room, his thoughts slowly sorted themselves out. He wondered how that could be until the familiar voice seeped into his mind and soothed out all his worries in one fell swoop: *If something is so clearly presented to you and you have that instinct to*

fight it? Don't.

"Don't fight it," George whispered under his breath, "Don't fucking fight it."

George waited a few moments until he realized the first thing he should do was thank the person that had eased the situation he'd been stuck in ever since returning to the house, so he pulled his phone from his pocket and tapped open the 'Discord' app.

George Today at 13:45

you're fucking amazing

And he almost left it at that before he cringed and quickly added;

don't you dare screenshot this i have a lot more shit on you

Before George could exit the room, the sound of a Discord notification sounded through his phone.

quackity Today at 13:45

I wasn't gonna screenshot anything until you said that you asshole

You just started a Twitter war you didn't ask for motherfucker

George couldn't help but giggle at his threat as he pocketed his phone. He took in a deep breath and released it as he couldn't help the smile that grew on his face. He had a bunch of stuff to figure out still, but he knew what he wanted to tell Dream. The resurfacing of Quackity's words unlocked something in him that he could not access prior to this moment. He didn't have the answer to everything and his head was still busy with other aspects of their relationship, but George felt as if he had figured out the main issue.

He walked down the hallway, mindlessly tapping the back of his phone against his palm as he entered the living room. His eyes didn't even have the time to scan the area as they immediately fell onto Dream's hunched over back. George allowed his legs to take him to the couch where he began to notice the way Dream was sat: his face in his palms, elbows resting on his parted knees as his back rose and fell with small audible breaths emitting from his lips.

George placed his phone on the armrest as he slowly walked up to Dream, looking down at him as he quietly asked, "Dream?"

Dream didn't look up, the only response George received was the slouch of his shoulders as a deep breath escaped him. George lowered himself to the ground as he crouched in front of Dream, who had his eyes and nose shielded with his hands.

"Hey," George whispered as he peered up at the blonde to get his attention.

"Bad wasn't answering," Dream's voice sounded muffled, almost nasally as if he had been crying.

George felt his heart churn and his actions fell through before his mind could process them: he brought a careful hand to gently place it onto Dream's knee.

"Bad didn't answer your call?" George reiterated to make sure he had gotten it clear.

The image tied with the statement that came from Dream explained it all: George knew that when

it came to Dream's deeper struggles, things that he couldn't quite speak to George with since it wasn't his forte, Dream would go to Bad.

"No," Dream shakily inhaled.

"Is there any way I can help?" George asked.

It was such a stupid fucking question, George thought, but he'd never seen Dream so broken down. He wasn't denying that it had happened before, but he most definitely was not there to witness it.

George lifted his hand from Dream's knee and slowly brought it to Dream's wrist, wrapping his fingers around the warm skin. He felt Dream freeze under his touch until his shoulders relaxed; he allowed George to gently pull his hand away from his face and George held his breath as he awaited to witness something he wasn't familiar with. And in the most selfish way, he was thankful that he hadn't been used to the sight before him because this was the most heartbreaking thing he'd seen in a long while: Dream's eyes were a little puffy signifying that he hadn't been crying for long, but the stress and sadness in his eyes were still so clear in the way they held no light.

George brought a hand to cup his face, "Dream..." He trailed off as he felt a churn in his stomach.

This feeling, this sight: George knew it would scar itself into his heart and mind for years to come.

"There are so many things going on. I'm so fucking stressed, George. The song is so far from ready. I feel like I'm just fucking everything up and, like, nothing is working out. It might just be today. That's what Bad would say. I just can't help but feel like that's not true, though? It's just been so constant lately. And the fucking ticket? I just wanted to forget for a bit, have a little fun. And I try, you know? I try to make things work, I really do--"

George cupped his face with both hands and pulled him into a gentle embrace before softly laying a hand on his back. He drew circles onto his back as slowly as he could. George had no idea what he was doing, but it felt natural, it felt right. Dream was on the brink of hyperventilating, he could almost feel it. He'd never been faced with this situation before, so he wasn't even sure if giving him space was the right thing to do, but when he felt Dream silence into his hold as his weight pushed itself into his arms, George didn't let go. Whatever it was that he was doing was working, so he wasn't going to let go.

"I'm sorry, fuck," Dream's voice sounded muffled against George's shoulder, "Bad's usually the one to deal with this, but he wasn't here."

"I'm here," George's hand travelled from Dream's cheek to the back of his head.

Dream wrapped weak arms around George's torso as he released another deep breath into his shoulder.

They remained in each other's hold until George felt that Dream had calmed down, but he didn't pull away until Dream did. George's hands returned to cradle Dream's face who nuzzled into them as his eyes fluttered shut.

"Have you properly slept?" George asked.

Dream's eyes fluttered open as he shook his head 'no'.

"Alright," George retrieved his hands from Dream's face and placed one of them into the taller's lap, "C'mon." He half-smiled.

Dream looked down at George's hand before placing his own into George's, who took no time to intertwine their fingers as he gently pulled Dream up to his feet. George turned on his heel and placed their hands against his lower back as he walked the both of them to Dream's bedroom. George climbed into bed, softly pulling Dream into him as they settled onto the mattress; George laid flat on his back as he pulled Dream onto him so he could lay his head onto his chest. George secured an arm around his shoulders and he smiled at the way Dream easily settled into a position they'd never slept in before. Dream placed his leg over George's and George brought his spare hand up to rake his fingers through Dream's hair.

It wasn't until Dream had fallen asleep in a mere two minutes that George realized how tired he really was. George was in a limbo of melancholia and happiness; he wanted to tell Dream that he realized how he'd fucked up, but the sight that had now engraved itself in his memory told him that he was too late. However, with the image etched into his memory, George figured it could somehow be helpful for moments to come, moments where he'd have to fight those puppeteers in his head: because though they were stronger than George, Dream was stronger than them.

As George continued to rake his fingers through Dream's hair, he decided he could not stand to be even one of the reasons behind the image of those swollen eyes; emitting the words of a broken soul that still needed mending.

Chapter End Notes

this was sUCh a long chapter what in the literal fuck. i wanted to include so many things into it because i kinda hate breaking fictional days into different chapters, so that's why it also took me ages to get this out because i wanted to get the conversations right.

anywaaaaaaay, i hope u enjoy. ik i wrote it myself, but i can't get stop thinking about george calming dream down: low-key wrote that for myself, call that shit self-care.

also i dont think im gonna be doing another third person POV cause i like writing from grog's POV, so that might've been the first and last of that.

see you guys soon, i hope ur excited for the next chapter because oOoooO baby, i been waiting for this one.

You're So Golden

Chapter Summary

George finally fulfils what he struggled so long to find the confidence for.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title song: Golden by mfinj Harry Styles.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George had been lying awake for a solid two hours before he felt Dream's head move against his chest. George learned that Dream moved a *lot* in his sleep, though he never quite lifted his head off of George's chest. Dream would occasionally tighten the arm he had draped over George's stomach to further cuddle their bodies. George can't say he minded it, especially when he looked so peaceful and perfectly unbothered by the worries he'd encounter before having fallen asleep.

A few minutes after George had woken up, he began to think of ways to make Dream's day a little bit better. He wasn't entirely sure how without flat-out asking the younger what he wanted, but he was going to try. George wasn't sure if Dream's broken state had triggered a nurturing side in him that he did not know he had the capability of having, or if it was more so the fact that he felt an incredible amount of remorse.

A mumble escaped Dream's merely parted lips as he spoke something against George's chest causing George to crane his neck slightly so as to get a better look at Dream's face.

"What?" George softly asked.

"Good morning," Dream spoke, through that voice that George had heard so many times over the phone.

George had ruled it as one of his most favourite sounds and hearing it so close to him had most definitely bumped up its spot on the list.

"Oh," George smiled.

Dream lazily lifted his hand that hung loosely at George's side to his own eye so he could further wake himself up, "What time is it?" He groggily asked.

"Half-past ten, or something," George shrugged, his eyes lazily resting upon Dream's sleepy features.

"What?" Dream nearly exclaimed as he lifted his head from George's chest to look up at him, "Dude, we went to bed at, like, six PM."

George remembered waking up in the middle of the afternoon yesterday, Dream mumbling something about taking a shower before he disappeared off to do so. George had fallen back asleep

and woke up to Dream sleeping against him in the same position he had before having gone for his shower. All that had taken place from 3 PM - 6 PM. George wasn't sure what Dream was doing in the time that he was sound asleep because he was certain the blonde wasn't showering for three hours.

George chuckled lightly and nodded, "Yeah, I woke up around eight. Probably 'cause my body knew it didn't need more rest."

"You're telling me you let me sleep for *seventeen* hours?" Dream slowly lifted his body up, the warmth that had settled between their resting bodies being invaded by the crisp morning air that lingered around the bedroom.

George scoffed, "If you didn't naturally wake up, you probably needed those seventeen hours."

"No one ever really *needs* seventeen hours," Dream mumbled as he sat himself up, leaning his back against the headboard.

"I'm starving," George said as he swung his legs over the bed, "Let's eat?"

Dream glanced at him with furrowed eyebrows, "I-I guess?"

"Do you expect me to carry you?" George sassed as Dream remained seated, "Let's go." He nodded his head to the door.

Dream lightly chuckled before letting out a deep sigh and forcing himself out of bed. The two of them silently made their way to the kitchen.

George took notice of how much quieter the house was without Sapnap, and though Sapnap didn't make much noise himself, it was in the way he'd unintentionally blast the volume on the TV, the music that would come from his room through most times of the day, and the way he'd carry endless conversations (and occasional arguments) with both him and Dream. It was also different now that Karl and Quackity weren't here: the house went from having so much chaotic energy to two souls who took no effort to change the comfortable silence they could spend hours in.

"Bacon and eggs?" George asked as he pulled a pan from the cupboard and quickly glanced over his shoulder at Dream as he held it up in the air, "For the American boy?"

Dream furrowed his eyebrows as an amused smile grew on his face, "You're gonna cook?"

"Mhm," George nodded assuringly as he watched Dream lean against the counter that faced the stove he stood in front of, "Problem?" He jokingly provoked.

Dream's eyebrows briefly shot up, "No, no. Not at all," The smile on his face grew as he paused to look into glistening brown eyes.

George suppressed the smile that begged to show itself on his face as he turned around to begin his cooking process. He could feel Dream's eyes on him as he walked over to the fridge to grab the required ingredients. Every now and then, he'd look over his shoulder and Dream would either be mindlessly scrolling through his phone or looking at him. Whenever George would catch his gaze, Dream would not even pretend as if he wasn't admiring him.

Patches had joined them into the kitchen as George moved onto the bacon and Dream wasted no time in ditching his phone to pick her up from the ground, nuzzling her into his chest. George had his back to him, but he would smile to himself whenever he would hear Dream speak to her in a baby voice.

"Alright," George let out a sigh as he nudged the sizzling bacon onto the second plate, "It's ready."

Dream gently placed Patches onto the ground before walking over to where George stood, "Looks great."

George chuckled, "Sort of hard to mess up."

"You'd be surprised," Dream grabbed two forks from the drawer situated between him and George before giving one utensil to him, "Especially a British guy cooking an American delicacy?" He sucked his teeth as he shrugged, "I put a lot of trust in you here."

"Oh, shut up." George playfully rolled his eyes, earning a laugh from Dream.

Their hunger was apparent as they remained stood whilst they ate the food their plates supported. George was the first to finish since he hadn't loaded as much onto his plate as he did Dream's; he wasn't really hungry, to begin with. Dream finished a few minutes after, their conversation dying down as he swallowed the last bite of his scrambled eggs.

"Thanks," Dream said as George turned back to face him after having placed his plate in the sink.

"Yeah," George smiled at him before reaching over for his plate until Dream stopped him, "I got it," He nodded reassuringly.

Dream paused for a moment as George continued to reach for his plate, but before he could turn around to walk to the sink with it, Dream grasped his wrist to gently turn him around.

"Thank you, George." His tone held a lot more weight in comparison to the previous gratitude he had shown.

George had a feeling he wasn't talking about how he'd taken the liberty of doing the dishes.

"You already said that," George jokingly mocked.

Dream shut his eyes as a curt breathy chuckle escaped him, "You know what I'm thanking you for," He lowered his gaze upon him.

George let his eyes linger on him for a bit before a desire rose within him, one he possibly had the urge to fulfill in the past, but didn't have the confidence to do until now.

He stepped forward and merely lifted his heels off the ground as he brought his lips to Dream's cheek, hovering them over the surface before planting a gentle kiss on the warm skin. He couldn't help but notice the way Dream seized under his touch, or how the blonde's grip around his wrist had loosened.

"You're welcome," George whispered before pulling away, sending a warm smile before turning on his heel to walk to the sink, "So, the beach."

"W-What?" Dream quietly asked.

George didn't have to turn around to see how flustered he was, it was so clear in the way he sounded dazed and confused.

"Why don't we go to the beach today?" He asked as he watched the water from the tap rid the plate of the dish soap.

"Are you okay?" Dream asked, his tone sounding as if he'd finally recollected himself.

George chuckled as he furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, "What'd you mean?" He shut the water off as he opened the cupboard to put the plates away.

"You were up since eight--*in the morning*," Dream made sure to apply emphasis on the time of day, "And now you wanna go to the beach?"

George laughed, "Why not?"

"Why not? Because you hate mornings and you don't like to leave the house, let alone in the daytime." Dream flailed his arm to the tall windows that exposed the bright daylight.

George briefly looked over at the windows before looking back at Dream with a shrug, "People change, Dream."

Dream scoffed, "Oh, come on now."

"Am I not allowed to have a change of heart?" George cocked his head to the side as he looked at Dream expectantly.

"No, you can," Dream quickly replied and sighed, "I don't know, though. I have to edit and then hop on another call with Parker since the song's coming out tomorrow. I was also gonna stream, it's been a while--"

"All that can wait, you know?" George quietly said before straightening his posture and continuing, "You could call Parker later, but editing and streaming--you can do that tomorrow."

Dream's eyes widened as the realization settled in, "We have to go see the house tomorrow."

"Oh," George stifled a laugh, "Okay, well, maybe not tomorrow then."

"Shit," Dream chewed on his lip as his eyes flickered to the ground.

"Then stream and edit the day after that," George shrugged as he awaited on Dream to look up at him, "*Dream*."

"What?" Dream looked up at him, his tone holding a hint of annoyance.

"You've got time," George coaxed before quickly adding, "You can't speedrun life."

Dream let out an unwarranted laugh, "You're an idiot,"

George joined in, "Okay, so beach?" He excitedly asked.

"I don't know," Dream was visibly playful as he pretended to contemplate a thought, "Last time we went out, we nearly got arrested."

George squinted his eyes at him, puzzled, "What are they gonna arrest us for at the beach?"

Dream bit his lip as the corner of his mouth turned upwards, "Public indecency?"

George nervously scoffed as he felt the warmth rush to his cheek, "You would think that, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, but," Dream aimlessly pulled out his phone, quickly checked the time before pocketing it again, "I guess thanks to your rules, we'll be just fine." He winked before patting his shoulder on his way out of the kitchen, "I'm gonna get ready and then we can go," He called out as he made his

way down the hallway, "Can you feed Patches?"

George had been standing still since the mention of 'the rules' got brought up again; the way Dream had said it was so passive-aggressive, and George had to fight back an eye-roll or a bitter remark. He didn't want to argue and he felt as if he really had no place to, not after the pre-existing tension, not the sexual kind (he knew both he and Dream did not mind that one), that he caused.

Instead of thinking too hard about it, George began scanning the living room for a sign of Patches. He called out to her only a couple of times before spotting her on the couch, a spot she always seemed to be when someone else wasn't occupying it; that 'someone else' being Sapnap.

"You love that spot, don't you?" George smiled endearingly as he crouched down to gently pick her up, "It's okay," He whispered into her fur as she nuzzled into his chest, "I won't tell Dream that you like Sapnap more."

After following the same steps that he's seen Dream do multiple times since being here, Patches was taken care of. He left her in the kitchen where she was busying herself with her food and nearly bumped into Dream as the two of them met near the foyer.

"Here," Dream handed him a pair of blue swimming trunks.

George's eyes fell down to the bunched-up polyester and nylon fabric in Dream's hand before slowly taking it out of his grasp.

"That's blue, by the way." Dream teased.

George sent him a glare before shoving him lightly, "Fuck you. I can *see* blue."

"I know," Dream brushed the pad of his thumb against his cheek before retrieving his hand from the brunet's face to grab his shoes.

"Will these fit? You're kinda..." George trailed off as he motioned to the air surrounding Dream.

Dream smirked, "Big?"

George feigned a laugh, "Freakishly tall, more like."

"They're Nick's, they should fit you just fine." Dream laughed lightly.

Soon after George was ready to go, Dream locked up the house behind them and they embarked into his truck. George couldn't help but notice how a singlet paired with an opened button-up did Dream wonders.

The heat that encompassed the car, leaving them to feel stuffy resembled the weather George had experienced for the first time ever within his first couple of days here. Dream noticed the huff of exasperation that left George causing him to roll the windows down before George could think about doing it himself.

The drive went a little like it had when Karl and Quackity had visited, except they weren't scream-shouting lyrics, just sort of vibing along with some songs that sounded through the speakers. George had his eyes shut as he rested the back of his head against the headrest, his arm resting on the window frame as the sun bathed his face.

Once a song came to an end, it faded into another, and George wasn't familiar with the one that had Dream humming silently in his seat as the male artist repeatedly harmonized '*You're so golden*'.

"What song is this?" George momentarily opened his eyes to look over at Dream.

"I don't know," Dream glanced at the console before chuckling, "Oh, it's that Harry Styles song. My sister told me to listen to it and it's *actually* not bad."

As George began to shut his eyes again to bask into the sun and mindlessly listen to the song, the lyrics that sounded through the speakers seemed to have had enough of an impact on him because he found himself randomly thinking about it throughout the rest of the day.

"I know that you're scared because I'm so open"

He wasn't sure if it was because it meant something to him, something he hadn't quite figured out yet. Or if it was that out of all the lyrics Dream was humming to, this was the only one he audibly sang, *word for word*.

-

"Dream, it's so fucking hot," George whined as he felt the fabric of his shirt stick to his back.

The beach was massive, as expected. Far into the horizon, you could see mountains and on either side of the beach, there were small cliffs barricading the sandy portion of the beach. The sidewalk and the plot of sand were separated by worn-out, metal columns, and just off the sidewalk were little shops where people could drop in to get souvenirs, food and other delicacies.

They'd just stepped off the sidewalk and were now walking through the sand, shoes still on, which George found to be an extremely uncomfortable feeling. He wanted to get to where Dream was taking him as soon as possible because he just wanted to strip down to his swimming trunks and hop into the inviting water that beckoned him.

"We've literally been walking for, like, two minutes, George." Dream chuckled.

His voice sounded muffled as his back was facing George; it reminded the brunet of when Dream had picked up him at the airport: how his legs were longer therefore he covered more area at a faster pace.

"At least it's cloudy," Dream glanced up at the grey sky.

"Yeah, what?" George mirrored his actions, "Is it going to rain or something?"

"It might," Dream shrugged as he turned around, "Are you really hot?"

"Like, genuinely, I might pass out." George huffed.

Dream paused for a moment and scanned the beach before looking over his shoulder at the cliff. He jutted his thumb to it before looking at George with a mischievous smile plastered on his face.

"Well, that's where we're going," He stated and before he could continue, George gawked at him.

"On the cliff?"

"There are too many people here," Dream frowned, "I kinda want some peace, you know? And the view is amazing from up there."

The beach wasn't packed seeing as it was the beginning of the week; youngsters were still in school, adults were still at work. However, the area was still fairly occupied therefore George couldn't blame Dream for wanting a more secluded place.

George squinted his eyes as he tried to look over Dream's shoulder to analyze the height of the cliff before looking back at him, "Are you not scared of heights?"

"Well, I mean," Dream nodded his head to the cliff, "It's not that high," He wavered his gaze on George before softly smiling at him, "Think you can make it?"

George grimaced slightly, "I don't think I'm built for this."

Dream playfully rolled his eyes before turning around and crouching down slightly, "Jump."

George looked around the beach as he wondered if strangers were looking over at them even though he knew, in the back of his mind, that they obviously weren't. He still glanced over at Dream hesitantly before slowly walking over so he could place both his hands on his shoulders.

"Dream, I don't--"

"You're light as a feather, George. Just get on. We'll get there quicker if I take the both of us," Dream chuckled lightly as he reached his hands back so as to grip them around the back of George's thighs when he mounted him.

George surrendered and hopped onto his back; Dream let out a small grunt as he pulled the both of them up, steadying himself before he began quickening his walking pace.

"Dream, what are you--"

"Hold tight." Dream laughed before he began to run towards the cliff.

George was bouncing off his back, an uncontrollable fit of laughter escaping him causing Dream to join in as they manically ran towards the cliff. The brunet's grip around Dream's shoulders tightened as he hid his face in the crook of his neck, only a little embarrassed from how ridiculous they looked to bystanders.

He was absolutely taken aback by how Dream was handling the both of them, in this heat, while sprinting *meters* ahead to reach this cliff. It had taken them approximately three minutes to reach the bottom of the cliff where Dream disposed George onto his feet, the two of them slightly out of breath: Dream having carried the both of their weight as he sprinted, and George, from having been in hysterics.

"My stomach hurts," George giggled as he began to recollect himself.

"My legs hurt." Dream pouted as he bent forward with his hands on his hip to take deep breaths, "You may be light, but there's no way I can carry you up that hill."

George laughed, "It's okay. I can do this bit."

Dream gave him a thumbs-up as he continued to catch his breath, "How was the ride?"

"What?" George ran a hand through his hair, beads of sweat had formed themselves along his hairline.

"Was it better than when you were on Quackity's back?" Dream asked he straightened himself up.

George furrowed his eyebrows before the memory came to him, "You're ridiculous. I knew you were jealous about that."

"You guys looked like you were in your *own* little world," Dream forced the nonchalance in his

tone and it was obvious.

George smirked, "Should we discuss your consequence now or later?"

Dream cocked an eyebrow at him and George continued through a light laugh.

"You know, for being jealous."

Dream scoffed, "That doesn't count. You said it yourself. *Quackity isn't part of the contract since it's long-term*," He impersonated George terribly, but it was the voice he'd always use to jokingly describe the way the brunet sounded.

George laughed, "Alright, okay. Let's go then."

They walked up the hill in comfortable silence. George noticed the shift in the temperature and had a feeling that the incoming clouds were going to grant them some relief from the heat. Dream seemed to be at complete ease, George was a tiny bit jealous of the fact that he didn't have the likely stamina to be climbing up without being slightly out of breath. He was thankful that it hadn't been that far up of a walk, their trek only lasting a solid two minutes before they'd reach the top.

George took a pause with his hands on his hips as he steadied his breathing and watched Dream continue to the edge of the cliff where he took a seat after kicking his shoes off, setting them by his side. George toed his shoes off and joined Dream at the edge of the cliff, taking a seat beside his friend.

The view was amazing from up here, Dream was right. It overlooked the beach; you could only see the top of people's heads, the water elongating into the horizon, and the sun that glared through the clouds that lined the sky.

"I haven't been here in a while." Dream smiled to himself.

George kept his eyes on the water; he realized that not many people swam below them or within the range that the cliff was facing.

"Yeah? When was the last time?" He mindlessly asked.

"Uh," Dream chuckled nervously as he brought a hand to the back of his head in a sheepish manner, "I was last here with my ex."

George's head immediately turned to him as he wavered his gaze on the blonde, "Oh."

Dream's hands were flush against the patch of grass they sat on as he leaned back slightly, "Yeah, wasn't the *best* day," He feigned a small laugh.

George furrowed his eyebrows, "What happened?"

Dream bit his lip as he pondered for a moment, "Well," He took in a deep breath before looking over at George, "Later that day, I found out she was with somebody else before she came to meet me here."

George felt an ache in his heart as he saw a familiar look in Dream's eyes, one that he had just accustomed himself to; this one was accompanied by a forced smile and George was most definitely not convinced in the slightest. Dream didn't have to expand on what she was doing when she was with that 'somebody else', that had already been revealed in the reason for their break-up.

"If I'd known, I wouldn't have..." George trailed and motioned his hand to the area in which they sat.

Dream let out a genuine chuckle, "No, it's okay. To be fair, I would've never come back here on my own, at least not this soon. But," His eyes scanned George's features as his shoulders relaxed, "I like this place a lot, it'd be a shame if I forgot that, so thank you, actually."

George suppressed a smile that was already beginning to show through his cheeks, "Stop thanking me," His nose crinkled, "I didn't do anything."

"You did," Dream nodded, "More than you know."

The way in which Dream had spoken those words had George caught in his gaze; their eyes lingered on one another for a brief moment before Dream's smile triggered a likely reaction on George--they simultaneously looked away as a similar feeling rose within them.

"You wanna jump in?" Dream asked, breaking the silence that settled between them.

George whipped his head in his direction as he watched Dream stand up, "What?"

"Let's go for a swim," Dream said as he shrugged off the button-up shirt.

"I'm not jumping from up here." George looked up at him with wide eyes.

Dream laughed lightly, "C'mon, Geooooorge." He sing-sang as he began taking off his singlet.

George tore his gaze from him and forced himself up, "Honestly, I'll just walk back down and meet you there."

Dream continued to laugh, "You're ridiculous."

George turned around as he crossed his arms over his chest, he made sure to keep his eyes focused on Dream's so he wouldn't get caught losing himself in the way his bare chest looked. The last time that had happened, he'd gotten too carried away.

"I don't care. I'm literally not doing it." George quickly and fervently said.

"Oh, you're not?" Dream cocked his head to the side, a small smile dancing on his lips.

"No," George said in the nonchalant way he always did.

Dream's smile widened, "No?"

"No," George repeated in the same tone he'd previously used, "And you can't--" But before he could say anything else, Dream had charged at him, his arms wrapping themselves tightly around George as he flung the both of them off the cliff.

George had been in absolute and utter shock that he could not muster a word, not when Dream had run at him, not when he was mid-air for what felt like a lifetime, and especially not when he felt the cold water submerge his entire body soon after he felt the grip around his waist loosen. In a state of panic, his limbs instinctively started fighting their way to the surface and his head popped above water as he gasped for air. Seconds passed before Dream resurfaced himself, gasping for air until he burst into laughter; his familiar wheeze sounded through his lungs and throat as he took in the state of George.

George was still sporting his shirt and it had completely stuck to his skin. He angrily ran a hand

through his hair as he glared at Dream; his arm rowed through the water as his legs swung beneath him to keep himself afloat.

"Are you fucking insane?" George wanted to be mad, he wanted to get angrier than he seemed when he resurfaced, but he immediately broke into a smile when he took in Dream's red face.

"I'm sorry--" Dream gasped as he continued to laugh, "Oh my god," He swam over to George as he proceeded to speak through laughs, "I'm sorry. Your face--"

George playfully rolled his eyes before they fell onto his dampened shirt, "*Dream*," He exclaimed, which worsened the hysteria Dream had previously been in, "It's *soaked*."

"Well, yeah," Dream recollected himself, "That's usually what happens when water gets on your clothes," He purposely downplayed it.

George wanted to playfully hit him. Or maybe actually hit him. He was mostly sure of the latter.

"*When water gets on my--fuck you.*" George spat with no trace of malice in his tone as his eyes landed on Dream, "I'm not even mad about that. It's just so uncomfortable."

"Please do take it off," Dream wiggled his eyebrows.

George laughed; the type that exploded as a single cackle before he caught himself, "Yeah you would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Is that even a question?" Dream joked as he swam closer to the brunet, "Do you...*need* help?" He seductively asked in a playful tone.

George giggled before feigning a gasp, "*Dream*," He began to slightly quicken the pace at which he swung his legs as he threw his arms up in the air, droplets of water hitting his eye as he did so, "Do I *ever*."

Dream chuckled as his hands found the hem of George's shirt, the two of them laughing quietly between themselves: George hadn't realized that he missed the way they used to jokingly flirt with each other with no expectation of it going anywhere. He wouldn't trade the way he could physically reach over and touch Dream to execute those flirtatious statements, but he was thankful that he could have both.

As Dream began to pull the shirt over him, the neckline attached itself to George's neck; the wetness of the fabric making the process harder on the both of them.

"Dream, take it off--"

"I'm *trying*--"

"I can't breathe, I'm gonna drown--"

"George, I'm--" Dream couldn't help but laugh along with George as the two of them waddled in the water like idiots, George pretty much headless with his shirt suffocating him, "I'm trying. It's stuck--"

"Dream, get it off--"

"I can't it's--STOP MOVING." Dream wheezed and let out a deep breath when he finally managed to pull the shirt over the brunet's head, "There we go, big ass head lookin' motherfucker," He

jokingly and softly said as he twisted the shirt into a straight line before placing it over George's shoulders.

The playful insult had gone over his head as George found himself wholeheartedly lost in the sound of Dream's laugh. Up until now, he hadn't realized that he had accomplished what he'd hoped for since having suggested coming to the beach. The sight of his squinted eyes, the way the blush in his cheeks flared, and the way his head rolled back as he laughed with his entire chest was such a massive contrast from the sight he'd witness yesterday.

And George couldn't be happier, watching him be happy.

"What?" Dream asked as his laughter slowly died down.

The sun had begun moving past the clouds, the rays peeking through; *it's almost as if the sun knew who it would be projecting its light on*, George thought. He was thankful that his back was to the sun because he was so goddamn positive it wouldn't do him justice as much as it did shining onto Dream's features: the green and blue in his eyes solidified in hue, the droplets on his chest and neck nearly glistened, and his hair--every single feature that was being lovingly kissed by the sunrays, ever glowed.

George smiled fondly, his mind on auto-pilot, "You're beautiful."

Dream's movement in the water momentarily seized before they continued into a slowed-down pace as he swallowed the words that he seemed unsure of hearing.

Dream tilted his head to the side, a nervous smile appeared on his face, "George,"

George found himself swimming closer to Dream, their faces inches away as he brought a hand from under the water before he used it to cup Dream's face; he brushed his fingertips across the faded brown dots that were peppered across his nose. George's eyes focused on them, swam in the newfound features he hadn't been aware of until this very moment.

"Even prettier," He whispered as his eyes remained fixed on the way his own fingers traced the trail of Dream's freckles.

George could feel Dream's heart rate pick up from where he had his forearm resting against his chest; his brown eyes flickered to his green ones as a faint smile grew on his face. Dream's lips were parted slightly, shock had seemingly found itself in his features, in the way he swallowed when he caught George's eyes.

"You've never noticed them before." Dream's voice had fallen so quiet, George almost missed what he had said.

George nodded before his eyes fell to Dream's lips, "And I was clearly missing out."

A faint blush had crept across Dream's cheek as he faltered under the hand that George now had cupped around his cheek.

"Why are you saying this?" Dream quietly asked as he leaned his forehead against George's.

George brought his other hand to gently place it against Dream's neck where the pad of his thumb rested against the tip of Dream's jawline, "Because I don't say it enough."

Their breaths were hot against each other as the tip of their noses touched; Dream slipped his hand under George's arms before using them to cup George's neck, the pad of his thumbs gently resting

against his throat. It was so different from the other times George had felt Dream's hand around his neck; this touch was careful, almost nervous.

"And because I mean it," George continued, earning a soft sigh from Dream.

Their legs slowly swung beneath them, every now and then bumping into one another as their arms became the only thing separating their chests.

"And you deserve to be told the truth, Dream." George breathed out before craning his neck so he could brush his lips against Dream's.

George had suffered through a few scary times in his life, but this surmounted all of them. Kissing someone was a feeling he'd been familiar with, and he knew the weight it carried, but as his lips brushed against Dream's, the feeling became more and more unfamiliar. He wasn't sure if his heart was aching because of the newness of the feeling that rose within him or because of how every fibre in his body was screaming for him to fulfill the craving that had rested within him, within the both of them.

Before he could press his lips against Dream's, the blonde dipped his head down and closed the space between them. In a fervent and swift motion, their lips met. It's almost as if every heartfelt compliment, every flirtatious comment, every innocent--and sensual---touch, had been transpired in one single sensation. A sigh simultaneously escaped the both of them as they relaxed in each other's touch, their lips remaining locked in a still movement as their lashes fluttered against one another.

Their lips parted while still remaining interlocked as they released a deep breath, one that rested between them for a brief moment before the space between their lips enclosed once again. George brushed the pad of his thumb across Dream's jawline as their lips fervently moved with the other in a slow, yet desperate rhythm.

Dream interlocked his fingers to the back of George's neck as he deepened the kiss, the tip of his nose pressed against George's cheek as a sense of hunger planted itself in the reason behind the rhythm of their working lips. George softly sighed as he parted Dream's lips with his own, creating enough space as the warmth of their mouths briefly escaped before he slipped in his tongue, craving the feeling of Dream's own against his. Dream's hand found their way to George's hair as the suave movement of their tongues began to elicit soft moans from the both of them.

George's own hand found its way to gently grip Dream's hair as his other remained around Dream's neck, the pad of his thumb had settled itself against Dream's throat. He overlapped his arm over Dream's shoulder so as to close the space between their chest, never breaking apart from the kiss their lips so desperately clung onto.

When Dream let one of his hands slip from George's hair to the back of his thigh, George wasted no time wrapping his legs around Dream's waist. He could feel the shifting in Dream's lower abdomen as his legs continued to swing through the water to keep the both of them afloat.

George briefly retrieved his tongue as he grazed his teeth against Dream's bottom lip, pulling onto it before releasing it, earning a sigh of pleasure from the blonde who tightened his grip around George's thigh.

Their lips continued to fluidly move against each other, their tongues relishing in the taste the other offered, their hands covering areas of their body that coursed with a fiery sensation. The sensation was due to the overstimulation it had endured throughout the incomparable feeling they were experiencing with each other, for the first time.

The sound of small droplets hitting against the water seeped into their Nirvana; George could feel the differentiation of temperature in the water that pooled around them to the ones that gradually fell onto his exposed skin.

It was raining. And what started as a light shower of raindrops turned into a heavy downpour. The sound that emitted from the contact the raindrops made against the water that encompassed them became apparent.

Dream was the first to pull away, a small breath escaping his plumped lips as his forehead rested against George's. Dream let out a curt breathy laugh as George chased his lips, clearly craving more contact as he was suddenly deprived of a sensation he could spend a lifetime feeling.

"It's raining," George spoke, neither of them breaking the space between their pressed foreheads as tiny breaths escaped them.

The raindrops had seeped themselves through their hair and the almost unseeable space between their facial features.

Dream fulfilled the clear desperation that rested uneasily within George as he briefly pressed his lips against his before reluctantly pulling away, "We should get out of here."

No more words were exchanged between them as they made their way out of the ocean. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence, but they were both in deep thought. George was more than positive that neither of them had regretted it, he didn't have to look over at Dream to look for signs that disputed his mental statement.

In fact, on the drive back home, he would steal glances at Dream; his elbow was propped on the window frame as he smiled into his closed fist that he rested his cheek against. George would smile to himself upon noticing so.

George was scared. Fucking hell, was he scared. He refused to think too much about it, refused to let his mind ruin what he so badly craved and finally had the courage to fulfill. He wanted to relish in the way his heart felt so full that he felt as though he could vomit. It was the best way he could describe how he was feeling; he felt an insurmountable amount of happiness, of giddiness.

It was a silent car ride; the music sounding through the speakers barely acknowledged as they sat in their seats hiding from each other the smile that was clearly plastered on their faces.

George was scared, but then he'd think of the ghosting feeling of Dream's lips against his, the pleasure from their dancing tongues engraved into his soul, and he'd be freed from the hold that tried so hard to pull him down into that dark place in his mind.

Chapter End Notes

this was a short chapter in comparison to the previous ones! i knew what i was going to write if i were to elongate this chapter, but im gonna split it into two parts so chances are there will be a new chapter tomorrow, we love to see it.

i literally CANNOT write fluff for the life of me, but i guess we all gotta step out of our comfort zone sometimes, so we'll see how that goes.

thank you for all the nice xx. appreciate you guys

Trips to Wherever Feels Right

Chapter Summary

Tooth-rotting fluff filler of George and Dream acting like boyfriends yet avoiding saying anything about it because they don't want to ruin the little world they've created for themselves.

Chapter Notes

don't mind checking out the songs mentioned in the chapter for dramatic effect
and Chapter Title song is Don't Matter to Me by Drake ft. MJ

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They pulled into the parking lot of a diner in the early afternoon. The silence they'd fallen into was briefly broken by Dream suggesting that they grab a small snack; George quietly agreed. They had eaten not too long ago, but their efforts at the beach rendered them a tiny bit hungry.

George was still adjusting to being awake in the daytime; he wasn't this individual that contained mythically perceived vampiric characteristics, only living through the night, but he preferred it. He liked the way his surroundings went a lot quieter, how if he wanted to be by himself--he could, without having to go out of his way to avoid others, and he liked how much nighttime rested a lot easier on his mind.

Since his shirt was still damp, Dream had offered George the choice between the button-up or singlet he wore. Both items of clothing would put him out of his comfort zone, but George had settled for the white button-up, simply because the singlet was a bright red colour and it would not match his blue shorts.

Dream took his key out of ignition after having killed the engine before exiting the car. George closed the passenger door behind him as they lightly jogged through the rain towards the entrance of the fairly packed diner; the sole of their shoes scraping against the concrete in intervals was the only thing heard in between them. As George looked up at the dated building that still held its charm, he wondered how much prettier it would look at night.

George softly smiled at Dream when he held the door open for the shorter. The two of them seated themselves in a red booth. The inside decor of the diner was almost exactly what George had expected an American diner to resemble; he realized that the American TV shows he watched were the ones to get their inspiration from already existing places, not the other way around. If it weren't for the locals sporting clothes that matched the era they lived in, George would've been convinced that he entered a time capsule as soon as he walked through those doors.

"Do you wanna split some fries and a milkshake?" Dream asked as he looked up from the laminated menu.

George tore his gaze from the group of friends that exploded in laughter in a booth not too far from where they sat.

He nodded at Dream, "Sure."

George could tell in the way Dream fidgeted with the menu before placing it onto the table that the blonde was nervous.

Dream said George's name at the same time that George asked, "You alright?" causing the both of them to relax in their seat before they cut each other off again: Dream replying, "I'm good" as George asked, "Yeah?"

"Sorry, you go." George chuckled lightly.

"I'm not really sure how to bring this up," Dream simpered as he lowered his gaze on George, "And to be fair, I don't even know if I want to."

George could feel his rate quicken as his eyes remain fixed on Dream's: it was hard for him to not look away because all he could suddenly think about was the way their lips felt against each other; the way Dream's tongue felt and tasted against his own. As he sat there, facing his friend who he had just passionately made out with, a familiar fire rose within his chest. He almost felt as if his lungs were taking up in flames with every second that elapsed between their gaze.

And fuck, the way he looked at George with those soft, yet intimidating green eyes, fueled growth in the blazes.

George swallowed, "What is it?"

"Are you okay with what happened--" Before Dream could finish his sentence, they were interrupted by the waiter who had come to take their order.

George glanced outside as Dream spoke their order to the middle-aged man; he zoned out on the way the raindrops sounded against the roof and windows of the diner. It was moments like these that George realized the link he shared with Dream; how he didn't even need to finish his sentence for George to know what he'd end up saying. And he began to feel brief heat flashes through his body as he knew exactly what was to come when the waiter left with their order jotted down.

"George?" Dream asked, seemingly looking to grab George's attention from where he'd been looking.

"Hm?" George glanced at him with a forced smile.

"You okay?" Dream softly asked.

George lazily pointed to the trickling raindrops on the window beside them, "American weather. Weird thing."

It was sunny, then it wasn't. It was raining, but it was still hot. George was indifferent about it.

Dream chuckled softly, "That hasn't happened in a while, actually."

George only returned the attention that had previously been interrupted by the waiter as he waited on Dream to continue where he'd left off. He really wouldn't mind avoiding *talking* about it, but he knew Dream. He was only expecting it at this point.

"You said you didn't want to...kiss." Dream seemed like he was still holding onto the breath he'd taken before re-formulating his words.

George sighed as a genuine smile broke onto his face, "Let's, uh," He shrugged as he leaned forward in his seat, "We can scratch that one out. If that's okay with you."

"I'm good to scratch all of them out," Dream quickly said.

George laughed, "Oh, trust me, I know."

After a few seconds passed, Dream asked, "Are you sure? About ruling that one out?"

George captured his bottom lip in between his teeth before he spoke, "The way I felt during that kiss," He took in a deep breath, "I don't think I'm willing to give that up, Dream," He breathed out, his eyes fluttering slightly.

Dream's features softened, "Me neither."

There was a moment in which they continued to search each other's expression; George was sure it was due to their mutual agreement in regards to a shared moment where they'd been the most vulnerable with each other. A simple kiss to the third person, but a weighted sensation that carried so many untold truths in between the two of them. Silent confessions that neither of them or at least, George, was able to voice out yet.

The pensive, yet sound silence, they'd entered was interrupted by the waiter returning with their food. And if another mutual agreement had been mentally transpired between them, the energy shifted--they brought the same energy they exuded shortly after having jumped into the water and right before they had kissed. Playful banter and inside jokes ping-ponged between them as they chatted about the most random things; just as George could spend hours listening to Dream's epiphanies and ideas, Dream could spend hours listening to George being a brat and the effortless rebuttals that fired constant replies from Dream.

In being unapologetically themselves, no shame was felt in either of them when George had said something that caused Dream to choke on his milkshake, sputtering some out as he failed to contain his laughter. The two of them silently cackled as they tried to recollect themselves, avoiding some looks they received from the waiters and customers.

By the time they left the diner, the rain had stopped. They had been sitting in the diner for approximately two hours, two hours that flew over their heads as they were lost in conversation and laughter. It was all flowing so beautifully, George felt as if he was dreaming, and if he were, he was fine to never wake again.

Around 3:42 PM, Dream's truck pulled into the driveway. The two of them made their way inside their house, briefly agreeing to return Sapnap's call after Dream went over some things with Parker.

"*Patches*," Dream cooed as he closed the front door behind George.

She had sashayed over to the door upon hearing their familiar voices. Dream wasted no time in scooping her up from the ground, cuddling her into the crook of his neck. George made a b-line for the bathroom so he could drop his wet shirt into the hamper before joining Patches and Dream into the living room.

"Alright," Dream looked over at George before walking over to him, Patches still secure in his hold, "I'm gonna call Parker. Are you finally gonna edit?"

George groaned as he lolled his head back slightly, "I *guess*."

Dream smiled and shook his head at him before looking back down at Patches. George brought a hand to Patches' head, brushing the pad of his thumb in a comforting rhythm across her fur. The both of them stood on the outside of the hallway, fondly looking at Patches as they showered her with affection.

The ring erupting from Dream's phone broke the moment they'd unintentionally entered; George took the liberty of carefully taking Patches from Dream's hold as the blonde answered his phone, silently mouthing to George that he'd be back in a bit. George waved him off as he took a seat on the couch, Patches resting comfortably in his cradled arms.

George had finally done everything in his power to avoid editing that he was left with no choice but to get down to it. He went over to the dining table where his laptop had been tucked away under Dream's and grabbed it before situating himself on the couch again, propping the object on his lap as he rested his feet against the coffee table.

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"Anyway, yeah. I got stung by a fucking jellyfish, so that's great." Sapnap's voice sounded through the speakers of Dream's phone.

A couple of hours had passed since Dream had hopped in a call with Parker and George finished his editing. They were currently sat on the sofa: George had one leg propped onto the couch, his folded leg leaning against the cushion while the other laid in a straight line, the heel of his feet centimetres away from Dream's thigh, who sat in front of him, his body facing the black screen of the TV.

Dream scoffed out a laugh, "Did you have to bathe in your own piss?"

"*Dude*, it was the most dehumanizing thing I ever had to do," Sapnap angrily said, "And my girlfriend was just watching me as I had my foot in a bucket of my own fucking piss."

George cackled, "You're joking."

"Yeah, sitting in your own piss while your girlfriend is just there, watching you, is not a great feeling--" Dream barely got his words out before Sapnap and George caught on to the reference, exploding in fits of laughter.

The three of them ended the call through generous laughs, George and Dream bidding Sapnap a good rest of his trip and a speedy recovery from his stung foot. And the embarrassment of his girlfriend having to watch him in what he described as the most humiliating moment of his life.

"I miss that idiot." Dream said as he pocketed his phone.

"Can't say the same," George jokingly replied.

Dream chuckled before asking, "Well, what do you want to do now?"

"I don't know," George sighed as he glanced over at the TV, "Do you want to watch something?"

As much as George didn't mind the events that had taken place outside the comfort of Dream's house, he wanted to stay in for a bit. And the rain had returned halfway through his editing and Dream's call; it wasn't as heavy as it had been when they were at the beach or sitting in the diner, but it was still apparent in the trickling sound it made against the window and roof of the house.

The natural light that shone through the tall windows before they'd left for the beach had disappeared and was replaced with a grey tone as the clouds remained in the sky.

"Better Call Saul?" Dream questioned, smiling as George's eyes widened in excitement, "We can watch that together, physically--"

"YES," George exclaimed, "Oh my god and I don't have to use a VPN. It's just *on* your Netflix." He sat up in his seat, his eyes glistening with wonder.

The corner of Dream's eyes crinkled as he quietly giggled at George's excitement, "You're so cute."

They were halfway through the second episode when Dream had repositioned himself on the couch; he gradually moved closer to George until he was comfortably lying in between the brunet's legs, his head resting against George's chest as his ribs were flush against the shorter's hips. George had one arm wrapped over Dream's back while Dream had one of his arms lazily draped over George's shoulder.

All that was heard between them throughout unravelling episodes were comments made against the characters; Dream made sure to give his opinions on the plot, just as he did many times over Discord calls when they'd have a viewing party before heading to bed. George would occasionally chime in, offering comments of his own. He wouldn't speak as much, his mind dancing between the show and the way Dream rested comfortably against him.

George would find it especially hard to focus on the show when he'd feel the fluff of Dream's hair brush against the crook of his neck every time Dream would incline his jaw slightly; he moved a lot, George had already covered that. Especially when he was sitting or lying still for too long, it was part of his restlessness, something that became a part of him since he was younger. It wasn't something George knew of until Dream had mentioned his condition over one of their Discord calls.

By the time five episodes had rolled by, Dream lifted his head off George's chest to look up at him. George glanced down at him, his heart doing a brief jump when the mingling of their breath formed the realization of how close their faces were.

"Do you wanna go for a drive?" Dream asked, "It stopped raining."

"As long as we're not yeeting your car off a pile of dirt, sure." George joked, earning a weak laugh from Dream.

They set off on an adventure for the second time that day; embarking into Dream's truck as they went off into the night to busy themselves from a confrontation they were both unaware that they were avoiding by enforcing the spontaneity of their escapades.

It was warm out, George had noticed as soon as they stepped out of the house. The cool night air blew in through their rolled-down windows while Dream floored his car down the empty, dim-lit streets. After living through a few car rides with Dream, George realized why the blonde had talked about going on drives, with no destination in mind, as something he often did.

George was in charge of the music for once; Dream had previously asked him if he wanted to aux, but tonight, George took the liberty of plugging in his phone when Dream was starting the engine. He was playing songs that differentiated from the ones they had listened to in Dream's car, songs that classified themselves in the Hip-Hop/Rap genre. Dream was no stranger to them, especially not when he'd been friends with George for years; it was what George mostly listened to.

As The Weeknd's *After Hours* sounded through the speakers, George was in absolute zen. *It was fucking soothing.* There were no cars in sight, the roads were silent, and George added this feeling to his list of reasons why he preferred nights over days.

George mindlessly glanced over at Dream whose face was washed over in the red traffic light as the car sat idle, "Where are we going?"

"What?" Dream asked as he broke his distant gaze from the traffic light.

"You never said where we were going?" George pressed.

Dream giggled through a hum and looked back at the traffic light, "Nowhere."

The wheels continued to roll against the asphalted road for a while, they were once again lost in time, neither of them talking about how long they'd been riding for. As they were about to enter a tunnel peppered in saucer lights that emitted a yellow tone elongating the tube-like space, a familiar song to the both of them sounded through the speakers, and they both momentarily seized.

George gawked, a smile forming itself on his face as amazement settled in, "There's no *fucking* way,"

"*What*," Dream exclaimed as he laughed and briefly glanced over at George, "The *timing* of that--"

"I literally just busted," George hit the back of his head against the headrest as he shut his eyes to linger in the familiar beat.

Dream laughed at his expression before he focused his eyes on the road ahead. The music nearly resonated through the walls of the tunnel as they drove through it, windows rolled down to elicit the dialled-up volume of Drake's *Don't Matter To Me*.

The both of them began to sing along to the lyrics, neither of them having to look at each other to know that a massive smile was planted on their faces as they were both seemingly in a satisfying daze.

"Dream?" George asked.

"George," Dream replied as they continued through the tunnel.

"I've imagined living through a few moments with you, when I was still in London," Eyes still shut, George swallowed as his grin widened, the surrealness of this moment overtaking his senses, "This was one of them."

"Really?" Dream asked, the softness in his tone somehow audible over the music, "Does it live up to your expectations?"

George dwelled on the question before he sighed, "No," He giggled to himself before opening his eyes and glancing over at Dream, "No, Dream. This doesn't even *begin* to compare."

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When they returned to the house, George checked his phone to see that the time read 11:32 PM. He let out a deep huff just as Dream closed the door behind them. They made their way to Dream's bedroom; George wasn't sure about Dream, but he was starting to feel the events of the day wearing down on him as his limbs grew heavy and his eyes began to droop.

They changed into their own preferred sleeping attire in silence: George was preoccupied with his own thoughts to be distracted by the way he could most definitely see Dream's exposed skin in the corner of his eye.

George has had a few eventful days, but this one had to have been the most mentally exhausting one he'd gone through. And it was weird, how the exhaustion didn't stem from any malice or being over worked, but it still rendered George somewhat more tired than he actually was. He didn't want to allow himself to think that he felt that way because he was somewhat of an anchor to Dream today, without either of them realizing so. It wasn't that Dream heavily depended on him for anything, or that he'd asked anything of George, but it was the mental obligation that George felt ever since witnessing the aftermath of Dream's brief mental breakdown.

The feelings that carved themselves in his soul following the kiss were exactly what George feared when he'd written that as a rule not to cross. It mentally bound him to said obligation; the one where he felt closer to Dream. As friends, *best friends*, they were close. The requirement of being there for each other was one that came naturally, but it was never expected of George from Dream, as the blonde once told him when he realized that George wasn't good with words, or confrontation of heavy, weighted conversations.

Dream knew George loved him, he didn't need to vocally hear it because George had shown it in his own ways.

But that kiss. George just fucking knew it was going to change so many things between them, and the worry of it all was bound to weigh on him at some point. However, as they both climbed into bed, he forced himself to suppress the thoughts that begged his attention, forced himself to silence the puppeteers that pulled his strings. And as he instinctively rested his head on Dream's bicep as the blonde extended his arm onto the brunet's pillow, he allowed himself to be pulled out of his own mind by peering up into those distracting green eyes.

George pulled his arms to his chest as he nuzzled into Dream's side, the two of them looking at each other for a brief moment. Dream shifted in his position as he folded his free arm over his own pillow, resting the back of his head into his palm.

"I know you told me to stop thanking you," Dream spoke lowly, his voice falling to a rasp as he looked into George's eyes through hooded ones, "But today was really nice. I needed that."

"How are you feeling?" George quietly asked as his eyes flickered to Dream's lips.

"Better," Dream sighed as he wrapped his arm around George's shoulders, the muscle of his bicep shifting against the brunet's temple as he did so.

"Mission accomplished." George smiled proudly.

Dream chuckled lowly as brushed his knuckles against George's shoulder, "Was that your plan today? To take my mind off things?"

George nodded, his smile growing as he let his hand travel to Dream's hair. The blonde dipped his head down slightly, bringing his lips to hover George's forehead.

"Well, it worked," He whispered against the brunet's fringe, "Thank you, George."

George relaxed in his hold as he felt Dream press a feather-light kiss against his forehead. George didn't have the energy to speak on the fact that he had said those two-letter words because the sound silence that had encompassed them lulled him to sleep.

-
"And I see no chance of release"

George wasn't sure what time it was when he'd woken up to the empty space next to him, the space that was last occupied by the warmth of Dream's body.

"And I know I'm dead on the surface"

What had woken him up was the melodious sound of someone singing, a voice that he'd heard before, but a song he most definitely did not recognize.

"But I am screaming underneath"

George slowly stirred as he blinked a few times to adjust his eyes to his surroundings. The light-emitting from Dream's monitor was the only thing illuminating the bedroom.

"Stood on the edge, tied to a noose"

As George adjusted his eyes, he could make out Dream's back as the blonde sat at his desk, lips moving against the pop filter of the mic as he hoarsely sang along to the melody George could faintly hear through his headphones.

"And you came along and you cut me loose," Dream's voice began fading into a quiet rasp.

If George wasn't still in a sleepy daze, he felt as if he'd been able to make out the meaning of the lyrics, or maybe even figured out what the song was, but he could only slowly sit up; the sweet, canorous tone of Dream's voice sounding through the room entrancing him.

"You came along and you cut me loose," His voice had fallen into a near whisper as he slowly pushed the mic away from him.

In the way his shoulders slumped, George could clearly tell that Dream wasn't proud of the outcome or result of how his voice sounded.

George wasn't sure if it was the sight of Dream being awake at an ungodly hour quietly singing or the way his voice sounded so broken in the most beautiful way possible, but it propelled him to step out of bed as he slowly made his way to where the blonde sat.

Dream wasn't aware that George was awake until he felt his cold, dainty hands slide over his shoulders, and before they could reach his chest, the blonde grasped his cold hands into his warm ones, looking over his shoulder slightly to peer up at George. Dream began taking off his headphones just as George leaned over slightly, fully wrapping his arms around Dream, and dipping his head in the crook of the taller's neck.

"Did I wake you?" Dream turned his head just as George pulled away from the curve of his neck.

Their faces lay inches apart as George's tired eyes searched Dream's tired features.

"Yeah, but I don't mind—"

"I tried to sing as quietly as possible. I was just recording a cover—"

"It was beautiful," George cut him off as he gently cupped Dream's face, "You sounded beautiful," He hovered his lips over Dream's before gently pressing them against the blonde's.

Dream's grip tightened around George's hand that had remained fixed on his chest as he faltered into the kiss.

George pulled away, the bridge of their noses connecting like two puzzle pieces as they rested their heads against each other.

"You said you were feeling better," George whispered.

Dream quietly laughed, "George," He softly said and George pulled away a tad bit to look at him, "I *am* feeling better."

"You sounded sad, Dream." George sighed as he closed the space he'd previously created between them.

"I'm not," Dream smiled as he brushed his lips against George's parted ones, "Not when you're around."

Dream captured George's lips with his, his free hand cradling the side of the brunet's face as he let his lips linger onto the other's soft ones for a little longer before he broke away.

It felt like a dream, George thought as they returned to bed shortly after. But later on, much later on, George found that song again. Listened to it again. And *then* did he understand what Dream meant when he said wasn't sad—wasn't sad because George was around.

Chapter End Notes

u guys went OFF about them kissing, i see u i see u. not much happened in this chapter since it was meant to be part of the previous chapter, but i just didn't wanna pack too much into that one. this is a little filler, so the next chapter is gonna come out soon.

INCH RESTING things are gonna happen in the next one; they're most definitely gonna go back to their sexual tension bullshit, but it'll be good. it's always a good time. i'm avoiding angst like the plague rn cause....well, i mean. she'll come soon enough and that's all im gonna say on that.

in the meantime, we're gonna appreciate the week of fluff and sexual tension, angst excluded (unless its playful and doesn't actually set them off in a bad mood).

anyway, thank u for all the nice. ur guys' comments always make me soft, i appreciate yous. x

I Only Got Eyes for You

Chapter Summary

George might be the jealous type after all and Dream reminds him of exactly why he shouldn't be.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title song: High Enough by K. Flay

Going forward, chapters will be song lyrics that suit the viiiiiibe ;) and because it's gonna be somewhat music related, what's to come. And because--just like summaries, I cannot write and come up with titles.

Enjoy, ya cheeky bastards. x

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap was to return in approximately five days and George felt as if things between him and Dream had already been going too fast for his mind to catch up.

George was aware of his aloofness to certain things; most of the time, he would feign his ignorance because he didn't know how to respond in situations. For example, whenever the rest of the feral boys would make playful flirtatious and/or sexual jokes about him. They knew he didn't mind, otherwise, they wouldn't do it; all of them had openly spoken about things that made them uncomfortable, and playfully joking around with each other was a common occurrence that they were all okay with. That being said, George would only laugh it off and never actually partake in them.

Unless it came from Dream.

And ever since he's landed here, things he'd never even imagine himself partaking in had become a regular thing. George was surprised that he was even able to bring himself to having a talk regarding their little game, but he realized that up until now, he was blinded by a sinful lust-filled state of mind that formulated words *for* him. Now that George was faced with the eventual emotionally intimate results that followed their sexual tension, his mind had gone completely blank. He was aware of how serious it had all become now; he still wasn't sure of how he felt towards Dream: wasn't sure if he was mixing the love you have for your best friend and plain sexual desire, or if he was genuinely falling for him.

What George was most definitely sure of, however, was the shift in Dream's approach. And now that George had no desire within him to speak on the matter that had clearly gotten serious, he was hoping Dream would address it. Force him into the talk. But that shift within Dream had rendered him clear of his confrontational ways. Where Dream used to have a forte, he was now weakened. George could only come to a conclusion that had been calculated from his perspective: neither of them was gonna come forward to address the possibilities that kiss could offer them, in fear that it

would cause a ripple effect in their fabricated Nirvana.

George hadn't realized that he'd been staring blankly ahead with his mind screaming at him until Dream stepped in his eye range. He was holding a bowl of cereal in each hand, one arm stretched towards George as he slowly placed said bowl on the counter space in front of the shorter.

"Are you okay?" Dream asked, his tone careful and weary.

George blinked up at him before glancing down at the bowl of cereal, he answered quietly at first, "Yes--" but had quickly mustered up the courage to strengthen his voice, "Yes. I'm good. Thank you," He lifted the bowl slightly as if to cheers it to Dream's.

"Okay..." Dream trailed off, seemingly unsure, "You don't seem okay--"

"Dream," George cut him off as he placed a comforting hand on the taller's forearm, "I'm good."

As if to further reassure him, George straightened his posture before placing the bowl of cereal back onto the counter. He hoisted himself onto the slab of marble as Dream leant against the one adjacent to where he was now seated, the both of them digging into their bowl of cereal.

Dream had taken the liberty of playing some songs on the Bluetooth speaker that never really left the kitchen/dining area. The music wasn't loud, but loud enough for them to eat in silence as Indie songs played in the background.

"That song you were singing yesterday," George began as he placed his empty bowl next to him before looking over at Dream, "What was it?"

Dream smiled to himself before swallowing the last spoonful he'd taken, "It's a song by Coldplay."

George nodded, "I've heard of them."

Dream somewhat feigned his offence as he eyed George, "I'd be questioning this entire friendship if you hadn't."

George chuckled, "What's it called?"

"Amsterdam," Dream grabbed their bowls and disposed of them into the sink as he continued, "It's off my favourite album of theirs," He washed the dishes before placing them into the cupboard, "A Rush of Blood to the Head," He returned to his spot against the counter where he looked up only slightly to meet George's invested gaze.

"Your favourite album," George repeated earning a curt nod from Dream, "Why's that?"

Dream crossed his arms over his chest as he looked away, pursed his lips as he contemplated a thought, "I guess I resonate to most of the songs on there."

"Is it on this playlist?" George briefly motioned to the Bluetooth speaker that continued to emit tuneful songs, "The song you sang last night."

Dream glanced at it, "Uh," He cleared his throat, one of his hands reaching the back of his head, his eyes immediately scanning the floor, "...yeah."

He was nervous, George furrowed his eyebrows as he waited patiently for him to continue, *what was there to be nervous about, though?*

If George had read his body language correctly, Dream seemed as if he had been caught red-

handed.

George let out a skimpy, nervous laugh, "You alright?"

Dream lifted his gaze from the ground, hand now resting on the nape of his neck as he looked at George with deceiving green eyes, "Yeah."

A telepathic communication travelled from a pair of green eyes to brown ones as if the former mentally begged to not further inquire on the aforementioned playlist. George immediately dropped it; breaking eye contact and hopping off the counter as he did so.

"So, we're seeing the house today," George said as he began making his way out of the kitchen, "Your song's coming out, as well."

Upon not hearing footsteps follow behind him, as well as the lack of response from Dream, George stopped dead in his tracks and turned around. Dream had his eyes glued to his phone, fervently typing away. George took a second before calling for his attention; he noticed that Dream had been checking his phone a lot more than he usually did. It was the first thing he did in the morning, and it was even more noticeable when he was pouring them a bowl of cereal because the process of doing so had taken him longer than humanly expected. That's why George had drifted off into his own head, Dream wasn't there to distract him.

His eyes took in the way Dream's brows knitted, how he was chewing on his lip before the pad of his thumbs began to tap away on his screen again.

"Dream," George's tone was stern and its sharpness only increased when Dream continued to unintentionally ignore him, "Dream."

Dumbfounded green eyes looked up from the illuminated screen; half-attentive, half-dazed.

"What?" It was that familiar tone George had heard one too many times over Discord calls.

There would be times where Dream would zone out, either too focused on the game to hear George's comments, or simply taken away by his thoughts. It wouldn't genuinely annoy George, at least not the first few times, but when it was *this* constant, a small trace of irritation could be detected in the way the brunet took in a short, barely-perceived breath before replying.

"D'you hear what I said?" George's voice was naturally calm, at least in situations where he wasn't under duress, so to keep calm though he was a tiny bit bothered didn't take much effort.

When Dream took a pause before answering, George knew he wanted to lie and say that he was, but Dream's shoulders slumped as his features softened under the shorter's stare.

"No," Dream's lips quivered into a weak simper, "I'm sorry."

George mildly nodded his head to him, "Who're you texting?"

Dream took another pause; the way he would think before answering shouldn't have caused a sense of suspicion within George, but it *did* because it was Dream. Yeah, he measured his words around him, but most of the time, he spoke sporadically. And he almost always had an answer ready.

A smile formed on both their faces, but it wasn't built on similar grounds for either of them nor was it a comforting one or one that came from a good place. George's smile grew from a knowing volume, almost as if he knew Dream's answers were full of shit, while Dream smiled as if he'd gotten caught for the second time within the past hour.

"Parker, George." Dream said quietly and shrugged, "My song's coming out today, so we're just--"

"Going over some things, I know." George cut him off with an eye-roll, but a weak smile appeared on his lips, "I was just wondering."

"I'm sorry I wasn't listening," Dream surveyed the way George shifted uncomfortably in his spot.

George's eyes fell to the floor, "All good."

"What did you say?" Dream walked over, hooking his finger at the tip of his chin, lifting it up slightly, "Tell me."

And how could the suspicion that had risen within him from the way Dream sounded like he was lying, not dissipate when he looked down at him with those emerald green eyes?

George blinked, looking at Dream through his lashes, "Just that we had to go see the house."

Dream retrieved his finger from the shorter's chin as the realization settled in, "Oh shit, yeah."

-

They were getting ready to meet the seller of the house in a half-hour; George was tying the laces of his Air Force 1's while Dream shrugged on a dark brown jacket he'd retrieve from his closet.

As they were getting ready, they immersed themselves in a conversation regarding a Twitch stream that they could do together while Sapnap was gone, what with Dream being more comfortable using his own setup and George not minding the fact that he'd have to use Sapnap's.

George hadn't seen Dream on his phone once while they were having that conversation, which he was thankful for, but felt a tad bit bad for even feeling a certain way about Dream not listening to him. If he was genuinely talking to Parker, George felt as though he had no right to demand any sort of attention from his friend. It was business-related things, he understood.

However, as George replied to something he had said, back to Dream as he continued to tie his laces at the edge of the bed, he received no reply. The silence was all-too-familiar, one that he'd been experiencing all morning.

He merely had to glance over his shoulder to see that Dream was indeed typing away on his phone. This time, however, George remained quiet.

"I'm gonna go take a leak and then we can go." Dream announced before exiting the bedroom.

George merely acknowledged his statement; eyes inclined to his reflection where he watched his fingers course through his hair in order to fix its unruly state. While doing so, a buzz emitted from behind him, immediately catching his attention as he thought it to be his phone until he felt his own in the back pocket of his jeans. His eyes immediately refocused their attention from his hair to where a lit-up screen shone amongst the covers.

Fuck, George thought as he eyed Dream's phone, the urge stemming from his nosiness as it did when he found out about the journal resurfaced within him.

Before he could even stop himself, his legs were taking him to where Dream's phone idly laid. He reached for it in a vast moment: *just check that it's actually Parker, which he wouldn't lie about-- but just to be sure. Put the phone down. Go to the house showing. Simple, easy, done.*

His mental coaxing came to a complete halt when his eyes shifted from the body of the text to the name in bold. For his sake, at that moment, he wished he were a forgetful person: one that didn't remember birthdays, names of people that were brought up in conversation. But as the name of the sender stood out to him, almost taunting him as the phone laid in his weak grip, George felt an immediate churn in his stomach.

If he hadn't been so caught up in the confusion mingling itself with the brief shock he'd gotten from seeing that name, George would have heard Dream's footsteps approaching the bedroom, but he failed to do so, still gripping the taller's phone in his hand as he turned around with slightly widened eyes.

"Did I forget my phone in here--" Dream pointed to the device in George's hand, his smile only dissipating upon reading the expression on the shorter's face, "You're..." His eyes flickered to the phone then back up to George's face, "You're going through my phone?"

"Parker, huh?" George managed to say.

The tone Dream had used and the smile that disappeared so easily upon the realization that he'd caught George looking at his texts should have silenced him altogether, but he somehow found the courage to speak, taking himself by surprise. George figured it was due to this newfound feeling rising the temperature of his blood coursing through his body.

"Well, to be fair, I was texting Parker." The confidence laced with nonchalance in Dream's tone only egged the rising temperature in George.

George nodded slowly, his eyes averting Dream's, "Sure, yeah. As well as your ex." He placed the phone in Dream's hand before walking past him, making his way to the door.

The pitch exuding both of them wouldn't be alarming or concerning to the third person. They seemed as if they were having a normal conversation; neither of them raising their voice at each other or seeming hostile. But the severity of George's words was understood through the underlying tone only understood between them.

"George," Dream grabbed his wrist and lightly spun him around, a teasing smile dancing on his lips as he noticed the way George avoided his eyes, "Why were you checking my phone in the first place?"

"Don't turn this into something it's not," George looked up at him and slowly took his wrist out of Dream's grasp, "Sapnap would've had the same reaction."

Dream scoffed, his smile only fading slightly, "I left that part out because it's hard to explain."

A sly smirk grew on George's face as he straightened his posture, "We've got about fifteen minutes to spare."

Dream cocked his head to the side, surprised that George seemed insistent, but he let out a sigh before speaking again, "She's going through some things, so she's just texting me for advice."

George was aware that they tied loose ends, though he always thought it dumb that Dream had given her a second chance; granting her the title of 'friend' in his story. But he understood that Dream had his reasons, whatever those may be.

George raised an eyebrow at him, "What, she hasn't got other friends for that?"

Dream chuckled lightly, "She was by my side when I was going through the same thing," He

shrugged lightly, a small breath escaping his lips, "She knew I'd understand most. That I'd be able to help her out."

They fell into silence as their eyes scrutinized their features; eventually, they both broke into a smile. George could feel the teasing that would arise from Dream any second, so he made sure to beat him to it.

George crossed his arms over his chest, "That didn't take long to explain, did it?"

"You're right, so let me ask you something since we've got *so much* time," Dream stepped forward, enclosing the space between them so George was left with no choice but to lift his jaw so as to look up at him, "Why were you going through my texts, George?"

The way Dream's eyes high-handly searched George's own soft ones had him feeling small, "You were--you don't--you *usually* don't check your phone as much as you did today. You kept zoning out," George hated the way he had developed a stutter so he made it his mission to avoid Dream's scrutinizing stare.

"Hm," Dream hummed, a taunting smirk widening on his lips, "And you give me shit about always wanting your attention when in reality," He brought his hand to George's cheek, the pad of his thumb resting against his bottom lip, "You're just as desperate as me." He gently tugged on the skin, his eyes falling to the brunet's lips as he did so.

George barely uttered out a weak, "That's not true."

"Oh, it's not?" Dream quickly beckoned as he slowly swiped the pad of his thumb across the shorter's bottom lip, "Because I think," He leaned down and hovered his lips over George's ear, "That even if Sapnap would've had the same reaction," He brushed his lips against his lobe, George oscillated under his touch, "It wouldn't be for the same reasons," He whispered before planting a soft kiss onto his lobe.

George's hands found their way to Dream's clothed torso before situating themselves firmly on his waist.

"Something tells me," Dream slowly pushed the pad of his thumb from George's lip, grazing atop his bottom teeth before pushing down onto the canine, widening George's mouth, "That your reason was jealousy," He brought his lips to the brunet's inclined jaw, licking the tip of his tongue across the defined skin before kissing the end of his jawbone, "Are you jealous, George?"

George swallowed, the sound audible as his mouth remained hooked open by Dream's thumb. He could only breathe out in response, his hot breath hitting the side of Dream's hand that laid against his chin.

Dream unhooked his finger from the brunet's mouth before spinning him around so he could bring the shorter's back into his chest. His hand gripped firmly at his hip as he positioned them to face the mirror in front of them. George, in a lust-filled trance, looked at his reflection through hooded eyes as he laid the back of his head against Dream's chest.

"How could you be jealous?" Dream continued with a feverous tone, "When you're this pretty," He pressed a soft kiss against George's temple.

George felt his skin warm as he watched Dream's head dipped itself in the crook of his neck. The way Dream towered over him, the way his fingers dipped into his hips as he kept him fixed in his spot, struck a desire within George. And as he caught Dream's lowered gaze on him, George felt

absolutely weak at the knees.

Dream hovered his lips over the exposed skin that George's craned neck offered; he slipped one hand under George's hoodie, his palm flat against George's stomach as he pressed the brunet against him, "Why would you be jealous when you know you're all that I think about?" He pressed a gentle kiss on his skin, a quiet breath escaping George's lips as his eyes fluttered, "Everything about you is so fucking pretty, George," *Another kiss*, "Your lips, when I think of them around me," *Another kiss*, "Your small hands, how I would have them pinned into the mattress," *A loving bite*, "And how you would sound underneath me, calling my name, begging for me."

As if on cue, a barely audible whimper left George's lips; flames coursed through his body, he was sure Dream would feel the warmth that had encompassed his hoodie.

"And then there are your eyes," Dream lifted his head from the crook of his neck as he looked into the reflection of George's merely opened eyes, "There could be millions of people who want my attention, but one look from those eyes and I'm all yours."

"Dream," George's eyes fluttered shut as he pressed his back against Dream's chest.

George could feel the blood rush down south and there was no way to hide it from Dream as the taller had him fixated in spot; one of his hands firmly gripping his waist while the other remained pressed against his lower abdomen.

The brunet kept replaying his words; *your lips around me, pinned into the mattress, underneath me, begging for me*. George had envisioned it many times in the past and the sheer concept would get him worked up, but with Dream's voice so close to him and his touches no longer an imagination, he was absolutely *fucked*.

George was snapped out of his trance as Dream cupped his jaw with one hand, "Keep your eyes opened," The roughness in Dream's voice caused a restriction within his briefs, one that was ever-growing as he forced his eyes opened, "You're getting hard," Dream spoke through a smile, the corner of his lips growing against the shorter's temple, "Can you do something for me?"

George's tongue swiped across his bottom lip to wet the thirst-craved skin, "Mhm." He nodded, continuing to look at Dream through hooded eyes.

"You have to do everything I say, okay?" Dream coaxed, pressing a light kiss against his temple.

"Yes," George shakily breathed out.

Dream paused as their eyes danced on each other in their reflection before he slid his hands down George's stomach to the waistband of his jeans, hooking his thumbs so his knuckles were pressed against George's pelvis. George gasped at the foreign touch and his breathing only picked up, gradual and laboured as the taller's fingers pressed themselves on the clothed waistband.

The blonde dipped his head once again, pressing kisses against George's neck; this time filled with more hunger as he balanced between pecks and suction. Dream unhooked one of his thumbs from the waistband and slowly unbuttoned the brunet's jeans: a small breath escaped George's lips at the release of tension the tightening fabric had caused.

His eyes fluttered shut once again as the sound of the zipper coming undone seeped through his ears. Dream's free hand gripped his face again, causing his eyes to fly open. "Keep them open, George." He spoke against his neck, his eyes never leaving their reflection in the mirror.

As he released his grip around George's jaw, he relocated his lips to the brunet's ear before rasping

out, "Touch yourself."

George's eyes widened as he finally got a clearer look at the state of both of them in their reflection: he hadn't realized how blurry his vision had gotten from having been mentally absent.

"What?" He uttered out.

"You need to see how pretty you are when you're being pleased, George," Dream kissed his clothed shoulder before looking back into their reflection.

George made a mistake of not averting his gaze because when his green eyes burned right into his, almost hypnotizing his hand, he felt a part of himself--a part that he had lost all moral control over--reach for the waistband of his now exposed briefs which poked through his unzipped jeans. *You need to see how pretty are.*

Dream's eyes followed his hand before flickering back up to their faces.

George thought back to one of the very first thoughts he had today; how he'd never envision himself doing half of the things that he partook in while being here, and this was most definitely one of them. But there was something in the way Dream had asked this of him, and the tone he'd been using to elicit all the accolades, that had George absolutely desperate for any kind of touch to release the rising tension that grew within his briefs.

So, he slipped his hand into his tight briefs and immediately released a mewled whimper as the back of his head fell onto Dream's chest. His eyes fluttered and he nearly shut them before he remembered Dream's commands: *keep them opened.*

And though Dream had wanted him to keep his eyes opened to admire himself, George really only looked at Dream. How his features danced between awe and desire as he watched George's hand wrap itself around his cock, shielded by the fabric of his briefs. Dream's lips returned to George's neck, working themselves against his skin so they enforced the pre-existing acceleration in George's breathing.

George was slow with his strokes, at first, until Dream opened his eyes to meet his; the two of them lingered their gaze in their reflection: George in a panting mess as he looked at Dream's reflection through his lashes, and Dream who looked at George as an intense amount of carnality filled his darkened stare. George felt the rhythm of his hand quicken; a soft groan that shifted into a lewd moan escaped his lips. He felt himself reaching to a close, what with the way Dream kneaded the brunet's skin underneath his hoodie as well as his working lips against his neck.

And that goddamn look he gave him.

"I'm c-close," George breathed out.

As George felt a warm substance drip onto his knuckles, he knew he was reaching his climax, but Dream's hand flew from under his hoodie, wrapping his slender fingers around George's wrist, halting his rhythm.

"Not so fast," Dream detached his lips from the shorter's neck, earning a desperate moan from him.

"Dream, I can't." George exasperatedly said as he stumbled back into Dream, slowly lifting his heels off the ground so he could press his lower half against Dream.

"Not yet," Dream squeezed the grip he still had around George's bare waist, almost as if to grind

George's lower half against him, earning a sigh of pleasure from the shorter.

Dream loosened his fingers around his wrist and George immediately began stroking himself again.

Dream's fingers left George's wrist so he could wrap them around George's neck and though he hadn't applied any sort of pressure, it heavily affected George's rhythm. And he knew the feeling of Dream's hand around his neck felt good, but *holy fuck*, as he caught their reflection in the mirror, the sight of it was fucking marvellous.

"What did I just say?" Dream rasped as he watched George reluctantly stop his rhythm, "Start at the top, work your way to the bottom."

George wasn't sure what he had meant until Dream tapped the pad of his thumb against George's neck, drawing circles into the skin as if he was the one with his fingers wrapped around George's bulge. The brunet swallowed, eyes steady on Dream whose fingers rested easy around the shorter's neck.

George brought the pad of his thumb to the top of his cock, swiping his thumb across as he'd done many times in the past; Dream, once again, the catalyst to his self-pleasuring sinful ways. He drew a breath as he captured his bottom lip between his teeth, making sure to not break eye contact with Dream, who placed yet another soft kiss against his temple upon hearing the vocal satisfaction that came from his previous command.

It was a weird feeling; a combination of being commanded to do licentious things to himself and being praised for how he looked.

"Good," Dream coaxed, giving George's throat a mere, gentle squeeze eliciting a soft moan from the shorter.

And George could practically feel himself on the verge of climax, the strain coursing through his entire body causing him to wrap his own dainty fingers around himself once more. He kept his gaze focused on Dream, who had his eyes shut as kissed the bottom of George's jawline. And if mental images were an actual thing, if George could somehow guarantee himself that he'd be able to open up his memory and look back at a physical image of how Dream towered behind him; his slender fingers complimenting his neck, his jaw defined as the feeling of his plumped lips marked his body--*god*, George would.

George quickened the motion of his fisted hand around himself as his eyes zeroed on Dream and he felt himself nearly give out when Dream flickered his eyes open after separating his lips from the brunet's jaw to peer back into his hungry eyes.

George let out a griped sigh, "I want--I need your hand around me, Dream."

"But we can't have that can we?" Dream spoke against his ear as he briefly tightened his grip around the shorter's neck, which accelerated the rhythm of George's hand, "Because you won't get rid of those rules, will you?" He planted a kiss against his ear, "Cause you're so stubborn," George inclined his jaw as a strangled moan escaped him, "Aren't you, baby?" He gently squeezed his grip around George's neck causing the brunet to jerk against him.

George wasn't sure what it was: the way he vindictively called him 'stubborn' in the most arousing way possible, or if it was the term of endearment he'd never heard Dream say before. At least not to him, not with that tone. What was once a moan befell to a gasp as he came undone, the warmth of his secretion dripped through the space of his fingers.

"Fuck, George." Dream breathed out as he released his grip around the shorter's neck.

George's eyes darted to the ground as mindlessly pulled his hand from his briefs, the mess cleaning most of itself off into the fabric of his briefs as he did so. He was in a limbo of shame and elation, not exactly knowing where to look until he felt Dream's hands on his shoulders.

"Hey," Dream called out quietly and turned him around so he faced him, "Are you okay? Was that too much?"

George looked up from the space between them and shook his head slowly.

"I need...I need to hear you say it, George--" Before he could finish his sentence, George wrapped his arms around his shoulders, getting on his tip-toes slightly.

Dream took a pause before slowly wrapping his arms around the shorter's torso, pulling him in tightly as he brought one of his hands to George's hair.

"It wasn't too much. I'm okay. It felt good," George spoke in intervals, "Really good," He pressed his lips against Dream's clothed shoulder.

"I made sure to, uh," Dream chuckled lightly before continuing, "Kiss you where you can use your hood to easily hide it. Don't *necessarily* wanna traumatize the realtor," He concluded, earning a light laugh from George.

-

After their shared moment in front of the mirror, they realized they were short for time; George made haste to get himself cleaned up, Dream made sure to tease him about the fact that he succumbed to the sweet name-calling. George jumped to his defence technique of: deny, deny, deny; stating that he hadn't even heard him say that while also silently hoping for another instance where Dream would say it again.

When they arrived at the house, Dream and George were happy to find that the streets resembled the ones they just left: the sidewalks peppered with palm trees and the houses that occupied the elongated road complemented each other. *It was refreshing*, George thought as they walked up the driveway that led to the two-story house. It seemed like a generic westernized home, George was thankful that the three of them had picked out options that weren't extravagant. They were all in agreement that the size of the space they lived in was to feel homey, comfortable, and warm. The big houses they'd seen other content creators live in were so massive, almost making you feel lonely. That was their personal preference, at least.

The woman guided them through each room: the three bedrooms were upstairs, each accompanied with a bathroom of their own. The master's had a balcony that overlooked the backyard, the massive plot of grassy land had taken both of them by surprise, and the two of them made sure to make a joke about the hot tub, which sat not too far from the lounging area accompanied by a BBQ. The main room downstairs differed from the other in the sole fact that the kitchen was slightly bigger, sporting an island with bar stools instead of a dining area. The living room was being shone onto by the tall windows that panelled until they met at the sliding door leading to the backyard.

"That's about it--oh, and the beach is about a fifteen-minute walk down the road," The realtor spoke as she brought them back to the main room, the three of them lingering under the sunlight that peered through the windows.

"Amazing. Thank you," Dream beamed.

"There was supposed to be somebody else with you, correct? Nick?" She asked.

Dream sighed, "Yeah, he couldn't make it."

"When he came to drop off the papers, I gave him a small tour, so he's a little acquainted. I'm sure he'll trust your judgement," She smiled sweetly before a ring erupting from her phone, "Oh, sorry," She glanced at the screen before sending them an apologetic look, "Do you guys mind if I take this? My daughter's a young un, super needy of her momma." She chuckled.

George shook his head, offering her a small smile, "No worries."

"Be right back," With that, she answered the call and disappeared into the front yard, not entirely shutting the front door behind her.

"What do you think?" George asked, not glancing over at Dream as his eyes looked up at the ceilings.

"I like it, like, a lot." Dream glanced at the couch that was situated behind him before leaning against the outside back of it, sort of sitting himself on the hard-edge, "I didn't even know she gave Nick--" Before he could finish his sentence, a ring erupted from his cell and he fished it out from his pocket, smiling as his eyes landed on the contact, "Speak of the devil."

George turned on his heel as he made his way to where Dream sat, standing a few inches away from his spread legs.

"Sapnap," Dream answered the call, "Wait, I'm gonna put you on speaker. George's here."

"...--ing that like he isn't always by your side," Sapnap's voice came in as Dream put him on speaker.

"She said she gave you a private tour...*Sapnap*..." George feigned a seductive tone earning a laugh from Dream.

Sapnap giggled on the other end, "What is wrong with you, George?"

"Why did you call?" Dream asked as both he and George looked at his phone screen.

It was funny, how both of them had developed the habit of looking at the phone as if they were able to see the person on the other end.

"What do you mean? Congratulations, buddy. Your song's out!" Sapnap shouted excitedly, "Let's gooooo,"

George and Dream simultaneously looked up from the phone screen: George had a small smile growing on his face, his eyebrows slightly shot up, and Dream looked scared shitless.

"Hello?" Sapnap called.

"Yeah, I think Dream just had a stroke." George joked.

Dream playfully shoved him before looking back at his phone, "Thanks Nick," He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, "What are--actually, don't tell me. Um, thank you, again."

"It sounds amazing, Clay. Stop worrying. It's finally out." Though they couldn't see him, they knew

Sapnap had a huge grin plastered on his face.

"Fuck," Dream breathed out through a small timid laugh, "Okay, well thank you. I'll let you go."

George smiled at the way Dream seemed so overwhelmed, flustered, all deriving from a place of love from his best friend.

"Oh, and Dream," Sapnap said right as Dream's thumb hovered over the end-call button, "It *might* even be better than Roadtrip."

"Shut the hell up," Dream shook his head, his cheekbones prominent as a grin widened on his face.

Sapnap laughed, "Bye buddy. Bye Gogy!"

"Bye," George giggled before looking over at Dream, who had ended the call shortly after Sapnap's voice died out, "How you feeling?"

"I can't look at Twitter right now," Dream sighed as he looked up at George, "But I really wanna know what they're saying."

George furrowed his eyebrows at him; he would never be able to understand the nervousness that came with releasing a song, but he could somewhat understand the nervousness of releasing something personal for the whole world to see.

He reached into his back pocket for his phone and Dream blankly analyzed his movements. George pulled up the Twitter app on his phone and began scrolling for the trending hashtag of Dream's song; a huge smile appeared on his face.

"You're checking right now, aren't you?" Dream asked.

George only hummed in response as he read all the incoming tweets that were nicing and complimenting Dream's song; he saw a couple of tweets from the rest of the Feral Boys and some of the SMP members.

"Tell me," Dream quietly demanded.

A silence followed, George purposely ignoring him as he continued to scroll through tweets: even if he tried, George could not find a single bad comment regarding his songs. He was sure there were some, from trolls and people that just liked to have things against content creators, and Dream in general, but for now, it was all love.

"George, tell me." Dream reached over to grab his phone, but George pulled it away from him.

He paused for a moment, admiring the way Dream was still sporting the blush in his cheek, a desperate look on his face, "They love it, Dream." He grinned.

"What?" Dream asked before he hid his smile in the palm of his hand, looking down at the ground, "They love it." He repeated to himself, voice muffled by his hand.

"Of course they do," George chuckled.

George pulled up his Spotify app, letting Dream wallow in his own thoughts for a moment before he tapped on the song that ranked high on Dream's Spotify page. As the familiar melody rang through his speakers, Dream's eyes shot up at him.

"I never heard the finished product," George's eyes searched Dream's face as the blonde's melodious voice flew in at the beat.

Dream began singing along, the redness in his face slowly dissipating. George knew he was only doing that because he wanted to sing over the song, somewhat embarrassed of it being played in front of him. He reached over and grabbed George's hand before he pulled himself up onto his feet. Dream continued to sing along, purposely off-tune, as he placed one hand onto George's waist, the other intertwined with George's free hand.

Dream pulled him in, pushed him out, and released his grip on the shorter's waist as he spun the brunet around. George who could do nothing but go along with Dream's spontaneity of engaging them in a dance, laughed as he was being twirled and swayed by his friend.

Dream wrapped a careful arm around George's lower back, hand still interlocked with the shorter's, as he dipped him down; sung words escaping his lips as he did so, keeping loving eyes on his inclined friend before pulling back into his chest. George stumbled into him, laughter still clear in his voice as Dream sat back down on the back edge of the couch, the two of them falling into a visceral kiss.

The song was nearing its end in the background; Dream's canorous voice fading out into the music as the last few seconds played through George's now-pocketed phone.

Dream threaded his fingers through George's hair as the shorter placed his hands around his neck shortly after settling himself in-between his legs. Dream immediately parted George's lips with his own, slipping in his tongue to attract the taste that the brunet's tongue offered. The two of them let their wandering hands talk for them as they deepened the kiss.

Dream broke away from George for a brief moment, resting their foreheads together, the mixture of their breaths dancing in the space between them, "I--"

The sound of footsteps against the wooden floor zoned into their bliss causing the two of them to jump from each other's embrace as they shamefully faced the woman who had most definitely walked in way before they thought to do anything about getting caught in the act.

"Sorry," She and Dream say simultaneously.

"No problem," She chuckled nervously and quickly tore her gaze from the both of them.

George's heart was beating out of his chest, a cold feeling rushing through the warmth that had previously settled within him. He made sure to avoid all sorts of eye contact. That moment was sure to engrain itself in the deepest parts of his memory.

The awkwardst of silences passed them until she cleared her throat to look up at the both of them.

"We also have a two-bedroom house, not too far from here." She offered, with a knowing smile.

Dream almost exploded in nervous laughter, but he covered it with a cough, "Uh, no. We actually love it here. We'll talk to Sap--Nick. But I'm pretty set on this place. You?" He glanced over at George.

George forced himself to look at the woman, "Yeah, we love it."

"Great!" She exclaimed as she let out a deep breath, "Talk to Nick and get back to me?" She looked over at Dream, who gave her a curt nod.

She walked them out to the front door, the three of them still desperately trying to recover from the awkward situation by small-talk. And though it was only one in the afternoon, George was ready to go home and sleep off today's events.

Chapter End Notes

queue that video of quackity praying in Spanish cause goddman writing that had me feeling W E I R D (good bad idfk yet) but we're already so far into this story, im gonna power through the smut, write it to the best of my ability so that it doesn't get pushed too far and it's not so IN YOUR FACE. idk.

idkkkkk how i feel about this chapter?? like i had to include this one for the storyline (believe it or not). there'll always be faves and least liked ones in fics, i think. unless ur a fucking savage at writing fics, which is very possible!

we've learnt at the end of this chapter's notes, that i actually do not know a lot things. anyway, have a good one, hope you're all well, you deserve that much and more. see u soon xx.

I Wanna Lock in Your Love

Chapter Summary

George and Dream continue to act like boyfriends at the peak of their honeymoon phase of a relationship that has yet to become official.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title song: Latch by Disclosure ft. Sam Smith

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

They returned home a little after one in the afternoon. George mentioned that he was gonna go for a nap, Dream decided that he would take that time to stream Minecraft on his alt, with no mic. George was envious of the fact that he could get away with that, still amassing an impressive amount of views for just running around on the Minecraft server with background music.

When George woke up to the sound of Dream's music, which had progressively gotten louder since the last time he was awake to hear it, the brunet checked his phone: the time displayed on the screen informed him that he'd been asleep for a mere hour. He locked the device and looked over his shoulder, his stomach slowly separating from the mattress as he lifted himself up from the bed. Dream's mop of dirty blonde hair peeked above the black swivel chair; his tanned forearm could be seen from where it leaned against the armrest.

"Psst," George whispered and Dream's index came to a halt over the clicker of the mouse before he turned around in his chair to look over at George, "You muted?" He spoke lowly.

Dream playfully rolled his eyes before turning back around to face his computer, "Obviously."

"*Obviously*," George mocked under his breath as he fought back a smile, sort of thankful Dream hadn't heard him.

"You weren't asleep for that long." Dream stated as he mindlessly bopped his head to the familiar song that sounded through his studio speakers.

George stretched his arms above his head before climbing out of the bed, leaving his phone behind him as the screen blinked awake with several unread messages and unchecked notifications. Over the years of activating his "do not disturb" option, he had gotten extremely bad at replying to people unless he, himself, needed their attention. Dream, however, was the exception. But now that Dream was physically here, George had a feeling his screen time had generously gone down.

He walked over to where Dream sat, resting his forearms on the top of the chair, his hands dangling on either side of Dream's head.

"Ace race practice?" George questioned, eyes still droopy with sleep as he examined the familiar game displayed on Dream's main monitor, "Isn't MCC for another, like, few months?"

"I was doing some clean-up on the SMP earlier, but I got bored." Dream mindlessly said before his hand left his mouse, "Just practicing now," He said as he tilted his head back to look up at George, "Wanna take over?"

George exhaled through his nose, the corner of his mouth twitching upward, "They would know it's not you, straight off the bat." He nodded his head to the messages coming through Dream's chat.

"It could be Sapnap," Dream shrugged as he looked forward, his hand returning to the mouse.

George yawned, shaking his head, "I think I'll just watch you."

"Well," Dream lifted his free hand from the 'WASD' keys and raised it above his head, but slowly brought it back down when he got no physical response from George.

George's eyes flickered to his hand before he looked down at Dream, "What?"

As Dream began turning around, George took a few steps back until they were facing each other, a few inches separating the both of them.

"Take a seat." Dream patted his own thigh, a small smirk dancing on his lips.

George laughed, one that came out short, but loud, "What is the matter with you? I'm not sitting on your lap."

Dream raised an eyebrow, "Oh weird, cause you have in the past?" He pretended to go in deep thought, despite the fact that a sheer tint of red blossomed in George's cheekbones, "Let's see, there was that one time in the living room--"

"Okay, stop--"

Dream feigned a gasp, pointing a finger at him, "And then in the *car*--my personal favourite--"

George rolled his eyes, "Didn't ask--"

"You *know* you love it, George. You can't deny it anymore. We're way past that." Dream said smugly.

"I simply refuse to sit on your lap, Dream." George felt the blood rush to his cheek from the previous comments.

"You do you," Dream threw his hands up and turned back around to face his monitor, "I was just being generous."

"I'm sure," George quietly said, his mind drifting off elsewhere as he began contemplating the thought.

Okay, so he wouldn't necessarily *mind* sitting in Dream's lap, but something within him withheld the submission to the blonde's request. George reckoned it was the piece of him that always shut down Dream's bold advances in the past when it got a little too much for him to handle: it's not that it made him uncomfortable, necessarily, but it was that he wasn't ready to admit to himself that Dream did indeed have the power to turn him submissive.

He was only still adjusting to the fact that they were borderline fucking; how they hadn't already gotten to that point yet, George wasn't sure, but he was glad they hadn't because he was still

recovering from what happened prior to the house showing. As well as the fact that kissing had become something they were just naturally falling into when *days* ago, George would've been repelled at the thought.

They were starting to cover the territory they'd only verbally experienced when talking about what gets them aroused; their sexual likes and dislikes. They were moving so fast, George was aware, but it had gotten to a point where it was entirely out of his control. It didn't help that he didn't have a single confrontational bone in his body to even do anything to stop it, given the chance.

But did he even want to stop? He shot a glare at the back of Dream's head as he mentally cursed himself. And Dream. *Because maybe if he wasn't so fucking attractive*, George would have the decency of self-restraint.

And as he let out a deep sigh, walking around Dream's chair as he lingered beside him: he came to a conclusion that he couldn't stop. He'd never battle any sort of addiction in the past, none that he was aware of, at least. But George could safely say he was addicted to this game; to Dream's touch.

He reached for Dream's hand, catching the taller's attention as he tore his green irides from the monitor to look up at him. A winning smile grew on Dream's face as mental communication was conveyed between their eyes; he grabbed George's hand before pushing himself away from the desk so the shorter could situate himself into the chair. George broke eye contact, though he could not stop the timid smile that stitched his lips as he sat in between the space Dream's spread legs offered. George let his legs dangle over one of the armrests while his mid-back rested against Dream's forearm and the armrest as the blonde returned the pad of his fingertips to the overused keys.

"Knew it." Dream said under his breath, biting his bottom lip to weaken his grin.

George snaked an arm around his shoulders, the inside of his elbow cupping Dream's neck as his arm rested against the backrest of the chair.

"Oh, shut up." George rasped, voice still laced with sleep.

He could feel the small vibration against his rib as Dream let out a quiet laugh. George leaned the side of his head against Dream's as his eyes lazily watched his green character flawlessly jump from block to block in the MCC parkour challenge.

Almost an hour elapsed between them: the only thing that could be heard was the sound of Dream's mouse and keyboard clicks, the music sounding through the speakers facing them, and the occasional "let's go"s softly emitting the blonde's lips every time he beat his record in certain challenges. George remained quiet most of the time, barely-audible gasps escaping him whenever Dream's skills would take him by surprise. He would zone in and out of sleep, as well. Occasionally, he'd read the chat; enjoying the fact that they had no idea he was sitting in Dream's lap as their messages rolled in.

George let out a small giggle and Dream tilted his head slightly, eyes still fixed on his screen, "What?"

"Chat's still somehow third-wheeling, even when they're completely unaware." George snickered, playing with the drawstrings of Dream's hoodie.

Dream laughed, but it was immediately cut short when he jerked in his seat, "Holy shit. I'm cracked, literally cracked."

George gawked as he caught the noble moment take place on the screen facing them, "Okay...that was kind of--"

Dream briefly glanced at him, "Hot--"

"Pog." George laughed, "You would love to hear that, though, wouldn't you?" His eyes flickered from Dream's lashes to his lips.

Dream eyes scrutinized his screen as he sighed, "I don't need to hear you say it, George. I can read your mind."

George knew that was a lie. But if not, he wanted to ask Dream if he could figure some things out as he read the lines that busied his mind because George had absolutely no fucking clue how to handle the shitstorm happening in his own head.

"Yeah? You're in my head, are you?" George brought his lips to his ear.

Dream captured his bottom lip between his teeth, offering the brunet a curt nod.

"You know, whenever you would take the lead in championships, making it look so easy and flawless," He brushed his lips against the skin, the corner of his eye picking up on Dream's grip that had loosened around the mouse, "I'd be so proud."

Dream shifted in his seat, his cheekbone defined as a smile became apparent on his face, "I make you proud?"

"All the time," George kissed the top of Dream's ear before nuzzling the tip of his nose into the crook of his neck, "You impress me, Dream."

Dream exhaled through his nose, tilting his head to the other side so George could further nuzzle into the curve of his neck. George brought his fingers that were mindlessly playing with the drawstrings of the blonde's hoodie to lace them through his hair, making sure to lower his wrist so he wasn't obstructing Dream's vision; though at the rate Dream had floundered under his touch, George had a feeling he didn't care much.

"You're so good," George spoke into his neck, the hot air bouncing back past his lips from Dream's skin, "I need you there, for most games, d'you know that?"

Dream drew a breath, "You need me?"

"Mhm," George wet his own lips before brushing them against Dream's skin, earning a small squirm from the taller, "You make me look good."

Dream's chest faltered as he quietly breathed out, "Oh, yeah?"

"Hate playing without you," George poked his tongue out, licking up a wet strip against his warm skin, "Always needed you," He pressed his lips against atop the wet stripe before uttering, "*My Dream.*"

Dream's hand left his mouse in an instant as he gripped George's thigh, a small breath escaping his lips as he rolled his head back only for it to crash against the headrest of the chair.

"I-I know you've said that before, but," Dream swallowed, "Never like that."

George smirked against his neck, placing another soft kiss before pulling away just as Dream lolled

his head forward, the two of them meeting eyes. George cupped the side of his face, brushing his thumb across his cheek as he smiled down at him.

"I'm gonna end the stream, I think." Dream chuckled timidly as he narrowed his eyes on George's lips.

George nodded slowly before brushing a loose strand away from where it hung over his forehead, "Good idea."

After Dream ended his stream, they retrieved to the couch where they laid and watched more episodes of *Better Call Saul*. This went on for another solid three hours and it would've been another sweet moment shared between the two of them, if it weren't for the fact that the text messages rolling in through Dream's phone occupied his attention for most of those three hours. George didn't say anything, but fucking hell did he want to. And only because Dream's mood was visibly affected with every text that came across his attention. And George did not have to think twice about who the sender was.

Exasperated sighs and visible discomfort emitted from Dream's expressions as time passed them. George wasn't sure if he was the right person to address them, so he remained quiet.

Dream gently slapped his hand on the edge of the couch, "I'm gonna go for a shower," He stood up with a huff.

George glanced over to the empty space beside him before looking up at Dream, "Okay."

And in a few seconds, Dream had exited the room, leaving George in a pit of conflict. He was unsure of what aspect of this situation bothered him most, and how he felt about it. He didn't want to narrow it down to jealousy, maybe that was the surface of his emotions, but it was mostly the fact that Dream's mood had majorly shifted from when they were in his bedroom to when he started receiving those texts.

In terms of jealousy, he saw this coming the second they kissed and that new feeling within himself built itself a shelter, long enough to stay to pester him during these precise moments. They weren't dating. They weren't in a relationship. And that's what he had told Dream many times when the latter would get jealous, so George had no right to sit here and feel an ounce of jealousy. But he did. And he fucking hated it. Absolutely despised that because of that kiss, he now felt as if Dream owed him something. As if they owed each other something. *That*, above all else, *was truly what they meant by not wanting to cross the line*.

But as his friend. As his best friend, George felt his hurt. Not to the first degree and he wasn't sure if he could even sympathize, but he felt like shit knowing that Dream was being reeled back into the toxicity that exuded from *her*. And he knew that came from a friend's perspective, George and Sapnap have had this conversation over their past Discord calls when it was just the two of them; following Dream's unnoticeable absent leave from social media when he was fresh out of the break-up. And when the two of them found out that Dream still kept in touch with her, they were even more concerned for him.

George suggested they *cooked* dinner for themselves when Dream returned from his shower, drops of water hanging off the tips of his hair like dewdrops. Dream was indifferent, his tone holding a prominent amount of mental exhaustion, but George knew that it could be fixed. So, he did the one thing he felt he was pretty good at, sometimes: *damage control*. And though the reason behind his suggestion for cooking dinner was aimed to take Dream's mind off of *her*, it was also to help keep him busy so he, too, wasn't thinking of *her*. And the way she still held the power to control Dream's emotions.

So they set to the kitchen, George forcing his enthusiasm as Dream tried to fuel it as much as he could. It was painful, the way they were both trying so hard to avoid the situation resting uneasily above their heads; both of them entirely aware that they were, indeed, aware.

"Right," George let out a sigh and looked up at Dream whose fingers had already wrapped themselves firmly around the handle of the fridge, "What have we got to work with?"

The light from the fridge washed over his face as his blonde head dipped down slightly to get a better look, "Bunch of vegetables."

George grimaced, "*Great* start."

Dream let out a weak chuckle, "Uhm, pretty sure we've got pasta."

"*P-aw-sta*," George mocked his accent earning a middle finger from his friend, "So pasta and vegetables."

"Oh, wait," Dream shut the fridge before swinging open the freezer and pulling out a styrofoam package that was enveloped in saran wrap, "*Minced Lamb*."

George laughed, "Of course."

"So," Dream suppressed his laughter as he tossed the packaged minced lamb onto the counter and reached over George's head to swing open the cupboard, "Pasta," He pulled the box of penne from the cupboard, tossing it alongside the previous ingredient before placing his hand on his hips, "And minced lamb."

They analyzed the two ingredients; the paired items looked *fucking* tragic.

"And...vegetables." George winced as his eyes flickered up to Dream, "This is horrendous," He jutted his thumb to the ingredients.

Dream bit his bottom lip and nodded, "I know," He sighed and looked over his shoulder, "Uh, what about tomato sauce?"

George stifled a laugh, "Lamb pasta in tomato sauce."

Dream placed a hand on the shorter's shoulder, "We can still order out."

"No," George shook his head. "We've got this. We can cook."

"We can cook," Dream nodded in agreement before exclaiming, "We are *men*."

"Exactly," George giggled and walked over to the stove, switching it on, "Pass the pasta."

Dream grabbed the box and transferred it from his hand to George's, "Sounds like you're saying pasta twice."

As George looked over at Dream, he was not surprised to see that the man was fighting off a dumb smile due to his own joke, "You're quite literally just *not* funny, by the way."

They began their cooking process and George felt quite proud that it didn't take long for Dream's mood to shift; Dream would get snappy, at times, the way he always did when he was stressed. George had been accustomed to this side of Dream many times in the past, so it was nothing new, but the way the brunet knew it stemmed from those text messages made it a tad bit hard for him to digest. But all that didn't matter because the moments in which they re-entered their little world,

emitting a solace only they could explain, outlived the angst.

George salted the water and poured in the pasta as Dream hooked both his arms around the brunet's shoulders while he stood behind him, chin nested in the soft fluff of George's hair. They would talk about mindless things, some of the dumb comments George made earned him fond kisses planted in his hair. George's stomach warmed when he'd feel a vibration against his back as the taller laughed with his chest.

"Is it al-dente?" Dream asked, his chin moving against the shorter's scalp as he did so.

George spooned a single penne out and held it over his head for the taller to taste. Upon hearing a hum of pleasure from Dream, George switched the oven off. They moved onto the meat, Dream taking the lead in oiling the pan as George blended the diced tomatoes.

"Ooh," Dream jokingly bopped his head to the blender, his wrist flicking as the spatula he held broke the sizzling meat coming apart in the pan, "Give me a beat."

"W-what?" George choked out a chuckle.

"Play with the dial," Dream laughed, "Throw me a beat."

George immediately abided, not missing out on a chance to see what the *fuck* Dream was going to do with the sound coming from the grinding blades of a blender. And they continued with their shenanigans; sounds of the cooking meat mixed with laughter from their non-sense jokes filling the space of the kitchen.

A buzz escaped from Dream's back pocket, stealing his attention from George. At the moment that Dream was fishing into his pocket for his phone, the suppressed jealousy that continued to tower within George *finally* toppled over.

George momentarily shut his eyes before sending a glare Dream's way, "Don't you *dare* pick that up."

Dream's actions came at a full stop as he looked over at George with eyebrows raised, "Sorry?"

He couldn't comprehend what compelled him to use such force in his tone, especially requesting such a thing from Dream, when technically, he had no right. But he had fought so hard to make Dream happy, tried to busy his mind with something fun, and he had succeeded. And in the back of his mind, George knew that one text from her could break down all of his hard work.

"It can wait," George tried to correct his tone, and though the force had disappeared, his annoyance was still clear.

"I mean," Dream looked over at the stove that presented fully cooked pasta and meat, "We're...kind of done."

"Dream," George reached over for the dial and turned the stove off before walking towards him.

Dream's eyes followed his movements carefully, "George, I--"

"It can wait." George fisted his shirt and tugged onto the gripped fabric as he pulled the taller into a rough kiss.

Dream's hand immediately slipped his phone back into his pocket as he pulled George into him, wasting no time to deepen the kiss. He allowed George to guide them to the counter, where he

pressed the shorter's hips into the slab of marble as he swiped his tongue across George's bottom lip, causing George's hands to fly to his hair, his fingers lacing themselves through air-dried strands.

Dream wedged his knee in between George's thigh, separating his legs as he briefly broke away from the kiss; he smirked as he watched George chase the lost contact, eyes still closed, face emitting desperation. George ducked his head into the crook of Dream's neck as the taller wrapped his hands at the back of his thighs, gripping the muscle tightly before uttering an "Up," into George's hair. George quickly complied, his body jerked against Dream as the taller hoisted him onto the counter before he brought his lips back to George's.

Their lips moved fervently against the other, their skins sure to bruise at the roughness of the motion that had implanted itself due to the fervour of their lust-blinded appetite. George parted his lips further, his tongue chasing Dream's in desperation to feed every fibre in his body yearning for his taste. Dream's hand that remained gripped underneath George's thigh tightened as he pulled the shorter in, their chests colliding; George instinctively rolled his hips against Dream's, purposely biting down on Dream's bottom lip as he pulled onto it with his teeth. Their eyes fluttered open, hunger transpired in their dilated pupils as George released Dream's lip from his teeth, the skin flopping back plumply.

Their eyes followed the way their lips were lathered in each other's spit; George was the first to look up into Dream's eyes, noticing the way the green in his eyes had completely concaved due to his expanded pupils, the thick lining of the blue edge of his iris becoming the only colour focused on George's lips. The brunet tugged at the grip he firmly had on Dream's hair, earning a moan from the taller as he did so. George smiled proudly, eyes scanning the way Dream's own fluttered shut, the way his adam's apple bobbed to swallow the air his parted, plumped lips inhaled.

George released one hand from Dream's hair and brought it to cup Dream's face, slipping his thumb past his lips, causing Dream's eyes to flutter open as the texture of the digit differed from the feeling his lips were previously accustomed to. George parted his mouth open, Dream complying happily as he looked at George through hooded eyes; the brunet flattened his tongue to place a single lick onto Dream's bottom lip. Dream's tongue immediately mirrored George's actions, their glossy eyes focused on different parts of their facial features as their tongues continued to overlap one another, encompassed by the heat that their opened mouths created.

George returned his hand to the other, continuing to harshly grip Dream's hair. Their lips reconnected, enclosing their working tongues as Dream slid his hand from the bottom of George's thighs to grip the top, kneading the fat, eliciting a salacious moan from George which resonated through their locked mouths. Dream slid his hands up his thigh, to where they gripped George's hips causing George to wrap his legs around Dream's own to pull him in, their chests flush against the other.

Dream took his hands away from George's body, a small whimper sounded through their mouths as the shorter craved the contact of the other's hands. Dream reached for George's wrist and pulled his hands from where they pulled at his hair causing George to break from the kiss, the tip of their nose resting against each other as their panting filled the space that placed itself between them.

"I wanna try something," Dream whispered, placing a soft kiss onto George's lips earning a dazed smile from the other as his mental cravings were answered.

"Go ahead," George rasped, allowing Dream to guide his wrist over his head, his brown eyes remaining fixed on Dream's lips.

Dream looked over George's head as he mentally worked something out, the long pause causing

George to look over his head where he noticed the handle of the kitchen cupboard. Their eyes met instantly as Dream realized that George caught on.

"They're big enough for your hand," Dream chuckled.

Impatience was clear in George's tone as he leaned forward to press his forehead against Dream, "Do it."

Dream captured his bottom lip between his teeth before looking up, his nose brushed against George's forehead as he did so. George retaliated to bury his face into Dream's neck once again, working his bruising lips against the blonde's neck as Dream flattened George's hand against the wooden texture of the cupboard before easily looping it through the handle.

"Grab the other one." Dream instructed and George wasted no time in doing so, his fingers wrapping themselves around the metal handle next to the one that occupied his wrist, "And keep them there."

Dream placed one hand around his neck to pull George away from his neck, craving the friction that their lips were fervidly engaged in. As George bucked his hips against Dream's, the door of the cupboard slammed against its frame above them. Dream's hands fisted the hem of George's shirt causing both of them to break away from the kiss as George glanced down at Dream's hand.

George looked up at Dream through his slightly hung head, "Go on."

Dream smirked before tugging the fabric up to his chest, revealing his cream skin; George shuddered lightly at the cool air that contrasted against the warmth that his overstimulated body emitted.

"Bite," Dream muttered as bunched the fabric up to George's mouth.

George wavered, eyes filled with curiosity and hunger as he sized the fabric before opening his mouth, allowing Dream to place the bundled shirt in between his teeth. George closed his lips, his glossy brown eyes studying the way Dream seemed to be working something out in his head. Even though they had blown past so many boundaries, George thought it admiring how Dream was still trying his hardest to be careful with how he was going to project his next move onto him.

Dream dipped his head slightly, pressing his tongue flatly against George's bare sternum causing the brunet to jerk at the foreign touch; the sound of the cupboard door slamming shut against its frame returned as his eyes fluttered close, a muffled sigh warming the fabric in his mouth. Dream looked up through his lashes at George, but the shorter had his head lolled back, the top of his scalp resting against his own bicep as he watched Dream through hooded eyes.

"Are you okay?" Dream quietly asked.

George nodded, his cheeks flushed as his mind and body continued to adjust themselves to not only the feeling but the sight of Dream's lips against his bare skin. Dream gently blew against the wet strip of saliva his tongue had marked along his sternum, causing George to breathe out through his nose, his eyes fluttering shut and open at every touch. Dream pressed a light kiss to his clavicle, letting it linger for a second before trailing kisses to his left peck; before George could recollect himself, Dream enclosed his lips around the soft skin of his nipple. George arched his back, his wrist jerking in the handle causing another slam from the cupboard as he shielded his eyes into his bicep; a quiet moan left his lips and muffled itself into his shirt.

Dream dragged the bed of his tongue across the erect skin before gently grazing his teeth onto it

and releasing it into the suction of his lips; George brought the hand that wasn't locked by the handle to fist Dream's hair as he moaned into his shirt, his eyes merely opened as he glanced at Dream. The blonde broke his lips from the brunet's nipple, grabbing his wrist with the hand that was gripping at George's thigh to pin his wrist back where he'd ask George to keep it: the shorter's fingers looped themselves back around the cold metal in reluctance.

Dream began working his way to the right peck, his lips mirroring the arousing actions it planted on the other; George continued into a bottomless pit of whimpers and moans, his pinned wrists slamming the cupboard above his head shut at an irregular pace.

Dream lifted his head from George's chest to look up at the flustered look growing on his face. He released his grip around George's wrist and freed the shirt from his mouth causing George to fall into a string of pants. Dream unhooked his wrist from the handle, though George could have easily done it himself if he tried, his current elated expression stated otherwise. George let his arms fall around Dream's shoulders, his creased shirt naturally falling over his bare chest, covering the love bites that were soon to appear.

The blonde rested his forearms onto George's collarbones as he cupped the shorter's face, his cheeks stained in a red tint as he breathlessly looked at Dream.

"You good?" Dream chuckled lightly.

George hollowed his cheeks as he breathed out, nodding, "Mhm," He gently knocked his forehead against Dream's.

Dream planted a gentle kiss onto his warm, blushed cheeks, before bringing his lips to his temple, "The food's probably cold now," He joked.

George burst into a fit of giggles as his head fell onto Dream's shoulders, "Quite frankly, I've lost my appetite for lamb pasta in tomato sauce."

"We put a lot of work into that, George." Dream feigned his compassion.

"Be my guest," Dream couldn't see George's hand, but he could feel his wrist flick against his shoulder, the sight of the brunet lazily motioning to the stove clear in his mind.

Dream laughed before pulling their bodies apart slightly so he could look at George's face, hand still cupping his cheeks as he smiled down at him, "What do you want?"

George looked down at his own lap before looking back at Dream with fairly raised eyebrows, "Let me...uh," He pulled his hand from Dream's shoulder to point at his tightened jeans, "Clean up. And then we can--" Dream's cackle cut him off, but George continued through a laugh, "And *then*, we can decide."

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It was around eight in the evening by the time George had taken a shower and retrieved to Dream's bedroom to get changed. Before George could pull his navy hoodie over his head, he traced the forming hickeys on his chest with the pad of his fingers. The thoughts recircled his mind; *his lips against his chest, the way they warmed around the sensitive skin, and the way he had his wrist pinned against the cupboard.* George captured his bottom lip as he shook the thought out of his head: he just finished under the pressurized warm water that the shower offered, the last thing he needed was to get worked up again.

To say he was exhausted was an understatement, but what worried him was how he could keep

going for hours on end. He could keep at this with *Dream* for hours. *And it's always been that way*, he thought. *With Dream*. Hours and hours of his time devoted solely to the blonde boy that pitched himself comfortably in a secure spot of his mind. George could spend hours locked in his embrace, locked the entirety of Dream's persona.

George pulled the hem of his hoodie down to the waistband of his jeans. *He needed food. He needed water. Any distraction that would keep him off of Dream for the next hours to come.* He wondered why he thought that way, especially after the self-admittance that Dream was his main thought above all else. But in the back of his mind, George knew they were straying further and further away from their previously established grounds.

As he began to leave the room, a noise came from Dream's semi-closed closet. George backtracked and as soon as he did, Patches came running from the noise, passing by George's legs as she vanished out of the bedroom. He furrowed his eyebrows and walked over to the noise that scared Patches off. As soon as he slid the closet door opened, a skateboard slipped out and rolled onto its wheels until the curved end hit against George's clothed ankle.

"What in the f--"

"Dude," Dream's voice came from the doorway before he was standing behind George, "Patches just--*oh*,"

George crouched down, picked up the skateboard from the ground, examining the barely used item before turning around to face Dream who held Patches closely to his chest.

George stifled a laugh, "You skate--"

"No." Dream shook his head, "I can't do tricks or anything, but I can go in a straight line and turn and shit."

George examined the object once more before looking up at Dream, "Can you teach me?"

"Shut the hell up. You know how to skate," Dream laughed but it soon died down when George shook his head 'no', "George, *what?*"

"Dream, I don't leave my house. *You* bought me the only mode of transport I've ever owned." George chuckled and lifted the skateboard slightly, "Teach me."

"I mean," Dream shrugged, an exciting smile dancing on his lip as he released Patches onto the ground, "There's a McDonald's about a five-minute walk from here? I could teach you on the way there."

George gasped, "I could *always* down a McDonald's meal--"

"Oh, I know." Dream cut him off, playfully rolling his eyes.

-

"Alright, so you want the foot you're most comfortable with *on* the board." Dream instructed as they both stared down at the lonely skateboard that laid on the ground between their stood bodies.

George was thankful that it was already starting to get dark out; the neighbourhood was somewhat silent, some noises could be heard coming from opened windows of nearby houses. The streets were dimly lit with the tall lampposts, which allowed George a fairly decent view at the skateboard.

"I'm gonna fall." George huffed.

"Just trust yourself and you won't," Dream said nonchalantly.

This is where they differed; it would be like Dream to have no worries climbing onto this skateboard and succeeding on the first try because of his ever-existing confidence, but George could just envision himself eating shit the second he sets foot onto the board.

"I'm scared to even, like," George gently flailed his hand at the board, "Get on it."

"Okay, give me your hand," Dream put his hand out, George graciously took it, "Put whatever foot, it doesn't matter."

"You just *said* to put the foot I'm most comfortable with--"

"Well, do you *know* which foot that is, George?" Dream sassed, glancing down into his eyes.

George looked up at him, fighting back a glare, "*No*." He forcefully admitted.

"This is how we find out," Dream said before nodding his head to the board, "Step on it, I'm gonna push you--"

George's eyes widened as he shot his head up at Dream, "What?"

"I'm not gonna fucking yeet you, George." Dream chuckled.

George let out a sigh as he lifted his foot off the ground again, the sole of his Nikes hovering over the sandpaper-like texture of the board, "Dream," He whined as he placed his foot back onto the ground, fear resurfacing him.

Dream breathed out, "George, I love you, but if you don't hurry the fuck up--"

"I'm *trying*," He yelled before taking in a deep breath, "Okay, no, you know what? I got this. If you can do it, so can I."

"Well, I mean." Dream cockily began earning a shove from George, but the blonde rebutted by giving George a push forward.

"Dream!" George shrieked as the sole of his shoes landed flat onto the board, his body immediately being jerked forward as his hand slipped out of Dream's, though he desperately tried to hold onto it, "I'm--" Before he could finish his sentence, he hopped off the board, nearly tripping over his ankle as the board slipped from under him, continuing slowly down the road.

Dream threw his head back as a loud laugh escaped him, "Why did you get off?"

"Why did I--why did I *get off*? You let go of my hand, you bitch," George shouted as he reluctantly picked the board off the ground before rejoining Dream in the middle of the road.

Dream scoffed, "Oh, what, you expect me to hold your hand the whole way through?"

George's brows knitted together, "Yes, are you stupid? I asked you to teach me, didn't I? Not to send me off into the abyss."

"Okay, get back on." Dream drew a circle in the air with his finger.

They tried a couple more times, Dream causing more trust issues within George as he purposely let

go of George's hand. By the time they reached the end of the road, George had managed to go into a straight line, but only if Dream was holding his hand.

Dream began loosening his hold around their interlocked fingers, "Okay, I'm gonna let go--"

"No." George sharply said as he pulled tightly onto Dream's hand, "Absolutely not."

They continued to "skate" towards the McDonald's; bypassers gave them looks and George wasn't sure if it was because he was a grown-ass man needing help to ride a skateboard, or if it was because he was holding Dream's hand to do so. With Dream's occasional coaxing and a mixture of playful insults, George wasn't too worried about the looks he received from others.

After they stopped by McDonald's, ordered their food, and took about fifteen minutes to scarf it all down, they were back onto the road. George announced that he was able to do without Dream's help and Dream cheered him on as his progress was shown through the way he had even begun to pick up the pace with the push his other foot made onto the asphalted road.

"Go faster, you won't." Dream egged on as they pulled into their street.

"Shut up and watch," George accelerated in his pace and successfully took off down the road.

"Let's go!" Dream cheered as he began jogging, following closely behind George.

"Wait!" George suddenly felt his heart sink to his stomach, "Dream! Dream!" He screamed.

"What?" George could hear Dream's running footsteps approaching.

"How the *fuck* do you stop?" George panicked.

"Just put your fucking foot down, what do you mean--"

Before he could manage to execute Dream's instructions, the skateboard swerved in a manner that caused George to seize under pressure. He felt the board slipping from underneath him and he squeezed his eyes shut, waiting for the embrace of the ground until a pair of arms wrapped themselves around his waist, assuaging his fall. He fell onto Dream with a huff as the taller let out a grunt, a pained laugh escaping his lips as they squirmed against each other.

George settled between his legs as Dream exhaustingly rested the back of his head against the ground before opening his eyes. George tried his hardest not to burst into laughter as he caught Dream's icy glare.

"I'm--I'm sorry," George broke into a fit of cackles, his laugh resonating through the streets.

"Why. Didn't. You. Put. Your. Foot. Down?" Dream spoke through gritted teeth, "Are you *dumb*?"

"I was under pr-pressure," George gasped as he tried to recollect himself, "I'm sorry. Are you mad?"

Dream broke into a laugh he had been trying his hardest to suppress as he cupped George's face, "You're such an idiot, you know that?"

They fell into a fit of laughter as they continued to lay in the middle of the road; the wheels of the skateboard coming to a halt as they closed the space between them, giggling into the kiss. Completely and utterly careless about their surroundings, they laid against the cold, hard ground, wrapped in the warmth of their solace.

Chapter End Notes

the way i listened to Latch by Sam Smith & Disclosure on repeat when writing the kitchen scene is sickening luv.

there's gonna be two more chapters, i think, of them popping off and then.....it'll be that time. but also like can't wait to write those chapters of angst because these mfs are just not gonna address shit and then proceed as they did in the kitchen.

chile....anyways.

thank you for the nice, i appreciate you all more than u know. xx

Treat You like a Gentleman

Chapter Summary

Dream and George struggle to keep the first rule standing. They also get a special visit from a special someone.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title Song: Medicine by Harry Styles ☺

little heartfelt and honest conversation from a cheeky Dream's POV towards the end (really us just being a fly on the wall because, again, other than actions, we don't know how he's feeling on the inside)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up to the fabric of his shirt sticking to his skin. Tiny beads of sweat had formed on the nape of his neck, as well as his hairline. Dream was in likely discomfort when he glanced over and noticed the way the neckline of the blonde's shirt had darkened in moisture from sweat. On occasion, they'd fall asleep in each other's embrace, but George was thankful that last night wasn't one of those nights as they both arose from their slumber; Dream's room sporting the same temperature of a sauna.

"We can just turn the AC on, right?" George groggily asked when they were climbing out of bed.

Dream sighed, the back of his forearm over his eyes, "I have it set to automatically turn on when the rooms get too warm."

"Weird flex." George quietly said to himself as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"George," Dream propped himself up with his elbows as he looked at the brunet's clothed back before they met eyes, "It means the AC is down."

They spent the day desperately trying to avoid the heat; the windows in the living room were cranked open, the front door as well, to welcome any sort of fresh air that they could grasp. However, it was one of those days where the air was thick, humid, not a trace of wind blowing through to relieve them of their discomfort.

Dream brought out his chess game board, the pieces rustling in the box as he met George in the backyard. The two of them sat underneath the scorching sun, only slightly shielded by the patio's extended roofing.

"That was a dumb move," Dream muttered under his breath, fighting back a smile as he kept his eyes fixated on his black bishop.

"I can't think properly right now," George shot him a glare through his squinted eyes, the sun

momentarily blinding him as he looked over at Dream, "The heat's killing my brain cells."

"I'm sure." Dream chuckled before moving the black piece two squares ahead, knocking out George's white rook.

They continued to play until George verbally raised the white flag and demanded to go inside. Though the temperature remained the same wherever he went, he just needed to escape the sun rays that made his eyes sore.

As they laid lifelessly on the couch, sat further than usual from each other, George began drifting away to his thoughts; his mind incapable of focusing on the motion picture displayed on the TV.

To say that he was still going over the moment they shared in the kitchen yesterday was an understatement: the feeling had cemented itself into his skin, in the metaphorical and literal sense. On his several trips to the bathroom due to his high intake of water, George would catch the glimpse of Dream's marks on his body. It would transport him back to the sinful noises emitting the both of them as Dream's lips did wonders onto his skin, the way his own wrists were locked in the taller's commands, the way he'd entirely, and happily, surrendered all pride to welcome his friend's sensual touches.

Friend. George nearly laughed at the thought. His mind would travel back to the tweets he'd come by when he was back in London: the assumptions their followers made on their relationship; how the "sus" things they playfully said turned serious off-stream. Back then, it wasn't far-off, but the distance between them that now seized to exist granted all of their assumptions (and for some, their wishes) true. Friends didn't do what they did, what they were now doing, but George liked it. In the secrecy of it all, George was thriving.

When George came to a conclusion that his jealousy towards Dream's ex wasn't as deep as he was making it out to be; that jealousy vanished. He was used to having Dream's touch being exclusively his which rendered him wanting to gate-keep it. He had weighed out the options. Following his conversation with Quackity, as well as the kiss at the cliff, George was wary of the fact that deeper feelings may coexist amongst his sexual desires towards Dream. But he realized that if it meant he'd have to commit to a relationship, he could teach himself to unlearn it. Unlearn the sensations that he, for some reason, convinced himself no one else but Dream could fulfill.

Maybe it was denial, but the sheer thought of him being in that state caused him to disregard the possibility of "deeper feelings" entirely. If the both of them were currently happy, at peace as they were at that very moment, then *why would they need to put a label onto it and solidify terms?*

George didn't want to think too much on that: they'd already had several conversations regarding their game. Dream had stated that he didn't want a relationship, George was pretty certain he didn't want one either.

What George *wanted* to think about was the way Dream looked *exceptionally* good that day. The heat that attached itself to his body caused his veins to spider across his hands and forearms. Loose strands of his blonde fringe would stick to his forehead. The shirt he wore was the one that he had worn in that Snapchat he'd sent George when the brunet was on the plane. *The sun did him so well*, George thought as he shamelessly eyed Dream from where he sat. He knew the previous events that had occurred in the kitchen woke something within him: a dying desire to bring to life the most sinful scenarios he'd imagine of him and Dream—given everything they tried at this point.

So, as the heat continued to comprise them, George thought he'd get a little creative in order to get Dream's attention. He was confident he could get it by simply asking, but he wanted Dream to pick up on his trail of crumbs, eventually exploding with built-up tension so the climax would be much

more powerful.

It started simple but effective. Upon George's kind request, Dream had fetched him a glass of water, which the brunet took a few sips of before bringing the cold glass to his neck—the sensation emitting a moan so subtle he was sure it had gone over Dream's head. That was until he noticed the blonde's gaze linger on him for a questionable amount of time. He went the extra mile of rolling his head back, glass still pressed against his neck as he fluttered his eyes shut, his limbs relaxing into the couch.

"Why are you..." Dream cleared his throat, "Why are you sitting so far away?"

George chuckled, "Oh, I don't know, *Dream*. Maybe because it's unreasonably hot in this house," He rolled his head to the side so as to look at him, a smirk growing on his lips as he caught Dream's stare.

Dream took a deep breath before looking away, seeming not even the slightest bit interested to give his attention back to the show unravelling on the digital screen ahead.

George hadn't even planned the next one, Dream had brought it upon himself when he got the both of them popsicles. George had to suppress a laugh as he unwrapped his popsicle stick, the crude plan unravelling in his head as he effortlessly worked out how to execute it.

George brought the tip of his tongue to the cold treat, flicking it ever so lightly before looking back into Dream's eyes, "Green, my favourite."

It was merely noticeable, but Dream blinked as he momentarily froze in his spot, "It's...green apple."

His voice had gone slightly quiet and George feigned confusion as his brows knitted, "Hm?" He flattened his tongue against the frosted bits of the popsicles, drawing the bed of his skin against them so as to lick them off, eyes focused on treat's tip before he licked the remnants across his lips.

"The," Dream's eyes wavered on him as he paused before slowly continuing, "The flavour."

And George wasn't sure if he saw right, but he could've sworn Dream's adam's apple bobbed as he heard a faint swallow from where he sat. George enclosed his lips around the tip of the popsicle, sucking in the piece he'd taken from a small bite, his lips coming off the cold treat with a pop. He hadn't looked up at Dream, but he caught his attention in the corner of his eye; he tried his hardest to keep his smile at bay as he sucked onto the sweet and cold piece dancing on his tongue.

Dream would shift uncomfortably in his seat as George continued to finish his popsicle. The brunet took notice of Dream's determination to keep his own mouth occupied by his popsicle, almost as if he needed something to keep his mouth shut from making comments. As they continued to watch the show in silence, there were some scenes where George was certain Dream would react on, but to no avail. George's ego was fulfilled as his plan was nearing its success.

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Some time in the evening is when George woke up to a dark living room. The heat rendered him exhausted and he was annoyed that the temperature had only slightly gone down from when he was last awake. The first thing George noticed when he arose from his nap was how Dream wasn't where he last saw him. He peeled himself off the couch and began making his way to where he could hear the familiar sound of Dream's typing.

Upon entering the room, George took notice of the way Dream was stood at his desk, one palm

pressed onto the slab of wood as the other rested against the edge of the keyboard, his slender fingers tapping the spacebar.

"Dream?" George called, his eyes scanning over the taller's desk before they landed on him.

Dream's eyes snapped up at him, "*Dude*, thank god you're awake," He sighed and ran a hand through his hair as his eyes blinked down at the illuminated screen, "This code's *pissing. Me. Off.*"

George laughed as he joined his side, "What are you—"

"Sapnap and I wanted this mod for a video," Dream brought his hand to the mouse as he scrolled through a series of texts representing his code, "And I thought I had it, but," He brought the cursor to the Minecraft icon before clicking it open, only to receive an error, "My game won't open."

George snickered as the 'error' message popped up on the monitor. Upon hearing the brunet's subtle mockery, Dream glanced over his shoulder at him, suppressing a smile himself.

"You think that's funny, do you?" Dream asked, feigning his annoyance.

George knitted his eyebrows at him, "Sort of." He chuckled lightly, "Are you alright?"

Dream let out a frustrated groan as he placed his forehead onto the ball of his palms, elbows pressed onto the desk, "It's so fucking hot. Doing this," He stuck out his index to motion to the monitor, "Just shaved ten years off my lifespan. I'm *sweating*. The AC just *had* to break on one of the hottest fucking days I've ever lived through—"

George laughed, "Oh—"

"I'm so exhausted," Dream whined as his voice drawled out the syllables.

"Aw, *Dweam*," George cooed nonchalantly, "Do you need a nap?"

"I need your help." Dream whispered before turning his head into his palm, the sweat sure to have accumulated from where his forehead rested before he glanced up at George.

George relished in the state of his distress: Dream would either get easily annoyed or remain alarmingly calm in overwhelming situations, there was no in-between, so George found the former extremely amusing whenever it did happen.

"No." He replied coolly.

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, almost as if he hadn't expected that answer, "What?"

"Tell me how much better I am at coding than you and maybe I'll consider it." George sucked on his teeth, his smirk growing as he analyzed the contortion of Dream's features.

"You...*what*? No. Just help me—"

"I will," George crossed his arms over his chest, staring him down, "After you admit that I'm better than you."

"Think of poor Sapnap," Dream stood up from his crouched position, straightening his posture, "How sad he'll be to hear that we couldn't code the mod for his video."

"I'm sure it's gonna suck having to tell him *you* couldn't pull your weight." George giggled.

Dream broke into a smile, a small sigh escaping his lips as his eyes darted to the ground. George took it as a sign of defeat and his lips re-imitated the pompous smile that stood proud. Dream lifted his gaze and looked at him; half-timid, half-annoyed.

"You're better at coding than me." Dream mumbled, his voice barely audible.

"What was that?" George squinted his eyes and angled his ear towards him.

"George, I'm gonna start swinging if you—"

"That's not what I heard," George shook his head lightly before looking at him expectantly, "Alright," Upon hearing no response, he turned on his heel, "I'll be in the—" Before he could finish his sentence, a firm grip was placed around his wrist and he was turned around on the spot shortly after Dream gently shoved him onto the bed, "Dream!" He exclaimed, the taller only grabbing both his wrists to pin them above his head, wedging his knee in between his previously pressed thighs, "Get *off* me."

Dream hung his head as he looked down at him, the ends of his fringe shielding his eyelids as his eyes flickered between George's own, "Code it for me."

George squirmed into the sheets, trying to wriggle out of his hold but Dream's grip pushed his wrists further into the mattress causing the brunet to let out an exasperated sigh as he stopped fighting off Dream's hold.

"No." George confidently said, "And the more time we spend here, the longer it'll take for you to get that code working," His words had slightly affected Dream and he took that as an opportunity to push his wrist upwards, flipping the both of them around, with a bit of struggle, until he was the one in the dominating position, "So I don't mind this," He looked down as Dream lolled his head back into the mattress, defeat clear in his face and actions as he relaxed under George's straddling legs.

"You're better at coding than me," Dream said, his tone holding a lot more volume, but the same amount of annoyance it had when it was last said.

"Thanks," George released his grip around the taller's wrist and slid down so he was sat onto Dream's thighs, "I know I am."

Dream rolled his eyes, "You're so fucking annoying."

"And you're needy," George shrugged causing Dream to prop himself up on his elbows as he looked up at him, smile apparent but brows furrowed, "But you don't hear me complaining."

"I wasn't complaining," Dream sat up further, a lazy smile forming on his lips as his eyes flickered down to George's own, his hands finding their way to the brunet's hips, "I like them bratty." He looked up into his brown eyes; they almost seemed pitch black in the lack of lighting that encompassed them.

George kept his hands by his sides as he grimaced at the term, "You're making me sound like a crazy, bitchy girlfriend."

Dream momentarily froze as the last word escaped his mouth and George decided not to comment on it: the spoken term taking the both of them by surprise.

"Hey, you said it," Dream locked his fingers behind George's lower back.

"This is not helping your case." George couldn't help but get drawn in by Dream's inviting lips, but he refrained himself by hesitantly placing his hands on the taller's shoulders.

"No?" Dream asked, his eyes falling back to George's lips, "Then what will?"

George wanted to satisfy their obvious cravings; the embers of the fire rising in the pit of their stomach mingling in the space between them, almost magnetizing as the two began closing the space between them. George locked his fingers behind the taller's neck, their faces inches apart as the tip of their noses touched; their hot breaths matching the heat that crept into the room from the humidity that continued to linger in their midst.

George angled his face slightly, brushing his lips against Dream's. It took every ounce of power in him not to kiss back when Dream tried to capture his lips and he was thankful when Dream's question resurfaced his mind: *then what will?*

George smirked when Dream's brows furrowed as he had pulled away, "A hundred gifted subs," He whispered, the corner of his lip curving upward.

Dream shut his eyes, capturing his bottom lip between his teeth as a smile grew on his face. He shook his head and pulled away to look up at him, "A bratty, gold-digger. How did I get *so* lucky?"

George scoffed, "What else would an egotistical and manipulative millionaire attract?"

"Manipulative?" Dream meant to sound offended, but his laugh did him no favours.

"*Think of poor Sapnap*," George poorly mimicked the blonde's American accent, "You tried to guilt-trip me."

"You're right," Dream inclined his jaw, his eyes falling back into a trance as his lips began slowly chasing George's, "Match made in heaven," He mumbled against his parted pink skin.

George smiled as his eyes followed Dream's clear desperation. He wasn't alone in wanting to lock their touch, feeding the fire that continued to flare through them, but George enjoyed this way too much; having the upper hand. And it was no secret that he also enjoyed how fucking *good* Dream looked when he was this desirous.

Upon realization that George wasn't falling into the kiss, Dream pulled back so their faces were mere inches apart before his eyes searched the brunet's face.

"No way," Dream breathed out, eventually breaking into a bitter chuckle, "You *have* been doing this on purpose. I was right."

George laughed as he swung his leg behind him to lift himself from Dream's lap before climbing out of bed, "Surely I must be winning by a landslide, at this rate."

"Winning what?" Dream sighed as he shuffled to the edge of the bed before planting his feet onto the ground, palms digging into the mattress as he forced himself up.

George turned around before leaning against Dream's desk so he could face the taller, "The game."

Dream scoffed and rolled his eyes, "Didn't realize we were still playing."

George shrugged, "Why wouldn't we be?"

Dream looked over at him and wavered his gaze for a moment before he shook his head, "Doesn't

matter—so back to you purposely teasing me all day,"

George snorted as a blush crept onto his face, "Don't know what you're on about."

Dream laughed, "*Oh*, I think you do."

George licked his lips before a grin was plastered on his face, "It worked, didn't it?"

"You realize you're not playing fair, right?" Dream cocked an eyebrow at him.

George pursed his lips as his eyes darted to the corner of the room, "Why...not?" He diverted his gaze back to him.

Dream slightly lolled his head to the side as if to say, '*are you being serious right now?*'. With his unspoken question going unanswered, he let out a sigh before the admittance rolled off his tongue.

"Because it makes me wanna do things with you that I *can't*," Dream's eyes lingered on the shorter, sweet and timid, his voice soft as it travelled to George.

George bit his bottom lip as he inhaled sharply, eyes hesitantly resting onto green ones, "Like what?"

"I wanna touch you," Dream breathed out, his eyes fluttering as the words escaped his lips, "Actually *feel* you in my hands, under my skin," He continued as he took a few steps forward.

George pressed himself further against the desk, his legs parting slightly as he swallowed, "What else?"

Dream took in a deep breath, his jaw clenched as his lips pressed into a thin line; his eyes flickered across the brunet's features, even though they remained a couple of feet away from each other.

"I wanna be able to take you against that desk without thinking twice." Dream rasped, his eyes stopping onto George's own glistening dark ones.

The sheer proposition caused a mild strain in his lower half causing him to shift on his feet, his confidence wearing thin as he continued to look into Dream's beckoning stare.

George's hands found their way to the rough edge of the desk, he gripped the wood so tight his knuckles paled, "Then do it."

Dream breathed out, breaking eye contact as he averted his gaze from the shorter, "We can't, George. The contract—"

"Dream," George said, his voice regaining its strength as he craned his neck in hopes that the blonde would see him reaching for his attention.

Dream looked at him expectantly, "What?" There was a hint of annoyance in his tone, but George dismissed it.

"Fuck the contract." George clipped.

Dream's features softened, his shoulders relaxed, and he let out a barely audible breath, "What did you say?"

George smirked as Dream walked over to him, barely having the time to finish his reiteration, "Fuck the—" was all he managed to get out before Dream's hands wrapped themselves at the

bottom of his thighs, harshly hoisting him onto the desk causing George to knock over the glass bottles as the taller rolled his hips against him.

It all happened in one swift, yet powerful, movement: George's palm pressed onto the wooden space behind him, legs wrapping themselves tightly around Dream's torso, Dream's hand gripping his waist firmly, their lips lathered in their saliva from the sloppiness of their embrace—all the build-up following the push and pull endured on both ends was executed. George grabbed a fistful of Dream's hair, tugging onto the grip which caused Dream to tighten the hold he had on the brunet's waist. With their lips still attached in clear desperation, their tongues catering to every inch inside the warmth of the enclosed space, Dream elicited a moan. The sound resonating into George's mouth caused him to tug onto his hair once more as he craved to hear that lustful noise again.

Their hips continued to grind against each other, slow and desperate thrusts fighting their way through every roll charging their rhythm, elongating the strings of breathy moans escaping both their covetous lips. Dream brought a hand to the back of George's neck, the other kneading the muscle at his waist as he gently thrust his hips against the shorter earning him a soft exhale of pleasure. George could feel the strain in his briefs growing with every sensation Dream's touch emitted.

The passion coursing through George's veins deafened his mind as he lifted his hand from the wooden surface to cup the growing bulge apparent through Dream's sweats. The taller seized, his actions coming at a full stop as a small gasp escaped his lips after he broke the kiss. George captured Dream's bottom lip, sucking the skin in between his teeth before slowly letting it go as he palmed the taller's clothed cock, the fabric gliding against George's palm as he did so. A strangled, pleased groan escaped from Dream's throat as he knocked his forehead against George's.

George used the hand he had fisting Dream's hair to pull the blonde's forehead from where it rested against his, causing Dream to look down at him through heavy eyelids; his spit lathered lips glistened under the dim lighting. Dream brought the hand from the shorter's waist and curved it around his cock causing a momentary halt to George's own motions against Dream; a small gasp emitting him as he adjusted to the foreign touch. They looked at each other through hooded eyes, a smirk weakened from their gracious touches appearing on their faces as they fell back into exercising the rhythm of their grip around each other's cocks.

Their wrists continued to brush together as the grip they had on each other fastened, heavy panting and a string of breathy moans escaping the both of them. George lolled his head back when he felt the pad of Dream's thumb brush over his clothed tip; a clear, throaty groan escaped him as he did so, his grip gently tightening through the flick of his wrist around Dream's cock. Dream's hand travelled from the back of the brunet's neck to the back of his head, lacing his slender fingers through his chocolate locks, giving it a nudge so George's head was gently yanked forward; he looked into Dream's eyes through blurry ones: the way his pupils had dilated, the glossed-over green irides staring back into his. The rhythm of their pumps on each other gradually declining as they lingered in each other's stare for a moment before George tightened his grip in his hair to yank him into a tongue-driven kiss. They exhaled through their noses, the pea-shape bone of their wrists fervently rubbing against one another as they accelerated the motion of their strokes.

Dream dropped his hand from George's hair and traced the pad of his fingers until they rested against the nape of his neck; he briefly broke the kiss to lick the bottom of George's lip as he snaked his fingers to wrap them securely around the shorter's neck, pushing up into the grip so George's beady brown eyes were staring into his. George gingerly pressed his lips against the blonde's; he nearly gave in to the temptation of engaging into the roughened embrace that their lower stimulated region begged for through the constant stroke of their hands on the other.

George's eyes travelled through Dream's features: the way he released his plump lip from his teeth, the throaty breaths of pleasure that escaped him, the way his eyes would occasionally squeeze shut when George would gently squeeze through his strokes. He was broken out of his trance when he felt Dream's strokes around him come to a stop as he brushed his knuckles against his clothed crotch before hooking his finger on the waistband of his briefs that poked through his sweats. George watched carefully as Dream's eyes followed his own actions in tugging at the fabric of George's sweats until the brunet lifted his hand to overlap the blonde's. Dream looked up at him quizzically and George offered him a smile before he pressed his forehead against his; his dainty grip loosened around the blonde locks as he softly ran his fingers through Dream's hair. Dream's eyes fluttered as he felt George's calming touch. It was such a contrast from everything else that was taking place; all the roughness behind the thirst of their actions on each other.

"Let me take care of you this time," George whispered against Dream's lips before pressing his lips against his pink-flushed cheek.

Dream chuckled lowly as he brushed the pad of his thumb along George's throat, "George, I won't...I'm not gonna last long."

George smirked against the warm skin before he brought Dream's free hand to his raven coloured hair, "If you're getting close," He pressed a soft kiss to his jaw before his hand left Dream's wrist so he could hook a finger around the waistband of the taller's sweats, "Just pull," He referred to his hair before slipping his hand into the taller's briefs, causing Dream's breath to hitch as George's knuckles brushed against his cock, "Or choke me."

Dream breathed through his nose as he readjusted his fingers around the brunet's neck.

"Okay?" George asked as he ghosted his fingers around Dream's bare skin.

"Mhm," George felt Dream's hair brush against his temple, clearly imagining the blonde nodding to his question.

George nudged Dream's head with his so he could re-attach their lips; George could hear Dream's subtle laboured breathing as the brunet's hand continued to ghost over his cock, not really ever grasping it just yet as their lips slowly moved against each other. Their tongues fluidly lapped each other in the warmth of their locked lips until George wrapped his fingers around Dream's bare skin, earning a gasp from the blonde as he exhaled into the enclosed space of their interlocked mouths. Dream's slender fingers pressed themselves into the skin of George's neck as he subtly thrust into the shorter's hand. George began slowly, Dream's skin warm against his hand as it glided through his palm with every stroke. A long, drawled-out moan resonated from Dream's lips to George's, the vibration echoing through both of their throats.

George brought the pad of his thumb to softly brush over the accumulating warm secretion from Dream's tip causing the blonde to jerk against him as he quickly brought his lips to George's jaw to bite the defined skin, refraining himself from giving in so quickly.

"Fuck, Geor--" Dream breathed against the wet mark stained on his jaw as George lapped the pad of his thumb across the slit of his tip, "Holy shit." He inhaled a curt breath, his slender fingers digging into the brunet's skin as his grip around George's neck tightened.

Dream let out a deep-seated grunt as George circled the pad of his thumb against the tip before smearing the spewed substance down his cock. George's stroking occurred at a more frequent pace as the blonde continued to leak through the space of the brunet's hand; Dream's breathing matching the gradual acceleration in the flick of George's wrist.

"George," Dream moaned as he tightened his grip around his neck, the pad of his thumb digging against the shorter's pulse.

The way Dream would unknowingly tug onto his hair and squeeze his fingers around his neck would drive George to quicken the pace of his motions; the lewdness heard in Dream's moans adding to the magma-like heat that settled around the both of them as they blindly carried on through their lust-filled trance.

"Little longer, Dream," George spoke hoarsely against his ear, Dream's head inches away from resting onto George's shoulder from his limbs having lost all grounding.

"I'm...*fuck*," Dream hissed as he jerked into George's touch as he felt the pad of George's thumb against his thick-coated tip, "I'm gonna come," He breathed into the crook of his neck, his hot breath hitting his own fingers before it seeped through its spaces to George's bruising neck.

George could feel the gradual leaking that dripped down over his knuckles, the fluidness of his stroking as the catalyst. Dream dropped his forehead onto his shoulder, a strangled moan escaping his lip as his nails dug crescent shapes into George's porcelain skin.

George ceased his movements along his shaft causing Dream to let out a low grunt at the loss of contact he desperately craved to reach his finish, "What's the magic word?"

Dream's grasp around his neck loosened as his shoulders slouched, "*Please*," He whispered shakily.

George brushed his lips over his ear, "Try again."

Dream grazed his teeth over George's bare shoulder, the loose shirt exposing his cream skin, where he bit down gently, "Please, baby." He pressed his lips onto the marked skin.

George faltered under his touch, a soft moan escaping him as he picked up the pace of his strokes. The space between them filled with the course of strangled low moans their lips emitted; Dream rode out his high, the thick spew of his secretion warming George's curved digits. The blonde squeezed George's throat as the brunet tugged onto his hair with his free hand to lift Dream's head up from his shoulder, wanting to see the result of his treatment to Dream through his facial features. Dream lolled his head back, the weight dipping into George's fist; his eyes closed and his fleshy lips parted as he lingered in his Nirvana.

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It was around nine in the evening when they had both showered off the remnants of their heated engagement; at least the things that could be wiped clean with water and shower gel. The marks and bruises that peppered their skin were to remain for the next couple of days, long enough for them to avoid the embarrassment they'd face from Sapnap's return. George was thankful he didn't have to shield his bruises with that hideous sweater he wore to lunch the last time he had tried to spare Sapnap the traumatizing realization that his friends were low-key freaks.

The auditory and visual images of Dream reaching his climax under his touch were still plastered into George's mind, if anything, he felt as though it had all happened so fast that he was just now starting to catch up to the reality of it. It was almost as if every touch, every sound, and every look was slowly engraving itself into his memory as the seconds elapsed around him. George only really felt himself coming back down to earth when their lips were locked in a lazy embrace during the aftermath; both recovering, in a way.

George found it funny how he wouldn't feel *that* intensely overstimulated during and after sex with his past girlfriends. He has had mind-blowing sexual encounters with girls, gender wasn't the thing in question. It was more so the effect that Dream, in his entirety, had on him. It was the connection they shared that found its way in the middle of something that was meant to be mostly physical.

"George?" Dream's voice seeped into his mind, "Did you hear what I said?"

While George was in the shower, Dream had catered to Patches' needs; feeding her and effortlessly giving her attention because he simply missed her. George spotted them when he walked into the living room, towel wrapped around his clothed shoulders to collect the drops of water cascading down his neck from his dampened hair. Dream laying on the couch, back flat against the cushions as Patches walked over his chest, his fingers dancing above her head so she could reach above and catch them with her paws. George joined them shortly after, Patches curiously moving from Dream's comfort to lay in George's lap where she remained for the remainder of their time as they mindlessly watched Punz' Twitch stream broadcasted on the TV.

"Sorry?" George asked through a giggle.

Dream playfully rolled his eyes as he sat up, "I'm craving ice cream."

"Don't you have ice lollies in the fridge?" George furrowed his eyebrows.

"*Ice-lollies*? Is that what you call popsicles?" Dream laughed, despite the playful glare George sent his way, "Anyway, I want, like, a *tub* of ice cream, you know?"

"I thought you liked frozen yogurt or some other healthy shit," George playfully mocked.

"*Yogurt*," Dream mimicked his accent.

"You got a fucking problem with the way I speak, Dream?" George wasn't genuinely annoyed, but the way he rose in his seat as the words spat out of his mouth caused Dream to vastly turn to face him.

"I *love* the way you speak," Dream laughed as he covered the space between them to wrap his arms around George's shoulders, "You know that."

George wedged his forearm between the embrace as he began pushing Dream away, the blonde eventually pulling away from him.

"Simp," George smirked as he let out a brief chuckle.

"I stopped taking that as an insult a long time ago, George," Dream said as he stood up from the couch, "At least when it comes to you."

George scoffed and dismissed the statement as he carefully moved Patches off his lap before standing up, "So, ice cream run, then?"

"Please," Dream whined as touched the back of his hand to his neck, "Why isn't this fucking heat dying down?"

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The car door closed behind him when George hopped out of Dream's truck after they pulled into the parking lot of a Walmart. Upon entering the wide space of the supermarket, George concluded that this was the American version of an ASDA. He pocketed his hand as he walked ahead of

Dream, who had lagged behind him. He continued to walk ahead until he realized Dream hadn't caught up to him, which caused him to turn on his heel immediately regretting doing so when he caught Dream zooming over to him as the taller stood on the footrest of the shopping cart.

"We're getting *ice cream*." George laughed as he placed a firm hand on the shopping cart to stop it from ramming into him.

"I just thought of this, hear me out," Dream began and George shook his head, almost as if to shake the fondness that began to grow in his smile, "We get a bunch of snacks and we hop into my Discord server to have another sleepover call with the viewers."

When George's brows raised slightly at the idea presented to him, Dream let out a laugh and cheered as a silent agreement settled between them. Dream motioned for George to step onto the footrest and George reluctantly agreed, though in the back of his mind, he sort of loved doing that with shopping carts. And when Dream caged him in as his large hands gripped the handlebars of the cart to walk them to the aisle, George's love for riding shopping carts resurfaced; for new reasons.

"I saw this when I went to the store with Sapnap, last time," George pointed to a box of *Cheeze-its*, "I kinda want to try them."

Dream pushed the cart ahead slightly so George could reach over and grab it from the top shelf before he tossed it in the cart that was already embarrassingly packed with snacks. Upon realization that George had paused to take a look into their cart, Dream craned his neck around the shorter's arm to glance into it as well.

"What?" He asked, his head gently leaning against George's arm.

"This is way too much." George chuckled.

Dream inclined his jaw so he could look up at him, "But I'm a millionaire, remember?"

George gently nudged his face away with his elbow, earning a laugh from Dream as he did so, "That's not what I meant."

Dream tightened his grip around the handlebars before taking in a deep breath, "Okay, hold tight. We're headed to the drinks."

"*Dream--*" In a split second, Dream placed the sole of his shoes onto the footrest, next to George's before he used the other to push them forward, the cart soaring down the aisle as they fell into a giggling mess.

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"And I've also got this chocolate bar. I don't know. George, take it away," Dream said into his mic before lifting his finger off the push-to-talk button.

George snickered from where he sat on Dream's floor, back pressed against the bedframe. They were in Dream's discord server where a bunch of their viewers were in the call along with them, obviously muted as they just listened in to their conversation. It was like they were doing a podcast, the most laid-back and effortless podcast known to man as they listed off their snacks they "each" got like they hadn't just snuck off to the grocery store. Giddiness encapsulated them as they spoke to each other as if they weren't in the same room. The viewers' messages rolling in one by one in the general chat, stating their opinions on the snacks that Dream had just listed off.

The habit of using the push-to-talk button whenever it was their turn to speak so it wouldn't seem sus to the fans had become their second nature. They both tested how it would sound if they accidentally spoke over each other, which they were sure to do, and because of the noise suppression, Discord made it hard to pick up the background noise from their mics.

George cleared his throat before he began sorting through his snacks, "I got chocolate, as well. And crisps--or, I'm sorry...*chips*. And these things called Cheeze-its?"

Dream suppressed a laugh before he spoke into his mic, "But, George," He said and George looked at him blankly, "I thought you told me they didn't have Cheeze-its in the UK," He burst into laughter when he caught the realization seep into George's smile that read '*you motherfucker*'.

"Um," George giggled, "Well, I'm trying to internationalize myself, *Dream*. They're called something else, here, but it's a version of that."

Good save, Dream mouthed to him just as George flipped him off.

They spent a good two hours in the call; the listeners would get their occasional 'DNF sus' moments, as well as a plethora of times where Dream and George were just being absolute idiots.

Right before they ended the call, Dream expressed his gratitude for the love he had received from the song. George silently admired the blush that crept on Dream's face as the blonde stuttered slightly over some of his words, flustered and overjoyed.

"That ice cream has been living in my head rent-free since we started that call," Dream groaned as they made their way to the kitchen.

It wasn't until Dream effortlessly sat on the counter that George was once again reminded of how tall he was. The blonde ferociously ripped the lid off the tub and George watched with slightly widened eyes as Dream dug his spoon in.

"Alright, chill out." George chuckled to himself before grabbing a spoon from the drawer and walking over to where Dream sat.

George settled in between his parted legs; neither of them even realizing the position they had so comfortably fallen into without a word or expression being exchanged. Dream placed the tub onto his lap so George could dig in as well.

As George brought the spoonful of ice cream to his mouth, he glanced down at the box, "That's funny."

Dream, mouth somewhat full, asked, "What?" He swallowed and followed George's eyes as they both scanned the label.

"Ironical that we picked out the vanilla flavoured one, that's all." George's lips formed into a smirk as they wrapped themselves around the metal of the spoon to intake the ice cream.

Dream laughed and nodded, "Maybe if we eat enough, we'll finally get some of our sanity back."

They continued to chat and laugh, the ice cream edging at the halfway mark of the tub when they began getting full.

It was a comment that Dream had made that had George struggling to catch his breath following his fit of laughter. It was the laugh that Dream had openly said he admired and it was shown through the way he chuckled to himself, entirely lost in the beautiful and contagious sound that

emitted George.

"Wh--" George took in a deep breath and wiped the small tear that formed in the corner of his eye, "What?" He looked up at Dream, his forearms resting on the blonde's thighs as he re-situated himself in between them.

"Huh?" Dream softly asked, eyes dancing through the brunet's warm features illuminated under the kitchen light, "Nothing." He shook his head and smiled timidly before looking at the tub of ice cream, "Um," He cleared his throat and pointed his spoon to the inside, "I'm done with this, are you?"

George knew there was something that Dream wanted to say, something that rested on the tip of his tongue, but he decided not to address it. Again, in fear that it would ruin the moment they were in.

"Yeah, you tired or something?" George asked as he stepped away from in-between his legs.

Dream slid off the counter and shrugged, "A bit, yeah."

So they had gone to bed; falling into the same conversation they had the previous day about a stream they wanted to do together. George hadn't realized that they would even be able to give half as much content as they did during his stay here, but he was glad he was able to do so.

"George?" Dream asked as George lifted the duvet cover.

"Hm," George looked up at him.

"I'm gonna sleep in my boxers if that's okay." Dream laughed nervously, "And if not--"

"Dream, it's *your* room. And your house." George furrowed his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I just didn't know if you'd be comfortable with it." Dream forced the nonchalance in his tone as he fiddled with the hem of his shirt.

George was slightly confused because Dream had taken his shirt off in front of him before, more than once. And given everything that has happened between them leading up to this point, undressing in front of each other should've been painless. What differed from when they were in the forest to now? Perhaps it depended on the scenario and overall mood.

"Have you gone *shy* on me, Dream?" George teased.

Dream scoffed as a weak smile grew on his face, "You're an idiot." He shook his head before stripping himself of his shirt.

George hadn't realized that they could have done this to avoid the heat last night, but he was thankful that Dream was the one to ask because he, too, began stripping his shirt off before getting to his sweats. George bit his lip and looked down as his finger hooked the waistband of his own sweats; an unstoppable grin growing on his face as the nervousness Dream carried travelled over to him.

"Can we, also, um," George looked up at him shortly after their shirts and sweats joined the bedroom floor, "Not sleep with the covers?"

Dream eyes widened momentarily at the thickness of the covers.

"Yeah, there's no chance I'm getting under that."

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George woke up to the familiar feeling of Dream's lips against his shoulder and the longer he focused on the feeling, the more awake he felt, and the realization had settled that it was that exact shoulder Dream bit on the night before. A giggle sounded through George's throat as he hid the side of his face into his pillow.

"G'morning," Dream rasped against his skin, "Sort of."

George replied with a tired sigh as he continued to smile through the feeling of Dream's lips against his skin, especially when he began leaving a trail from his shoulder to his shoulder blade.

"That feels nice." George happily mumbled into his pillow.

George felt the bed dip as Dream shuffled around until the taller hovered over him before he lowered himself onto his forearms, caging George in between his hold as he brought his lips back onto his bare skin. Dream allowed his lips to linger on the top of George's spine, earning a sigh of pleasure from George as he began to punctuate feather-light kisses on his way down. The way the moisture of his lips felt against the bottom of his spine shouldn't have affected him as much as it did, but he felt his stomach warm which caused him to snake his body into the sheets, his ribs hitting against the muscles of Dream's forearm as he did so.

George began to turn around as Dream propped himself further up to allow him as much space to do so. He moved underneath him, parting his legs so Dream could comfortably settle between them; the taller's chest was hovering above George's crotch as he re-positioned his forearms so they were now folded on George's bare chest, his chin resting on his wrist as he looked up at the brunet. George tilted his head to the side to look down at him before he brought his hand to lace his fingers through Dream's hair, admiring the way it softened the blonde's eyes as he did so.

Fucking hell, did Dream look absolutely beautiful in between his legs. Maybe it was the complexion of their skin under the sunrays that peaked through the window; the way they bathed Dream's skin in a softened glow, accentuating the small speckles of hair on his forearm, the light green shining through his irides. George was going absolutely mental just *looking* at him.

Dream rested the side of his head against his own forearm, the ends of his hair tickling George's skin as he did so. George ran his fingers through the sunlit strands, admiring the way they glistened under the natural light. Dream inclined his jaw slightly so his lips could reach the brunet's stomach before he gingerly placed his lips onto the bare skin, letting them linger for a few seconds as George simpered at the touch.

They remained in this position for a while; Dream moved slightly so that he could rest his cheek against George's abdomen, his arms sprawled out on either side of him. George mindlessly traced shapes onto the skin of Dream's shoulder blade, the pad of his fingers brushing into the soft skin as he did so. They would enter in and out of laughing fits, the occasional playful arguments where they fought about who was more right or wrong.

Were it not for the noise that erupted from the living room, George was certain the both of them could've spoken within their embrace for hours.

Dream's head shot up lightly from its peaceful spot which caused George to look down at him, the caresses of his fingers in Dream's hair coming to a halt, "What the hell was that?" He asked Dream, who only looked over his shoulder, almost as if he was awaiting the noise again, "Dream."

"Someone's at the door, I think--" The sound of the knock sounding from the living room affirmed his assumption and he let out a sigh, "Don't freak out. That might be my mom."

"What?" George nearly exclaimed as he froze in his spot.

"I said don't freak out," Dream shot him a playful glare before pushing himself out of bed, "I need to get dressed, we both do." He laughed nervously.

George immediately mirrored Dream's actions, not as fast as the taller followed through with his, but George understood it was to avoid making his mother wait outside longer than she had to. As Dream disappeared into the living room, George began having a *mini mental* breakdown. He was terrible with meeting new people in real life, let alone his best friend's parents. One would think it should come easy, that it's almost an opening for George to ask for embarrassing stories of Dream that would get the blonde all flustered and awkward. But he wasn't that forward.

And then he remembered something that caused the churn in his stomach to worsen; the fucking "Hi, this is your son's boyfriend" text. He sunk in his seat as his facial features contorted into a grimace.

The inaudible chatter that travelled into Dream's bedroom after George had heard the front door open aggravated the anxiety rising within him. He took in a deep breath and pulled on his sweats before he began making his way out the door until he stopped dead in his tracks: the fucking hickeys and marks Dream left on his body. He lolled his head back, an exasperated sigh leaving him as he mentally cursed himself for his and Dream's libido. He dug into Dream's closet, grabbing the biggest hoodie he could find before throwing it over himself. He adjusted the hood over his head, sometimes stepping in and out of the sunrays to see if the marks were visible from somebody else's perspective.

George was pretty certain he could get away with this one. Though the grip Dream had around his neck was pretty tight, the bruising taking form of thin streaks wasn't as bad as they were in previous instances.

As he made his way down the hallway, a million thoughts raced through his mind: *would she think he was rude because he had his hood on? Would she find him awkward? Would she find him annoying? Would she remember the texts? Would she like him? Would he be able to get on her good side?*

When he turned the corner to enter the kitchen, a familiar face and one that could easily pass as the familiar's relative snapped in his direction. He broke into a grin as he and the woman made eye contact.

"George?" And the softness of her tone was so welcoming, George nearly melted at how relaxed he'd felt in that moment.

"That's him." Dream beamed as he watched his mother walk over to George with open arms.

"I'm a hugger, I hope that's fine."

"Yeah," George chuckled and wrapped an arm around her, his eyes immediately flickering up to Dream's as she brought him into a brief, tight embrace, "That's fine. It's nice to meet you," He said as they both pulled away from each other.

"It's nice to *finally* meet you too," She exhaled, her eyes flickering between his features which caused George to blush because he felt like he was being analyzed, though he knew damn well that

wasn't her intention, "You two have been friends for years and I'm only meeting you when you're moving in together."

"To be fair, you met Nick a few days *after* he moved in." Dream chimed in.

George realized shortly after that Dream's mother was only a few inches shorter than him, which didn't surprise him much given the fact that Dream's the size of a literal giant. The brunet shifted on his feet, not exactly knowing how to carry himself as he leaned his hip into the counter, making sure to give her his full attention whenever he was addressed.

"Well, you don't talk about Nick like you do this guy," She brought a hand to George's shoulder.

"Oh, really?" George forced the taunting tone in his voice as he raised an eyebrow at Dream, "Does he ever badmouth me?"

She shook her head, a mischievous smile dancing on his lips, "The absolute opposite, he--"

"Okay, okay. We don't," Dream drew a flat-line with his hand, "We don't have to go there right now."

"Where is Nick, anyway?" She briefly looked over her shoulder before glancing back at Dream.

"He's away on a trip," Dream said and smirked at George before looking back at his mom, "With his *girlfriend*," He wiggled his eyebrows.

"Oh, that's amazing." She cooed, placing her cheek into her palm as she smiled fondly.

"They grow up so fast, don't they?" Dream joked.

"And are you not sad that he's gone during your visit?" She asked George.

Dream scoffed as a response earning a small chuckle from George before he shook his head, "He can be annoying sometimes, this is a good break."

"You want some water, mom?" Dream mindlessly asked as he pulled two glasses from the cupboard.

"Yes, please," As Dream reached for the other glass, she turned to George, "How come you're wearing a sweater in this heat, honey?"

George felt his heart drop at the same exact time Dream accidentally slammed the cupboard shut, the handle slipping from his hand. George realized that Dream had taken notice of his own hoodie on him the second he'd joined them in the kitchen and did not have to think twice as to why George was wearing it, but *she* was absolutely clueless.

"I'm actually alright," George spoke slowly, drawing out each syllable, seemingly in shock.

Dream glanced over his shoulder to catch his mom's eyes on him, "Yeah, I don't know how he does it." He looked over at George before quickly breaking their gaze, the two of them suppressing a guilty smile.

They spent a solid half-hour in small-talk; mostly George and Dream's mother engaging in conversations in which Dream would snake his way into by adding his smart remarks. Dream suggested that they facetime Sapnap. When the younger's face popped up on the screen, a smile that grew upon seeing Dream's mother disappeared in an instance when he realized that he wasn't

physically there with her. They exchanged "miss yous" and kind regards and before ending the call, she was sure to slip in the fact that she now knew he had a girlfriend, which turned Sapnap into a flustered mess.

Dream had asked about his sister's whereabouts when the three of them settled on the couch.

"She's staying at a friend's house for the night," Dream's mother said as she brought the rim of the glass to her lips.

Dream raised his eyebrows slightly, "Are you just gonna spend the night alone?"

She chuckled and shrugged, "I guess so."

"You can stay the night if you want--"

"Clay," She shook her head, "You boys are--"

"Down to two. We can squeeze somebody else in this house for the night." George encouraged Dream's suggestion.

George caught Dream's smile as he looked over at him briefly and he returned the gesture.

Dream wrapped an arm around her, pulling her into his side, "It's not the first time, mom. The guest bedroom has always been open to you," He slowly swayed them from side to side, a soft smile coated on his lips.

"But, isn't George staying in there at the moment?" She questioned, seizing Dream's actions as he alarmingly looked at George, mentally asking for help.

George shot him a similar look, one that read: *"What the fuck do you expect me to say?"*

"We've, um," Dream cleared his throat as his mother looked back up at him, "We've actually been sleeping on the couch, most nights. Watching TV, and stuff," He continued in her silence, "And Karl and Alex came to visit, so we put on clean sheets when they left."

George took notice of the way the two of them stared at each other, Dream getting progressively more uncertain of himself as the seconds elapsed around the look that George could somewhat picture the blonde's mother having; whether or not she believed him did not matter when she gave him a nod, accepting whatever bullshit lie Dream came up with under pressure.

"I'll stay for lunch, but after that, I'm gonna head home." She offered, breaking the deafening silence that lingered around them, "But thank you, Clay."

Dream's brows knitted as his eyes searched her face, "You sure?"

"Positive," She placed a comforting hand on his face before she turned to George, "How do you feel about Chicken Pot Pie soup? I promise it's better than Apple and Pear soup," A grin formed on her face as she watched the memory resurface in George's mind.

George hung his head, shaking it slightly before looking up at her, "As long as I don't have to make it in my mouth, I'm good with that."

They shared a laugh as Dream sat there, confusion slowly growing on his face as he smiled worriedly at the both of them, "What the *hell* are you guys talking about?" Which only caused an increase in the volume of their laughs.

George was positive that he had told Dream of the texts, or that his mother did, or that he heard of it through TikTok or YouTube compilations, but he understood that Dream had most likely forgotten about it.

Upon realization that Dream's fridge was alarmingly empty, his mother brought the two of them to the grocery store. They both failed to mention that they'd been here yesterday buying a plethora of snacks instead of getting things the fridge desperately needed, as well as their malnourished organs. They returned with two bags filled with groceries; George fished them out of the bag and passed them to Dream who filed it into the fridge. There would be some items that Dream's mother would ask George to pass over, which he happily did.

It was sort of adorable, George thought, the little chain action they had going on.

A notification sounded through George's phone and he momentarily checked it to read a message from his merch team. He was being asked to review some stuff in terms of branding. He excused himself, stating that he felt bad he wouldn't be able to help, but Dream's mother waved him off, telling him that she really only expected Dream's help since George was still, in a way, their guest.

As he engaged in a conversation with his team, George would occasionally look over into the kitchen where he would hear laughter and chatter from Dream and his mother. It was endearing how he depicted Dream in a new light: the energy of a teenage boy showcased through the way his mother swatted his hand from the food he would rudely take samples of and the occasional childish-like complaints that he emitted as she asked for vegetables he did *not* want in his soup.

Dream angrily bit into a celery stick and grimaced as the taste hit his tongue; his eyes darted around the kitchen for a place to dispose of it without his mother's knowledge until he caught George's stare from where the brunet sat. George smiled at him, Dream held up the celery and mouthed, *I don't want this.*

George laughed before bawling his fist as he rubbed it against the cheeks, jokingly calling him a crybaby.

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Dream audibly laughed causing his mother to glance over her shoulder, "What?"

"Nothing," Dream chuckled and walked over to her, but not before subtly flipping George off, "How much longer?"

"You can't rush art." She said and turned the dial on the stove until the arrow landed at '1'.

"Exactly, so why is it taking so long--" He broke into a laugh when she shot him a glare, "I'm kid-- I'm *kidding*."

She leaned against the stove and crossed her arms over her chest, looking up at him slightly, "While I'm here,"

"Yeah?" Dream leaned against the counter opposite the stove.

"Could you watch your sister on the eighteenth, next month?" She asked sweetly.

Dream playfully rolled his eyes, "I guess. She *is* fourteen, though. Completely capable of looking after herself."

"I know, I know. But she likes spending time with you and Nick, anyway. So," She shrugged and

looked at him expectantly.

"Okay, yeah." Dream nodded, his voice going faint when he noticed the way she smiled at him, "What?"

She brought her index finger to circle the air around her neck, "Who did that?"

Dream's eyes momentarily widened as he brought the hem of his shirt to shield the hickey marked on his skin.

"Mom, what--why would you," He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, "Why would you even mention it?"

"It's the first thing I noticed when I saw you--"

"Okay, well, you failed to bring it up this entire time. You could've kept pretending." The redness in his cheek flared as he averted her gaze.

"But I *couldn't* keep pretending," She laughed nervously, "I think I have the right to ask, but...I also think I've got a pretty good idea."

Dream's head shot up as he looked at her only to notice that she briefly nodded her head to the boy sat on the couch, laptop in lap, face full of concentration as he typed away on his keyboard. Dream turned his attention back to her and let out a deep sigh.

"You don't think I'm stupid, do you?" She asked.

He furrowed his eyebrows, "I never said that."

"You lied to me," She gave him a knowing smile, "About the guest bedroom."

Dream shifted on his feet as he pocketed his hands, "Yeah, sorry."

"It's okay," She chuckled and cocked her head to the side when Dream remained silent, "Anything else you wanna tell me?"

Dream scoffed out a laugh earning a quizzical look from her, "Sorry," He shook his head, "It's just, well...Nick and I had the same sort of conversation, right here, not too long ago."

"You spoke to Nick about it?" She smiled endearingly.

"Technically, Nick spoke to me." Dream laughed lightly, "Confronted me about it. Picked up on clues, got kinda mad that I was leaving him out of what was going on."

"Is there something going on?" She asked quietly, glancing over his shoulder to catch a glimpse of the brunet who was still invested in his work.

Dream glanced over his shoulder as well before he returned his attention to her, "I guess."

She broke into a grin, "Do you love him?"

Dream's features hardened as he stilled on the question, his voice barely audible when he asked, "What?"

She giggled at his coyness, "I see the way you look at him when he talks to you. Or when he's not talking at all," She tilted her head to the side, "And quite simply, I am your mother, Clay. I've seen

you fall in and out love. I know you like the back of my hand."

He inhaled deeply, releasing the pressure that was pressing down onto his chest as he breathed through his nose.

"And you forget I've been on this earth for a solid amount of years. I know the signs when I see them." She smiled softly, sending him a small wink.

He tutted, shaking his head, "You don't look a day over thirty, mom."

She shook her head once, eyes briefly shutting before she re-adjusted them onto him, "Don't change the subject."

He broke into a defeated smile, still avoiding the question at hand.

"You do, don't you?" She searched his eyes.

Dream relaxed into her knowing gaze, one that he had seen one too many times. He inhaled sharply before his eyes darted to the ground, merely nodding his head "yes".

"That's amazing, Clay." She breathed out.

"Is it?" He chuckled bitterly.

"Love?" She raised an eyebrow, "It's strange but beautiful."

"It's scary," He admittedly said, "With him."

"Oh, sweetheart," She cooed as she stepped forward and cradled his face in her hands, "He's your best friend. Of course, it is."

"We're just riding on so much, you know?" He smiled sadly, "And..." His eyes fell to the ground once more, seemingly contemplating his next statement.

"What is it?" She asked, gently lifting his head up.

"Mom, he's..." He took in a deep breath before breathing out, a genuine smile growing on his face as he looked into her eyes, "He's one of the best things that's ever happened to me."

"Clay," Her features softened as she smiled up at him, "Have you told him that?"

He chuckled, shaking his head in her hands, "Nah, he's not...good with those things."

"But you are, right?" She pressed, her tone gentle.

Dream huffed, "I don't wanna pressure him."

She smiled proudly, "You're right, you shouldn't," She sighed, "But, darling, don't wait too long. You have always had too much love in your heart," She grinned as he chuckled softly through his nose, "And you always needed to express it, or it drove you *literally* insane," This time, they both laughed quietly, "So don't wait too long. For yours," She nodded her head above his shoulder, "And his sake."

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George entered the kitchen before he realized that Dream and his mother were having a moment.

For the second time that day, he felt bad, but the warmth that the two humans embodied washed the remorse away with a simple smile that he was welcomed with.

"Smells lovely," He greeted.

"You are gonna love it," Dream's mom snapped her fingers before turning around to face the stove, picking the spatula up from the handle of the pot.

"She's not wrong," Dream chuckled as he looked over at George.

He knew he had interrupted something and the way they both acted rose suspicion within him, but he dismissed it. He joined Dream's side as the two of them leaned against the counter.

"We were just talking about you, George." Dream's mother said.

They tensed at the same time; George had his own reasons, but he wondered what Dream's were as he looked like a deer in headlights, eyes fixated on his mom's back before she turned around to face them.

"Good things, I hope." George laughed nervously, in hopes to ease the tension.

She joined in, "I was just telling him that Nick's got competition," George's brows slowly knitted, "Now that you've become one of my favourite of Clay's friends."

"Oh, stop," George waved her off playfully.

"He's humble, as well," She sent a look at Dream who only shook his head at the pleasantries unravelling before him, "Humble *and kind*."

George nudged Dream with his elbow, "Did you hear that?"

Dream laughed, "It's the English accent. Don't let it fool you, mom. He's actually a massive troll."

And thus began a debate between the two men as Dream's mom watched them playfully argue whilst she continued to handle the food preparation. Later on, they sat at the dining table, feasting on the meal that George was thankful tasted like *actual*, heartening food instead of the garbage they'd been eating since he had landed.

Chapter End Notes

bruh this was 11k words im deaaaaaadahaha.

ok lets talk about smut for a sec; listen, i can get descriptive and graphic, but i am soooo limited with words i can use cause i just DON'T KNOW where to draw the line in regards to explicit terms i can use, if u catch my drift. so lmk what u guys are comfy and uncomfy with because next chapter is gonna be TOUGH as fuck to write, some saucy shit is gonna go down.

anyway, a bunch of shit happened, sort of. they're just in love man. someone tell this george its ok to fall in love so this dream doesn't explode.

thank you, for the nice, as always. i appreciate u all, eternally. xx

We Make Love under Pretty Lights

Chapter Summary

They get into a small argument and George finds a couple of ways to apologize to Dream.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title song: L\$D by A\$AP Rocky

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He looked at ease; softened features, hearty laughs, and passionate expressions. George was lost in the sight of him as Dream conversed with his mother. They talked over the empty bowls of the early dinner she cooked for them. *She seemed inexplicably content being in his company*, George thought as he momentarily glanced at Dream's mother when she spoke up shortly after Dream had. George's social anxiety was thankful for the way she exuded a welcoming and warm energy. He wasn't sure what else he expected assuming Dream's likeliness in character stemmed from her.

"Should we clear this?" Dream asked, his voice breaking George from his thoughts.

George's eyebrows momentarily shot up as he caught Dream's eyes, "Yeah,"

Dream smiled softly, earning a similar response from George, "I'm just gonna go to the bathroom for a quick sec," He glanced at his mother after having placed a hand on her shoulder as he stood up from the table.

"I can help--" She began, but the two men cut her off.

"No," They simultaneously said.

"You cooked this meal for us. It's the least we can do." Dream said before exiting down the hallway.

Dream's mother glanced up at George from where she sat while the younger stood up from the table to collect the bowls.

"Does he still refuse to use the dishwasher?" She asked as she sat up, lending George a helping hand by gathering the utensils.

George mindlessly watched their hands maneuver around each other across the table as they gathered the dishes.

"Yeah," He chuckled softly and shook his head, "He says it's a longer process than just manually doing the dishes himself."

She shook her head fondly, "That's something he most definitely did *not* get from me."

George stacked the last of the saucer plates onto some bowls, "Why would you go through the trouble of getting your hands dirty when a dishwasher is at your disposal?"

"Exactly!" She lightly exclaimed, "Sure, washing the dishes is a faster process, but ugh," A small grimace flashed on her face, "Just throw the damn things in the dishwasher."

George nodded, "Couldn't agree more."

They made their way to the kitchen, George following closely behind before they stopped at the sink; the two of them loaded the dirty dishes into the sink in a small silence. She leaned her hip into the counter that supported the sink, he mirrored her actions knowing a conversation was to follow the way he felt her eyes on him.

"I've told Nick to convert Clay into using the dishwasher, but apparently there's no point in putting up a fight against his determination." She sighed, though her tone was still light.

George scoffed lightly, "Nick's probably got the right idea not to argue with Dre--Clay. Especially if he set his mind on something."

She laughed, "Nothing's changed about how goddamn stubborn he is, huh?"

It was so classic, George thought. A mother could switch from shedding light on their children's impressive and loving traits with so much affection in their tone, while also not blinking an eye when exposing their bad habits. George had overheard his parents talk about his bad traits to family and friends when they'd visit. He learned to never take it to heart. When one grows into an adult, the realization that children can be fucking annoying justifies the complaints of a parent.

She crossed her arms over her chest, "I know he and Nick argue like brothers, maybe because they live with each other, but do you guys argue at all?"

"Not often, no, but when we do, it's usually on who's right. He's relentless on that. I can be stubborn too, I can't let him take all the blame," He chuckled, earning a similar reaction from her, "But he refuses to drop it until he's gotten his point across."

"Sounds like my son." She nodded, head hung as she feigned shame.

"It gets to a point where we're past arguing and it's really just him venting," George shrugged, the corner of his mouth curving upward, "So I just let him."

Her eyes flickered up to him as she searched his face, her own features softening as her confusion blended with a mere, apparent smile, "Yeah...that's how it usually goes..." She trailed off, eyes scanning his face almost as if she was still registering his words, "And it doesn't exhaust you?"

And what was he supposed to say? He wasn't going to say "yes", so openly. Had this conversation been with Sapnap, or someone that wasn't a direct relative, he would've jokingly but confidently said, "yes". However, as his thoughts hindered in her question, he wasn't so sure that it *was* exhausting.

George jutted his bottom lip as his eyes flickered to the sink, "I think I'm used to it. So it doesn't, no. And not *used to it* in a way that my energy's been drained, just...I *can* listen to him, sort of like it's something I'm meant to do. And it never really feels like a task, either."

When he flickered his eyes back onto her following the small silence of his short discourse, her glimmering eyes looked up into his; her lips were slightly parted, a more defined and prolonged look of the one she held after his previous statement.

"You know...when he was younger? I would have such a hard time calming him down," She giggled lightly, "I'd keep telling him that some things take time. That you can't rush certain projects. And he'd be, like: *No, mom. I'm telling you I got this,*" She mimicked his childlike tone earning an endearing smile from George.

"He refused to take your word for it?" George joked.

"Oh my *god*, yes." She let out an exasperated sigh, "And then he would end up overworking himself to exhaustion," Her smile was sad, slightly forced, "I know he was having a rough time earlier this week, regarding the release of his song?" George nodded slowly, "I only received a couple of calls from him, but I'm sure you had to deal with it hands-on."

George's eyes fell to the floor as the memories resurfaced in his mind: Dream hunched over the couch, face in hand before those tired, glossed-over eyes looked into his. Tear-stained cheeks flushed through the irregular breaths coursed through his dried throat, voice hoarse as he stumbled over his words. He blinked the image away, not wanting to inflict more worry that had settled on her face as he could feel her eyes on him.

George captured his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes flickered to hers, "I tried," His voice had fallen to a tone he wasn't sure she'd picked up on until she smiled weakly at him.

"That's the only thing you can do when he gets like that," She nodded as if she were encouraging his defeated tone, "I just text him little reminders to eat, sleep...take care of himself."

George sighed softly, "If it's any consolation, I managed to get him to sleep? And when he woke up the next day, I...made him breakfast," He could feel the heat rise in the ball of his cheeks as he diverted his gaze from her, "I tried to get him to the beach, as well. Get him out of the house for a little. Just so he wouldn't have to think about the song. Even if it was just for a bit--but, I...I don't..." He shrugged, a nervous laugh escaping him.

George felt as if he had admitted something that had his eyes glued to the ground; he feared looking up into her own. He wasn't sure what expression he was awaiting from her and the silence only drew on until he felt a comforting hand wrap around his elbow. His eyes fell to the slender, feminine fingers before they landed into a pair of soft blue ones.

She tilted her head to the side as a hearty smile grew on her face, "Thank you, George."

His brows knitted as he searched for the reason behind her gratitude. Before she could reply, they heard the door shut from the hallway. They both looked in the direction of the sound; Dream walked through the archway. George caught Dream's brief gaze and there was a small confusion written in Dream's features as his eyes fell to the hand his mother had on George. The gentle squeeze Dream's mother gave to his elbow caused George to break eye contact with Dream as he looked down at her once more.

"For trying," She continued her previous statement through a whisper dancing between the both of them.

Heavy footsteps entered the small silence that encompassed the two of them, Dream lingered in the doorway as he took in the state of the both of them.

"So, the dishes?" Dream's brows were knitted, but a wavy smile grew on his lips as he analyzed the expression they supported.

George almost wanted to bring up the fact that he, also, did not enjoy the awkwardness he

personally faced when he'd walked in on the two of them earlier. However, the conversation had put him in such a tender mood that he couldn't find it in him to be his usual pestering self to purposely annoy Dream.

"Just use the damn dishwasher, Clay." His mother rolled her eyes playfully.

George hid his smile as he rolled up his sleeves, reaching for the handle of the tap to flip it upward; the water began running, though Dream's voice was still heard loud and clear from where he lingered behind George to reply to his mother.

"I can't believe you got Nick to try and convince me," Dream lightly laughed, "As if I'd listen to him." He jokingly added before joining George's side.

They fell into a natural and instinctive chain reaction; George thoroughly scrubbing the bowls clean with the sponge before passing the soaped-up dish to Dream, who ran it under the water before wiping it clean with the rag. They would fall in and out of conversations with Dream's mother who lingered behind them as she rested against the counter vis-a-vis of the sink they towered over.

Sometimes, the sleeves of Dream's hoodie on George would slip down his forearm; he moved his arm into Dream as if to mentally ask him to roll it up. He could feel her eyes on them whenever this would happen, or when they would slip into a small banter which piggy-backed off their conversations with her.

Shortly after they finished up the dishes, his mother announced that she was to head home. George glanced at the clock on the stove and the digitalized green numbers showcased 6:01 PM.

"It was very nice meeting you, George." Dream's mother said as she stepped out of the hug she and her son shared, "I'll be seeing ya more often when you've officially moved here." She wrapped two comforting arms around him.

George wrapped a secure one around her shoulders, "It was lovely meeting you," And his eyes caught Dream's when she lingered in the hug for a few more seconds; Dream's smile grew as did George's, a mutual appreciation settling in their silence before she pulled away.

As the door closed behind her, the two of them let out a small breath they hadn't realized they'd been holding in. It wasn't that she was a handful, it was quite the opposite; she had done a lot more damage control than either of them or their friends ever could regarding their situation.

Dream reached for George's hood, yanking it off smoothly, "Can't believe you kept that thing on the entire time."

George glared at him as he pointed his index fingers to his neck, "Do you blame me?"

A mild chuckle escaped Dream's lips, "It's not even that bad."

"Thanks to the hoodie," George glanced down momentarily to take in the oversized look.

Dream walked over to him, one hand reaching for the drawstrings as he tugged on gently; it bounced upward before falling back onto George's clothed chest, "Out of all the hoodies, you picked this one."

George shrugged, "I tried a couple. This one covered it up without looking too sus."

Dream snorted, "George, you wearing a hoodie in this heat is sus in itself."

George groaned and covered his face with his hands, "That was so fucking embarrassing."

Dream exploded in laughter, pulling him into his arms before laying his cheek atop the fluffy nest of George's hair, "She definitely found it weird, but it's better than her finding out about the bruises."

He dropped his hands from his face and wrapped them around Dream's torso, resting his cheek against Dream's chest, "What if she just chose to ignore it?" His voice was muffled in the fabric of Dream's shirt, but the taller understood as his chest momentarily moved against George's head when he laughed quietly.

Dream sighed into his hair, "Well, she kinda pointed out my hickey so--"

George's shoulders slumped in his hold as let out a quiet, but pained cry, "You're *joking*," His embarrassment only worsened as he felt and heard Dream laugh again, "I tried so hard to make a good first impression and it's all gone to shit because of a hickey."

Dream brought a hand to the back of George's head, "*What?* George," He pulled away from their embrace slightly, arms still wrapped around him as he looked down into George's beady brown eyes, "She *loved* you."

George rolled his eyes and dropped his face back onto Dream's chest, "She was so kind."

"Yeah?" Dream asked, his breath parting George's hair slightly as a small gust of warm air hit his scalp.

"Mhm." George fluttered his eyes shut as he tightened his arms around the taller's torso.

"I'll tell her you said that," Dream whispered before planting a soft kiss atop his head.

George pulled his head away seconds after, resting his chin on the warm spot his cheek had previously created, "It makes a lot more sense now," He blinked up at Dream, "Why you're the way you are."

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, "What way is that?"

George smiled easily, "You have so much love and care to give."

Dream's eyes flickered ahead before they fell back onto George's, "To the ones who are deserving of it, yeah."

George tutted, shaking his head, his chin brushing against the fabric of the taller's shirt as he did so, "No, Dream. You do it even for the ones who are the least deserving, that's the best part," His eyes flickered from Dream's to his chest, the white in his shirt reflecting off the dark of his irides as he continued quietly, "Cause they need it the most."

George felt the warmth of Dream's palm when the taller cradled his cheek, the pad of his thumb resting atop his cheekbone that was now defined as George failed to hide his smile, "I love it when you get like this."

"Hm?" George looked up at him, eyebrows knitted as brief confusion wrote itself in his expression.

Dream's eyes fell to the shorter's lips before he quietly said, "You speak beautifully when you're honest."

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They contemplated streaming that night but ended up lounging on the sofa watching a movie that they tried their hardest to take seriously, yet failed miserably halfway through. Dream had tried a little harder, but George couldn't help but make fun of the way the acting was getting progressively worse. It wasn't a comedy, nor were there any lines that provoked the sort of reactions that George had and Dream couldn't help but encourage his troll-like behaviour. In all honesty, they weren't film buffs, they were more entranced by TV series. The film could've been good if they at all cared to read in between the lines and appreciate the aesthetics.

Dream had situated himself in between George's legs, neither of them blinked an eye when that had happened. Dream's upper back was flush against George's hips as the taller's arms draped themselves over George's propped-up thighs. George would mindlessly run his fingers through Dream's hair, the back of the blonde's head resting against the shorter's chest. George's free hand was balled into a fist as he rested his cheek upon it, his eyes lazily staring at the screen ahead.

George took a moment to appreciate how Dream was the one to settle between his legs, not the other way around. When they shared a bed, George found himself being the little spoon. And though this was only the second time they'd been in this position, it was mentally established that George would be the big spoon. And he did not mind it one bit.

"George?" Dream asked after having checked how much time was left in the film.

"Hm," George asked, eyes still glued on the motion picture.

He wasn't necessarily invested in the plot, but they were a solid hour in, so he was making an effort to follow along. However, the small shift of Dream's head on his chest caused him to tear his gaze from the screen, the fingers raking through his blonde locks came to a small halt as they hung loosely through the threads.

He looked down into Dream's eyes, his faded blonde lashes somewhat shielding his green irides, "What?" He asked.

Dream swallowed and took in a deep breath, which only caused George's heart rate to slowly pick up; over the course of his stay here, as well as years of friendship, George had picked up on Dream's mannerisms. As well as what the small pauses signified, whenever the blonde would take them before speaking his mind.

"Do your parents, um," Dream cleared his throat, "Do they know about me?"

George's forehead creased, "What'd you mean? Of course, they know about you."

Dream moved around in between his legs so his torso was now pressed against George's hips, his eyes angled up to look at the brunet, "But do they *know* know about me?"

A small grimace flashed across George's face, "What are you talking about?"

"Well," Dream propped himself up, his forearms and elbows digging into the cushion of the sofa, "Like I know they're not aware of the DNF stuff 'cause they don't go online, but have you talked to them about us, like, our friendship?"

George's eyes darted to the cushions, "No?" He looked back at him with a knowing smile when he noticed the small tinge of hurt in Dream's expression, "Dream, I'm not going to walk up to my parents and talk to them about how our viewers ship us romantically."

"No, I know," Dream had subtly rolled his eyes, but George caught on to it, which only widened his smile, "I just thought," He fiddled with the hem of George's shirt, "I don't know. I just thought you spoke to your parents about me like how I speak to my mom about you."

At the sight and sound of Dream's hurt going from a bruised ego to a briefly heartbroken boy, George's smile started to fade. He watched as Dream's fringe shielded most of his features from being exposed; though, through the wisps of his loose blonde strands, George was able to make out the small growth of a frown. George wasn't sure why it affected him. Were it any of his other friends, he would have probably dished out some playful insult, but watching Dream take small offence without getting loud, and instead, silently accepting it despite his hurt was gradually splintering George's soul.

He brought his hands to gently cup Dream's face, the blonde immediately falling into the touch as he allowed his head to be supported by George's hands. Upon realization that Dream was trying his hardest to look like the comment hadn't hurt him, George's smile returned. It wasn't taunting though, it was a mix between endearing and sad.

"Dream," George breathed as he leaned forward slightly causing Dream to angle his jaw up so he could close as much as space as he could between their faces, "If my parents and I had the sort of relationship you have with your mum, they would know everything there is to know about you. About our friendship," His thumbs caressed the blonde's freckled skin, George simpered as he watched Dream's eyes flutter at his touch, "They're not the type to have sentimental conversations. They're not like that."

Dream's eyes flickered as they formed an invisible triangle through George's features, "You're not like that either."

George chuckled and nodded, "Something about the apple not falling too far from the tree."

Dream pursed his lips as he continued to waiver on George's gaze, which provoked George to ask, "What?"

Dream shook his head, "All these years of being your friend and I think this is the first time I've heard you say more than a couple of words about your parents."

George pondered for a moment before giving him a small shrug, "Not much to talk about, really. Got one mum, one dad--" He broke into a laugh when he caught Dream's eye-roll which was followed by a likely laugh, "They're nice."

When George began growing big on social media, he made a promise to himself to keep his private life, private. He had his online personality and then the one that everyone outside of that life got to see off-stream. And though he was only slightly different with his friends off-stream; less censored, etc. He still made it so he was really only sharing about thirty percent of his life to his viewers. He'd seen what happened to other YouTubers and content creators that exposed too much of themselves, how it derailed for them at a rapid pace, so he avoided falling into that path.

Sometimes, however, the promise he made to himself worked its way into his friendships. He would find himself refraining from saying too much, even if at the end of the day, these people were his genuine best mates. Not just online characters that remained online, but people that had become a big part of his life. Like Dream.

"What if I met them?" Dream voice broke into George's thoughts like glass shattering into millions of pieces.

"I'm sorry, *what*?" George laughed, one that did not sound genuine in the slightest.

"Is that, like, a crazy thing to suggest--"

"No--"

"Then why did you react as if I just told you I murdered someone--"

"Dream--"

"If you don't want your parents to know about me then--"

"That's not it," George let out an exasperated sigh which silenced Dream altogether, "I'm just confused as to why you would want to meet them."

Dream looked at him completely and utterly dumbfounded, "You met *my* mom, so, why shouldn't I meet your parents?"

"Oh, *sorry*. I didn't realize we were getting that serious," George tried to joke, but when his tone fell flat, the both of them recognized that it wasn't the best response to Dream's question, "That was a dumb joke, I'm sorry."

At that moment, George asked himself what he was really apologizing for.

"Don't worry about it." The icy tone that wrapped itself around Dream's tongue contradicted his statement, but the blank look behind his eyes that remained fixed on George urged the brunet to re-formulate an answer.

"My parents have never met a single one of my friends, so it'd be weird introducing you out of nowhere--"

"Yeah, you're right." Dream clipped, cutting him off as if he had mentally added, *I've heard enough*, which caused George to seize in his spot as the taller shuffled around to the position he'd previously been in before he had turned around to face George.

This time, however, Dream kept his hands to himself, arms crossed over his chest as he laid still in between George's legs. George had his arms awkwardly lingering on either side of his own body as his eyes darted around the room, trying his best to understand how fast this conversation derailed into a fucking nightmare. The silence that settled between them held a tension so thick, it left George feeling borderline nauseous.

In the few seconds that elapsed around them, George wasn't sure what pushed him to say what he had said next, but he was just so good at feeding the flames that were currently burning their Nirvana at the stake, that he decided to keep going. Not willingly, but blindly as he was overtaken by the stupidity behind impulsive actions; the worse kind--one that was rooted in anger and spite. The kind that didn't need to be exercised as it did no good to either party.

"It's not like you'd ready up and pack your bags to go to London, given the chance," George sputtered.

Instant regret followed the last three words that left his mouth, as well as the obvious shift in Dream's body language when the words fell onto his ears.

Dream sat up, turned around in his seat to fully face him and George straightened his posture as he caught Dream's glare. Were it not for the fact that it had been something that silently ate away at

George, he would have been scared shitless staring back into Dream's splintering, cold gaze, but George clenched his jaw as he braced himself for the response that danced on the tip of Dream's tongue.

"When have I ever said that I didn't wanna go to London?" Dream raised both his eyebrows as if he had asked something that he thought couldn't be debated.

"You never say anything. *That's* the problem, Dream." George rose in his seat slightly, while still keeping his tone at bay.

The both of them had, but there was so much repressed anger that had built up within them in the last couple of minutes that it burned through their chests. George could feel it in the way his chest began to ache into a strain through his throat as he spoke, and he could tell Dream was trying his best to keep his cool in the way his chest rose and fell with every careful breath he took.

"You just--you said *given the chance*--I was never actually given the chance, George." Dream's stuttering had already set this conversation off to a wrong start because George knew Dream was no longer processing his thoughts before speaking them.

When Dream would get too passionate or worked up on something, he would just speak whatever came to him, stumbling over his words because of his condition that peaked through when he was put on blast.

"I've asked you multiple times." George shook his head, breaking eye contact with him.

"But you don't ask directly, do you? Everything is so fucking cryptic with you, dude. I feel like I have to decipher the shit you say sometimes." There was a small increase of volume in Dream's tone and George took that as a sign to retaliate.

"Forget it," George waved him off as his eyes slowly peered into Dream's, "I shouldn't have brought it up."

"No, I'm glad you did," Dream let out a deep sigh, "Because you need to know that if you were to *seriously* ask me, I would be there in a heartbeat--"

George merely spoke through gritted teeth, "I get it--"

"*You're* the one not saying anything because *you're* not ready." Dream deadpanned, his chest deflating as he released the last breath he withheld when speaking those words that hit George like daggers.

At that moment, George hated him for being able to turn the situation *he* had been gradually agitated about and making it so George was the one to blame. It was something that had bothered him throughout the course of their friendship and for Dream to justify his reason behind his silence because George hadn't openly asked further agitated him. Especially because he began to believe that as the truth of the matter.

George's eyes momentarily flickered as the pointy ends of the blade continued to puncture his chest. And Dream's eyes fell to the floor, remaining fixed on the soft bristles of the carpet as silence overtook them for the second time in the last couple of minutes.

Each second that passed them felt longer than the next, and it most definitely took less than a minute before Dream broke the silence, yet George missed the sound of his voice as if he hadn't heard him speak in hours.

"I'm gonna see where Patches is," Dream didn't look up at him once as he slowly stood from the couch.

George tilted his head to the side while releasing a defeated sigh, "Dream--"

"And then I think I might take a nap." Dream cut him off, his back to George as he walked towards the hallway.

The brunet fought with his inner self, pushing himself to say, *"I didn't want to pick a fight"*, but nothing came out as he watched Dream disappear down the hallway. And if the absence of Dream's presence didn't leave George empty as he was, the loss of warmth between his legs where Dream laid peacefully chilled him to the bone. The fabric of his socks brushed against the cushion as he pulled his legs into his chest and nuzzled his back onto the couch.

You're not ready.

He shut his eyes and shook the thought away. *Stop reading into it*, his eyes fluttered open. *He'll get over it*, George convinced himself as he began lifting the cushions for any sign of his phone, *He'll get over it, we're fine*, he began gently tossing a few of them onto the ground, *You're not ready for him*, George began to dip his hand into the cracks of the cushions, *You'll never be ready for him*.

George stumbled away from the couch, placing his face into the palm of his hands as he took in a deep breath. He dropped his hands and lightly shook his head. He began mentally coaxing himself. It was just a talk about London, meeting parents, and all that. Nothing more. It was bound to come up in conversation one day. He released the breath he withheld during his mantra and mentally prepared himself to look for his phone again until a buzzing sounded from his left.

He leaped onto the couch and grabbed it from where it was wedged into the corner he failed to check. As he lifted his phone screen to his face, a familiar name attached with a goofy picture of his friend popped up. For the first time in the last five or so minutes, George felt relieved.

"What d'you want, idiot?" George answered, a small smile dancing on his lips.

"Gogy!" Sapnap exclaimed excitedly, "Where the fuck is Dream and why isn't he answering my calls?"

Dream. George rolled his eyes, slightly irritated by the sound of his name. *He really couldn't fucking escape this man*, no matter how hard he tried.

"I think he's sleeping," George mumbled as he began to re-adjust the cushions onto the couch.

"Bruh, what?" Sapnap chuckled, "Isn't it, like, seven-thirty over there?"

"Yeah, I don't know. He was tired." George tossed another cushion, watching it flop into its spot as he did so, "Why do you need him?"

"You're not next to him?" Sapnap sighed, "Oh, nooo..."

"What?"

"You guys are in your divorce arc, aren't you?"

"What the fuck are you on about?" George furrowed his eyebrows.

"You've never been good at lying," Sapnap laughed lightly, "What happened?"

"Nothing happened. I'm literally just not tired." George fell back into his tactic.

Deny, deny, deny.

"George, I know *damn well* I did not suffer through the '*we talk for ten hours and sleep on calls all the time*' for you to stand there and lie straight to my face about something that--at this point--is a given."

"I am not tir--how do you know I'm standing?" George glanced over his shoulder, a dumb smile reappeared on his lips as he heard Sapnap laugh through the phone.

"Divorce arc, so you're probably pacing around."

George grinned as he realized how Sapnap was spot on a lot of things while being miles away from them.

"Why did you call, Sapnap?" George sighed.

"He hit twenty mil, dude." You could hear the grin in Sapnap's voice.

George, despite being somewhat angry with Dream, broke into a fond smile, which then fell into a small chuckle, "We haven't...been in our phones all day. Other than when we called you."

"It's fucking nuts, isn't it?" Sapnap giggled, the adoration clear in his tone, "That's our bestie right there, man. Popping off."

"Popping off." George mindlessly repeated as he put Sapnap on speaker so he could open up Twitter.

He went to the trending page where he saw the announcement at the top of his list; he broke out in an endearing smile as his eyes scanned the text, taking in the description.

"Now here's what you're gonna do," Sapnap said, pulling George from his thoughts, "First, you're gonna apologize--"

"Wha--"

"Was I done talking, stupid bitch?" Sapnap jokingly snapped.

George scoffed out a laugh, "Okay, go."

"And then you're gonna throw him a little surprise party."

"A surprise party? With who?"

"You, Patches, Dream."

"What sort of party is that?" George laughed.

"A lit one that I'm gonna have massive FOMO about." Sapnap lamented.

"Why throw him a party--"

"Can you stop asking questions and just do it--"

"No." George insensibly said.

"George, I--" Sapnap inhaled deeply causing George to laugh at how his friend's patience was wearing thin, "Listen here, *motherfucker*," The younger broke into a small laugh, George joining in, "Every time Dream reaches a milestone, I try to spoil my boy a little, okay? I'm not there this time, so it's in your hands. Think you can manage that?"

George sighed, "What am I even meant to do, like?"

"I don't fucking know? I usually just order a bunch of food in, I get a little mood-lighting going on, we *cuddle* on the couch while watching a movie--"

"Alright, if you're gonna take the piss out of this--"

"I'm not, I'm not. We actually do those things, though. Minus the cuddling, unfortunately."

"Build him a fort!" A voice exclaimed from Sapnap's end.

"Oh?" George bit his lip to prevent a laugh from escaping him as he heard Sapnap's flustered chuckles through the line, "Is that your--"

"Yeah," Sapnap quietly said before audibly putting himself on speaker, "That's actually not a bad idea, though."

"I'm not building a fucking fort, Sapnap--"

"Why *not*, dude?" Sapnap groaned, "It's the easiest thing."

"I left those fairy lights in your closet, by the way. He can use those if he wants." The former soft and feminine voice sounded through the speakers, seemingly closer to the receiver of Sapnap's phone.

Sapnap gasped, "Dude. You gotta."

"No--"

"George, for once in your fucking life, let your hypebeast guard down. The supreme will be right there when you get back--"

"What does me being a hypebeast have to do with the fucking fort--"

"You admitted to it!" Sapnap cheered, "Caught you in 4K, bitch," He mimicked the sound of a camera's shutter-click causing George to fondly shake his head at him, "I just mean, stop being so dense and congratulate him in a way that'll make him all soft and shit. A makeshift fort and fairy lights? Pinterest type beat. Dream's into that."

The silence that followed Sapnap's small discourse had the younger let out a brief sigh: George was brought back to the conversation the two shared in the car after Dream had gotten jealous from the incident at the bar.

"If not for him, then for me, okay? I'm not there to congratulate him, so just say it was my idea." Sapnap said the last bit quietly, not wanting to encourage George to use that as a cop-out.

George waived on the thought, "Okay," He defeatedly said.

"Yeah?" Sapnap exclaimed.

George snickered, "Yes."

"Love you, Gogy," Sappnap cooed earning a grimace from George, "I gotta go, but one more thing."

"*What?*" George feigned annoyance.

"Apologize to him," Sappnap said, his voice holding an underlying tone of seriousness.

"Why do you just assume it's *my* fault?" George chuckled bitterly.

"Cause you're a pain in the ass," Sappnap said, with chest, "And you know you are."

Sappnap was one of the few people that could get away with calling George out on his shit; they both knew that George could handle the heat. So when they would blatantly say these things, neither of them was afraid that it would genuinely hurt the other. And if it did, they would speak on it.

"Alright, yeah. Fine." George looked around as he was already starting to pan out his plan, "Thanks for the idea."

"You're welcome. Tell him I said congrats. I might call later."

"Don't." George laughed as he ended the call before Sappnap could get his last words out.

As George pocketed his phone, he turned around on his heel and was faced with the dining chair tables. *The foundation*, he mentally ticked the imaginative box on his list. He walked over to the guest bedroom where he eyed the bedding carefully, *comfort*, he ticked the next box. As he left the guest bedroom, he passed by Dream's closed door and his hand instinctively reached for the doorknob.

His palm hovered over the brass of the lever as he contemplated going in and snaking his way into Dream's hold, but he blinked the thought back. *He needed his alone time*. George thought on Sappnap's words, how he was to apologize to Dream since George *had* to have been the catalyst to the "divorce arc". Maybe that was true. It wasn't gonna get out of hand had he not brought up the talk about London.

Don't. Go. There. He shut his eyes and retrieved his hand from the doorknob before reopening them and adjusting them to the hallway facing the one he stood in. *The fucking fairy lights*. George inwardly gagged at the thought of him actually following through with this plan. *For Twenty Million Subs, he deserved to be spoiled*, George grudgingly made his way to Sappnap's room

He swung open the door to the younger's room, the smell of sandalwood filled his nostrils. Every now and then, he'd get a whiff of weed, which caused him to giggle to himself. He lingered in the doorway for a bit. He'd been in his room before, but only briefly. It was insanely well put together; his desk was clean, his bed was made, and not a trace of dirty laundry was spotted on the ground. It was almost spotless were it not for his poor cable management.

George made his way to the closet. He remembered Sappnap's girlfriend stating that that's where she'd left the fairy lights. He dug into a couple of boxes; most of them holding loose cables and sweatshirts that Sappnap was avoiding like the plague since the heat was cooking them like raw meat on a barbecue. His brown eyes finally landed on a tangled white cord, peppered with tiny little lightbulbs. George gently pulled onto it, looping the cord a solid five times until his knuckles hit the battery pack of the lights.

He laid the bunched-up fairy lights onto his lap before digging into his pocket for his phone. Pulling up Sappnap's contact, he texted, '*Got the fairy lights. Why were they tangled up in a pink dildo?*'

Before he could lock his phone, the three dots in the speech bubble popped up and the sound of a reply sounded through his phone, causing him to cackle at the fact that Sapnap took the time to play into the bit.

Sapnap

I was going through a rough time. Take the fairy lights and leave. Don't tell a soul what you saw.

-

Around a quarter past eight in the evening, George crawled out from the makeshift fort, one of his palms enveloped by the cold grass as his other patted down the blanket he'd spread out to fill the space the chairs granted. He grabbed the pillows from the couch before stepping out into the backyard for what felt like the sixth time since having started his project; he tossed the pillows inside, hissing momentarily when he noticed the string of light slip from where they hung off the sheeted chairs.

For someone who'd never made a fort this intricate before, he had done a pretty good job. He placed his hands on his hips and let out a satisfied sigh as he analyzed the way it looked even more serene under the sky that began to shift from orange to a dark purple-blue. The last thing he brought inside the fort was his laptop, which he made sure to leave charged as he began his fort-making process.

Slowly but surely, he made his way down the hallway to Dream's bedroom where he hovered his hand over the doorknob for the second time that day. This time, he twisted the doorknob, the small creak accompanied the darkness that he was met with. The blinds were drawn, only a bit of light came from the power buttons of Dream's monitors and PC. He walked in carefully, taking notice of Patches curled up body against Dream's blanketed feet. The blonde was entirely wrapped up under the covers, his wavy hair peeking from the white of his duvet.

The weather had cooled down at that point, explaining the reappearance of the previously ditched blankets.

George reached his side and sat down carefully, placing a soft hand atop the covers where he could barely make out Dream's shoulder.

"Dream," George whispered, but to no avail, "Dreaaaam," He cooed as he placed his chin atop his own hand.

Dream shuffled under his touch until his eyes peeked through the covers; he blinked a few times, the green in his eyes barely apparent as he squinted them at the sight of George.

"George?" He groggily asked.

George smiled softly, chin still resting on his hand as he brought his free hand to Dream's hair, caressing it gently, "Are you tired?"

"No?" Annoyance was clear in his tone, but George dismissed it, "What's up?" Dream asked, his voice hoarse, almost nasally.

George smiled, "I wanna show you something."

"What?" Dream began to fold the blanket over him as he propped himself up onto his elbows, George naturally moved back as his own palms dug into the mattress.

"Can you come with me?" George continued, tone calm and measured.

It was weird, how just a few hours ago, the thought of showing Dream the fort he was going to make irked him endlessly. But as the mental images of the fairy lights shining under the thin white sheets popped up in his mind, the urge to yank Dream out of bed and drag him to his makeshift masterpiece was evergrowing.

Dream groaned as he ran a hand down his face, "Where?"

"It's a surprise," George started, earning a distinctive look from Dream which caused his smile to grow, "And I sort of need you blindfolded."

"George, I know we've been exploring new things lately, but I *just* woke up--"

"Not like that, you fucking idiot." George rolled his eyes, lightly shoving him.

Dream laughed softly and sighed, "Okay, well move. So I can get out maybe?"

George stood up from the bed and watched as Dream reluctantly mirrored his actions. In the meantime that Dream adjusted his eyes to the darkness in his room, George searched any surfaces for a fabric he could use to shield the taller's eyes. When he caught the shirt draped over Dream's chair, a smirk grew on his face.

Shortly after swiping it, he shoved it into Dream's chest, "Put it on."

Dream looked down at the fabric before cocking an eyebrow at it, "Okay..." He said uneasily before slowly bringing his hand to it and blindfolding himself.

"Can you see?" George asked.

"Blindfolded or not, I wouldn't be able to see a fucking thing in this room right now." Dream said, flailing his hands to the darkness that encompassed them.

George giggled and nodded but before he could guide Dream out of the bedroom, he flipped him off, for good measure. He continued to hold his middle finger in front of Dream who stood still; he was then reassured that Dream couldn't see through the blindfold. George suppressed a laugh, a small unwarranted snicker leaving him as he stared at Dream's confusion.

"What are you *doing*? Are we going?" Impatience was so clear in his tone, it caused George to burst into laughter, "Geooooorge," He whined.

"Okay, okay," George chuckled, wrapping his fingers around Dream's wrist, "Careful," He guided him to the door, "Don't step on Patches," He caught her moving dangerously close to Dream's feet.

"Tell her not to get in my fucking way," Dream couldn't finish the sentence without breaking into a small laugh, "I'm blind, baby. I'm so sorry," He spoke to Patches, head still positioned straight ahead.

"She's still got all her senses and she most definitely heard that," George joked, earning a small chortle from Dream, "No wonder she likes Sapnap more than you."

Dream nearly stopped dead in his tracks, "Take that back right now."

George finally brought him to the backyard, Dream had almost tripped over the step that led to the patch of grass.

"Okay," George released his grip on his wrist and walked over to the entrance of the fort as Dream lingered in front of the doorway to the living room, "You can open."

"My eyes *have* been open--"

"Take the blindfold off," George rolled his eyes.

Dream let out a small sigh as his hands reached the small knot he tied himself. George sucked in a sharp breath as he watched the fabric loosen around Dream's head. He couldn't help the grin that grew on his face when Dream's squinted eyes expanded as he took in the sight before him. His lips parted slightly, the corners of his mouth curving upwards as he slowly walked towards the fort.

"What..." He spoke under his breath, George watched his actions carefully.

The pad of Dream's fingers traced the outline of the white sheets, his green eyes illuminated by the dim lighting the fairy lights emitted. George bit his lip, teeth still apparent as his grin began to grow. Dream's lips gently met each other before they quivered into a pout, a barely audible whimper escaped him as he exhaled through his nose.

"Supriiiiise," George sing-sung, merely grimacing when Dream remained in awe.

And then he turned to him, his eyes collecting a gloss as they continued to glow with the reflection of the fairy lights, "Why?" He whispered.

George swiped his tongue across his lips before smiling up at him, "Congratulations on twenty million subscribers, Dream."

Dream glanced at him, the corner of his eyes crinkled as he broke into a similar grin.

Knowing Dream's reaction to his previous milestones notified George that he had already been aware of it. What had him surprised and in awe was wholeheartedly the sight of the fort. And though it was Sapnap's idea, George wanted to linger in the fact that it stemmed from him alone. At least until Dream would ask, or the topic would get brought up where he would have to admit that this Pinterest idea wasn't his.

Dream stifled a soft laugh before covering his face with his hands, his shoulders tensed as he took a deep breath, "George," His voice muffled by his palms.

"Thanks for letting me tag along." George's lips quivered, his smile dancing in uncertainty as Dream continued to cover his face, until realization hit him, "Oh God, are you crying?"

He panicked a little, but he knew he couldn't act the slightest bit thrown off about having to deal with a crying person. Not when he did all this to make sure Dream felt appreciated. But he especially did not know how to deal with crying when it specifically came to Dream.

Though, it was different this time; the prominence in his cheekbones that peeked through his curved fingers signified that he was happy.

He was happy. George stood still, unsure of how to react, yet an uneasy grin still remained on his lips.

Dream's shoulders relaxed as he sighed, "Come here," He extended his hand out, gripped George's shoulder before pulling him into a tight embrace, "Thank you." He hid his face in the crook of the shorter's neck.

George felt a shiver run down his spine when he felt Dream's warm teardrop fall onto his skin. George chuckled nervously as he wrapped his arms around Dream's torso, bringing a comforting hand to the lower of his back before he drew circles onto the fabric of the taller's shirt with the palm of his hand.

"Oh my *god*," Dream chuckled and pulled away slightly, wiping his own tears with the back of his wrist.

"Are you alright?" George teased as he furrowed his eyebrows at his friend's tear-stained cheeks.

George realized that this could be a sight he could use to replace the last time he'd seen Dream cry.

"Not really, idiot," Dream carefully pushed him, "I can't believe you did this." He laughed, "You took time out of your day to do this shit?"

George scoffed, feigning offence, "You're welcome? Arsehole. This took ages. Longer than I'd like to admit."

Dream laughed, George joined in. They lingered in silence for a bit, all that could be heard was the sound of an airplane flying over their head. The occasional chatter from opened windows of the houses nearby.

"I'm sorry," They simultaneously said, which got them to drop into another shared laugh.

"I shouldn't have brought it up in the first place," George quietly said.

Dream scoffed, followed by a soft smile, "Mm, yeah. We could have maybe done without it."

George averted his gaze, "Kinda ruined that *fantastic* movie we were watching."

"Is it bad that I was actually kind of invested?" Dream grimaced.

George mirrored his expression, "I won't tell if you won't," He held out his pinky, which Dream immediately hooked with his own, "Wait," George held up his finger, "I'm gonna get Patches."

Dream's forehead creased as he watched George disappear back into the house. The brunet scooped up the cat from the couch, she nestled herself into his hold as he took the steps to the backyard.

Dream's face brightened in an instant when his eyes landed on Patches, "You gonna watch this shitty movie with us?"

"Don't withhold your judgement, Patches." George hushed into her fur.

Dream beamed at him before nodding his head to the entrance of the tent, "Shall we?"

"Mhm," George quipped before gently releasing Patches into the tent.

She wavered at the entrance for a moment, skeptical of her new surroundings but quickly sashayed inside before settling for a spot in the corner of the tent-like structure.

Before George could enter the make-shift fort himself, he felt Dream's fingers wrap themselves around his wrist. Dream gently spun him around, George's chest almost colliding into Dream's were it not for his instinct to place his hand on his chest. He inclined his jaw, looking up at him through his lashes.

Dream softly blew on the strand of hair that flopped onto George's forehead, causing him to

scrunch his nose at the foreign feeling. His green eyes fell onto his where they lingered for a moment before he dipped his head down and brought a hand to the back of the shorter's head to lace his fingers through his hair before planting a feather-light kiss onto his lips. George's eyes fluttered shut, the feeling of Dream's lips against his was something that still took him by surprise. Especially when they were this careful, calculated, yet natural, but prolonged.

Dream pulled away, the sound of a soft pucker heard as their lips separated, "I love you." He whispered against George's lips.

Had they not just kissed, had they not partook in half of the things they had during his stay, George would've said it back. He'd said it once before, it wasn't a groundbreaking moment, at least he didn't think so. But something within him pulled the words from his mouth, leaving him with his actions. George slid his hand from Dream's chest so they were now cupping his neck; he stood on his tip-toes and craned his head to return the gentle favour.

Not once, but twice.

As the bridge of their noses brushed, George whispered back, "I'm proud of you."

Dream exhaled through his nose, a lop-sided grin flashed across his lips, "You're gonna make me cry again," He knocked his forehead into George's shoulder, causing the shorter to stumble out of his hold, "Okay, let's finish this movie."

-

"Divorce arc?" Dream laughed as he fell back into his mattress, his feet still planted on the ground.

They had now retrieved to Dream's bedroom. George was starting to grow tired, but knowing how messed his sleeping schedule was, he could probably force himself to stay up for a couple more hours. And because he knew he'd have to stay up with Dream since the blonde had recently woken up from a nap.

"That's what he said. Don't know what he's on." George scoffed out a giggle as he positioned himself in front of the mirror.

George could see the reflection of Dream's legs; the brief rising and falling of his chest as the taller laid back onto his bed peacefully. George also took notice of how good he looked in the lighting that Dream's monitor emitted; they were watching something on YouTube and paused the video at a filled-out red screen. The brightness of the screen had to have been all the way up because it washed over most of Dream's room, mostly the portion of the bed in a red tone.

Nevertheless, Dream's jaw was heavily accentuated in the reflection that George began losing himself into. His eyes travelled up from Dream's chin to the way the muscle in his bicep was more apparent as he had his arm propped up, his hand most likely rested at the back of his head.

"I'll text him later," Dream said, mostly to himself, "I should've known you didn't come up with the fort idea. Not very Hypebeast of you."

"Okay, like, what does that even mean?" George shot him a glare through his reflection, Dream laid his cheek into the mattress so he could catch George's reflection as well.

"It's just so, VSCO girl type beat. Doesn't really go with the Hypebeast arc." Dream laughed at the ridiculousness of his own words.

George's features scrunched up as a small chortle escaped him, "What?" He earned a small shrug

from Dream, "Sapnap said it was more so Pinterest type beat."

"Oh my god," Dream exploded in laughter, "He's so fucking right. That's exactly what it is."

"You guys are ridiculous." George ran a hand through his hair and let out a defeated sigh.

"What are you doing?" Dream propped himself up on his elbows to get a better look of the shorter, "Don't get me wrong, if I looked that good I'd also aimlessly stand in front of a mirror for hours on end, but—"

George blushed, his head dipped down as he looked at Dream's reflection through hooded eyes, "I'm trying to get this piece of hair to stay," He referred to the one Dream previously blew off his forehead, yet it had returned to pester him once more.

Dream pouted, "I like that strand of hair."

"Of course you do. You're obsessed with me." George snickered.

The silence that followed caused George to break eye contact with his own fingers that worked through his hair as he landed them onto Dream's reflection. He watched the small flash of surprise that expressed itself through his shot-up eyebrows and parted lips.

"Huh?" George asked, looking at him expectantly.

Dream waved him off, "You just haven't said that in a while."

George chuckled quietly, "Nothing's changed, it seems."

"My obsession for you lives on forever, George." Dream winked, and George wasn't if it was the lighting or the way he was currently sat up, clearly eyeing him, but that wink had affected him differently than it had in past occurrences.

George broke his gaze from Dream's reflection as he quietly swallowed. He decided to drop his efforts in fixing his hair, his hands falling to the hem of his shirt as he began to pull it over his head. After tossing it to the floor, his eyes fell back on his reflection, but it didn't last long as he felt Dream's longing stare in the corner of his eyes. A small smirk danced on George's lips as he flickered his gaze to the taller; Dream had tilted his head to the side, sizing George up with a beckoning gaze.

"You're..." Dream began, but finished off by shaking his head lightly as he caught George's knowing stare, "You look good."

George hummed, his smirk ever-growing as he played with the drawstrings of his sweats, "You look even better."

"Jesus, George," Dream ran the bed of his tongue across the back of his top teeth before he allowed the tip to rest against his canine, "You know what talking like that will get you."

George mused, pocketing his hands as he turned around to face Dream, "Maybe I need a reminder."

Dream pressed lips into a thin line, which then took form a smirk, "Yeah?" He sat up from where he laid, his elbows now rested atop his knees, "Are you sure you wanna do this?"

George pursed his lips as he took small steps towards Dream, "Only one way to celebrate twenty million subs."

Each step he took had Dream slowly inching up the incline in his jaw, his eyes fixed on George's, "Thought the fort was my prize."

George tutted, eyes falling to the floor as they followed his own footsteps, "That was Sapnap's way of spoiling you," He reached Dream and immediately placed his hands on the taller's shoulders, "Now it's my turn."

Dream's hands found their way to George's clothed thigh before they ran up to his waist; he smiled when George's breath hitched at the touch. George brought up one of his hands to cradle Dream's cheek; he placed his thumb underneath the blonde's chin, lifting it up ever so slightly so as to make Dream look up into his eyes.

George cocked his head to the side, eyes following the way Dream parted his lips, "So what do you want, Dream?" The brunet brought the pad of his thumb from underneath his chin and brushed it across his bottom lip.

Dream parted his lips further before slowly wrapping his lips around George's thumb, causing the shorter to intake a sharp breath at the warmth of his mouth accompanied by the wetness of his tongue when Dream swirled it around George's digit. The blonde sucked onto the brunet's thumb before letting his lips off it with a small pop; George let out a small breath, his shoulders faltering, as well as his chest.

"I wanna make you feel you good." Dream croaked, looking at George through his own lashes.

And there it was, that look that paradoxically danced between innocent and dominant; George's favourite.

"How is that a prize for you?" George frowned.

Dream chuckled lowly before he gripped the back of George's thigh and nudged the shorter into him; George settled onto his lap in one gracious movement, straddling the taller's waist as his lower half sat on Dream's thighs. George interlocked his fingers at the back of Dream's neck, Dream's jaw remained inclined as George continued to have a slight upper hand on looking down at him.

"Because I get to make you feel good," Dream whispered and brought his lips to George's jaw, "Because I get to hear you begging for it, for me," He planted a soft kiss before sucking the skin in between his teeth, earning a quiet sigh from George, "And you sound so good doing it," He brought his hands to cup George's ass, a subtle gasp escaping the brunet's lips as he did so, "You have no idea what that does to me, what you do to me." He spoke against his neck, his hot breaths sending a small chill down George's spine.

George arched his back when he felt Dream grip the skin that filled the taller's hands, his grip moving George against him in a grinding manner. George captured his bottom lip between his teeth as he willingly rolled his hips against him this time, a strangled breath resting in the chambers of his throat, but audible through the exhale through his nose, which Dream was sure to catch.

"Exactly like that," Dream pressed his lips against his cheek, "Your little moans."

Dream brought one of his hands to George's bare waist; he brushed his knuckles against his porcelain skin. George watched Dream's hand as his knuckles continued to graze against his bare waist to his stomach where they stopped at the waistband of his sweats. George continued to watch as Dream's eyes began to fixate themselves on the drawstrings of his sweats, his brows knitted as he mentally calculated an idea.

"Can I try something?" Dream asked before his eyes flickered up to George's.

George smirked, giving a small nod, "Anything you want."

Dream returned the knowing smirk, but it briefly faded as his eyes fell back to the drawstring. He brought his fingers to the white fabric and began untying it, George's eyes danced between Dream's and his fingers as he observed his actions. Dream tugged on the drawstring when it came undone before filing it out of the sweats until it was completely out of the waistband. George furrowed his eyebrows as his eyes continued to follow the blonde's hands as they amassed the drawstring.

Dream cleared his throat and looked up at George hesitantly, "Put your hands out."

George inhaled slowly, fighting back a lofty smile as he unlocked his attached fingers behind Dream's neck to place hands into his lap.

"Wrists together," Dream smirked.

George bit his lip, his smile growing as he did what he was told. George's eyes went back to its regular course, following the way Dream's own looked under the red lighting, as well as when he brought the other hand—from where it cupped George—to wrap the drawstrings around George's wrists. Dream looped the string around once more before pulling on either ends and tying it into a knot, just as he had done with the blindfold.

George gave the tightness of the drawstrings a test by pulling his wrists from the other, but to no avail.

"Is it too tight?" Dream asked worriedly.

George smiled softly when he looked at him, the innocence having returned behind those washed-over green eyes, "Yes," He admittedly said, but before Dream could loosen them, he shook his head, "But it feels good."

Dream cocked an eyebrow at him, surprise clear in his face when he realized what he had done, and more so that George was so willing to follow through with it. His hands tapped George's waist, motioning for him to stand up. George pressed his locked wrists against Dream's shoulder as he shuffled around on his lap before his feet were planted on the ground. Dream stood up and wrapped his hands around George's tied ones. They stared at each other for a brief moment, both their faces washed over in a fainted red hue; Dream more so than George as the screen was directed to him.

Dream began walking them towards the mirror, George's back was faced to it as his eyes remain fixed on Dream. After a few more steps, George's back was flush against the looking glass.

Dream brought his hands from George's tied wrists to his shoulders before he spun him around and lightly nudged him into the mirror. The cold glass collided with George's bare chest, chasing out a small gasp from his lips. Dream's hands travelled from his shoulders and down his arms until they reached his wrists. The taller lifted George's wrists above his head before pinning them to the wall the mirror laid against. Dream laced the fingers of his free hand with George's own dainty ones, one of George's hands remaining untouched as it rested against the cold wall; no other placement granted as his wrists remained tightly pressed with the drawstrings of his sweats.

Dream brought his free hand to grip George's waist, kneading the skin as he pulled George's lower half against his own, "You look so good all tied up like this," He mumbled against George's ear.

George measured his breathing, trying his best to keep the strain that already began to grow within

his briefs. He felt somewhat embarrassed that the mere feel of being tied up aroused him. He took a short step back, craving to feel Dream's lower half against his.

Dream chuckled at his eagerness, "And you like it, don't you?" His hand slipped from George's waist, his palm sliding down his bare stomach until his index finger hooked itself at the waistband of George's sweats.

George tried to look down to catch a glimpse of their reflection but his view was obstructed as his chest was pressed up against the glass. The only separation pitched itself in the space between the glass and his lower half, where Dream's hand laid temptingly close.

"Dream," George breathed.

"Yes?" Dream asked cockily.

George didn't have to look at him to know he was speaking through a confident smirk.

"I need your hands around me," George swallowed quietly, "Please."

Dream wasted no time in slipping his hand into George's tight briefs; the contact Dream's bare skin had against him caused George to jerk at the touch, his back momentarily pressed against Dream as he did so.

"Fuck," George whispered under his breath, his head hung with his forehead pressed against the glass.

Dream wrapped his fingers around his cock, George held back a moan that begged to surface. The self-restraint lasted no more than a few seconds when Dream began slowly pumping George's weight in his hands; George jerked backwards, craving the feel of Dream's hard-on against his lower half.

George could feel himself losing his footing as his mind drew blank, lust-filled desirous thoughts filling in the void in his head. Dream's hand wrapped around him was something he'd thought about more times than he would ever want to admit, but that didn't matter; the hidden truth was shown through his body language as his limbs fired up under Dream's strokes.

Though the strokes remained slow and steady, precum already began to accumulate around his tip. The rush of blood coursing through the veins of his cock throbbed into Dream's hands, the taller entirely aware of his reaction to the brunet as he slowly picked up the pace.

"I need—" George lolled his head back when Dream flicked his wrist harder than he had been, "Fu—go fast—faster, Dream," His mouth elicited a moan, one that had been so audible in the space they shared that Dream's motion around him instantly slowed.

Upon his request, Dream began to accelerate his pumps, George had entered a mindless and bottomless pit of low moans, much to Dream's content. George could feel the fabric of the drawstrings digging into his skin when he would try to grasp the wall for support. Their laced fingers carried pale knuckles as George squeezed his hand through the gradual augmentation of Dream's pumps. Every now and then George would hear a low grunt from Dream, the warmth of his breath expanding onto the nape of his neck.

"I'm close," George breathlessly said, the back of his head falling onto Dream's shoulders.

As soon as those words escaped George's parted lips, the strokes of Dream's hand came to a full stop. An involuntary jerk coursed through George's wrist, the burn of the fabric worsening around

his skin.

"Why..." George swallowed, his saliva assuaging the dryness of his throat, "Why'd you stop?"

Dream chuckled, pressed a soft kiss onto George's shoulder, "I don't know what you mean," He breathed against his skin.

The way Dream's fingers ghosted over his cock had George's mind going haywire. Not thinking a single thought as he pressed his ass against Dream's hard-on, rolling his hips to satisfy his touch starved cravings.

"Dream," George borderline whined.

"Show me how badly you want it, George." Dream whispered against his ear.

At first, he wasn't sure what else he needed to do or say to prove that every fibre in his body at that moment was craving for the feeling of Dream's hand to return until he involuntarily thrust into Dream's loosened grip. A small gasp escaped his lips when the heat of his secretion dripped down his cock. He thrust again, a silenced moan punched out through his lips.

"You're doing so good," Dream coaxed hoarsely and George hung his head, his forehead colliding with the mirror, "Keep going."

George continued through his thrusts, Dream ever so slightly wrapped his fingers around him again so the shorter would quicken the pace of his thrusts into his hand.

"Just like that, baby." Dream breathed out before he drawing circles onto George's tip with the pad of his thumb.

George could feel himself drawing to a close, a string of moans following small, barely audible cusses as his tied wrists continued to slide against the other in the restraint of the drawstrings.

"Cum for me, George." Dream nearly commanded, his voice strained as he gently tugged his cock, his thumb sliding off his tip as George came undone in the warmth of his briefs.

His head lolled into the crook of Dream's neck. He realized he could barely feel the support of his own legs. His eyes fluttered shut as his body jerked into the mirror, the cold glass pressed up against his skin; he was so positive he was seeing stars at this point, the static-like figures filling the darkness of his shut eyelids.

His face remained in the crook of Dream's neck as the taller turned him around, his arms loosely hung over Dream's shoulders as he nuzzled further into his temporary hold. He felt Dream gently lift his wrist above their heads and as the seconds passed, the tightness around his wrist disappeared. Though the drawstrings had been ditched on the ground beneath them, the feeling of the tight fabric had momentarily engraved itself onto George's skin.

Dream hoisted George up into his hold, George's legs indolently wrapped themselves around Dream's torso as he felt himself being walked to the bed. The taller gently disposed him onto the mattress before exiting the room; George was still recovering from his climax to even ask where he was going. A solid minute passed when Dream returned with a wet hand towel before taking a seat down next to George.

"Here you go," Dream handed him the cloth.

George broke into a lazy grin as he took the warm wet cloth from his hand, "Thank you."

Dream ran a hand through his hair, letting it rest on the back of his head before pulling him in to press a soft kiss onto his forehead, "You're welcome," He pulled away and brought the palm of his hand to place it atop the mattress, "I gotta go to the bathroom, I'll be right back."

George nodded and watched as Dream exited the room before he reluctantly got up from the bed to change out his briefs; he wiped the thick substance that coated his skin and blushed as the memories began to resurface in his mind. Dream returned after a minute or two had passed, the two of them caught each other's gaze as George tugged on his black joggers.

"So," Dream smirked as he leaned against the doorframe, arms crossed over his chest, "Should we talk about how you like being called baby?" George immediately froze in his spot, his cheeks sure to have been painted over with a pink tint, "Or the fact that you like being tied up?"

George shot him a playful glare before walking over to the bed and graciously flopping onto it, landing flat on his stomach. He crossed his arms and hid his face in the crook of his elbow. Dream pushed himself off the doorframe, laughing lightly at how flustered George had gotten as he took a seat at the edge of the bed.

"I don't want to talk about it." George clipped, the blush still apparent in his cheekbones, the red-lit screen of Dream's monitors not doing him any favours.

Before Dream could reply, a ring erupted from his phone. George's instinct told him that it was Sapnap calling, and the name that Dream's phone screen displayed when the taller briefly held up his phone to him, assured his assumption.

"Sapnap," Dream answered after swiping the pad of his thumb across his screen.

"Congrats on twenty mil, dude!" Sapnap cheered.

Dream laughed softly, "I got your text--I got your text, but yeah, thank you. I miss you."

"I miss you too, bud. Did you enjoy your surprise?"

Dream looked over his shoulder to glance at George who mouthed at him, 'Which one?' causing him to break out into a grin.

"Uh, yeah. Thanks for lending him the idea." Dream beamed.

George scoffed, "Does it matter whose idea it was?"

"Yes, it does!" Sapnap shouted, "Just accept the fact that I'm the better friend, George."

George faked a laugh, "Okay, but you're not."

They spoke with Sapnap for a few more minutes. Though he was miles away, it felt as if he was right there with them. They ended the call, Dream and Sapnap getting in their "I miss you"s and Sapnap assuring him that his surprise will be even better when he comes back home to make up for the lost time.

"I fucking love that idiot." Dream smiled adoringly as he opened up an app onto his phone.

"More than me?" George asked, his tone obviously playful but feigned enough to pass as serious.

Dream laughed, "I love you both equally."

George rolled his eyes before resting his head against his forearm, "Whatever." He fought back a

smile.

A silence passed them; George had retrieved his phone from the nightstand, joining Dream in scrolling through Twitter.

"The power I hold to just take a picture of you as you are right now and post it on Twitter." Dream said, breaking through the comfortable silence, "They would freak the fuck out."

"Not to sound cocky, but Twitter would quite literally break." George laughed quietly, placing his phone back onto the nightstand as he spread his arms out, the side of his face resting comfortably into the white sheets.

George could feel sleep overtake him, but he fought it back. Dream glanced up from his phone before smiling cheekily at him.

"What?" George asked, lips moving against the linen as he spoke.

Dream visibly switched applications before he held up his phone to George: the lenses of the camera stared back at George and he immediately shied away; shielding the lower half of his face by bringing up his shoulder to his mouth, looking at Dream's phone through his lashes. The shutter click of the camera was heard in the space between them when Dream took the photo, the corner of his smile apparent behind his rectangular device.

As Dream analyzed the photo, George took notice of the way he captured his lip between his teeth, a small smirk taking place on his face.

"You can keep that one," George arrogantly said, breaking through his thoughts, "If you want."

Dream's eyes continued to scan the picture, "I was right, you know?" He said before flickering his gaze onto George, "Red does look good on you."

Chapter End Notes

ok so i dont ever wanna lose motivation for this fanfic, and i'm not, do not get me wrong. i know how i wanna end it, and it's gonna be completed. however, i realized that deadlines is a massive bitch when it comes to writing. i think a lot of fanfic writers feel the same on that, it just takes away a loooottt of your motivation. and i love this fic ye know? i wanna write it the best i can and when i force myself, i feel like it doesn't come out right, so some updates will take a week, but NEVER more than a week. i promise.

that being said, i know you guys don't rush me for updates, so i massively appreciate all of you for that, you lovely, lovely bastards.

on another note, sorry for the angst lmaoooo. i really can't avoid her sometimes. entirely my fault, but it's all good! they made up. and they (; made up (; 12k words and 60% of that was dream and george not being able to keep their hands off of each other for more than two seconds.

ONE MORE THING. that picture dream took at the end was inspired by the cover i used for a spotify playlist that will play a part in the storyline.

I Love It When You're Looking Down at Me

Chapter Summary

Dream and George continue to live blissfully in their ignorance. Until the consequence following the avoidance of their confrontation finally rises.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title song: What You Need by The Weeknd

(10/08/21) i wanted to add a little note lol.

i haven't been in this fandom for as long as i wish i had been, so there are a lot of things i didn't see when coming in. aka, dream's twitlong regarding his ex. this fanfic is obviously ENTIRELY fiction (none of this is factual, ObVIOUSLY. im just making up storylines and back story on the characters) and there are things that are mentioned in here that are not at all close to being real to dream's actual past/present etc. BUT i do need to reiterate the fact that we do not send hate to the real people (the ones mentioned, the ones written about, how certain characters feel towards aforementioned characters, etc. because again, we do not AT ALL know how the irl people feel towards the other irl people lmao. i hope im making sense holy shit ahah).

hating the characters is welcomed, for sure though you know. sometimes writing character!george drives me insane, but i absolutely adore him still (irl and not). it's that pretty privilege /j
anyway yeah. pretty much, don't talk shit about irl Her in the comments. tyty x

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George wasn't sure when they'd fallen asleep that night; the last thing he remembered was Dream veering from his sat position to lay his head onto George's back. He fell asleep to the comfort that was placed onto his bare skin from Dream's silky hair. It was such a subtle sensation that became somewhat meaningful when he arose from his slumber to notice the absence of it.

The cold air that overtook the heat previously encircling this room should've been the first thing he noticed, but it was more so the nonattendance of a certain blonde boy. He propped himself up on his elbows and looked over his shoulder to the door left ajar; the light of the hallway peeked through its gap.

It was still nighttime; the room was no longer washed over in a red tone. Dream's monitors had gone on sleep mode. A small grunt escaped him as he climbed out of bed. A small shiver caused goosebumps along his forearms when his feet hit the cold ground. The palm of his hands flew to his biceps as he tried to create friction to warm himself. Instead of grabbing a shirt or sweater, he blanketed his naked upper half.

He walked over to the window to shut it but noticed the lights of the back porch were on. He poked his head through and spotted Dream; sat on the steps leading to the backyard. The blonde seemed

in deep thought, his head slightly hung as he stared blankly at the grass.

"Hey, loser," George called out.

Dream's head snapped up, eyes wide, "What the hell is wrong with you?"

George grinned, "What? Did I scare you?"

"No, I love being lousily interrupted mid-thought." Dream sarcastically responded.

Instead of replying, George retracted his head from the window frame and slid it shut. He passed by Patches who rested quietly on the couch before meeting Dream at the sliding door.

"It's freezing. Why are you just sitting out here?" George scoffed, the step issuing a small creak underneath him when he took a seat next to Dream.

"It's not that cold," Dream's eyes followed George's actions, "The AC started working again, by the way."

George smiled softly before rolling his eyes, "Of course it did."

Dream laughed, "I swear it smells fear. You know, how printers--"

George's eyes widened, "They're the fucking worst!"

"You, like, won't need it for *months*, and the one time you do, it just craps out on you." Dream continued as George nodded.

George couldn't help but smile endearingly at the reappearance of their linked minds. There'd be moments on stream where they would take notice of how many times one of them would barely get to finish their sentence before the other knew what they were talking about. It was a connection one could almost only attain if they were talking to that person for long periods of time; so much so their brains synced, wordlessly transferring information to the other.

"What *are* you doing out here, Dream?" George asked shortly after.

Dream interlocked his own fingers before stretching his arms out in front of him, "Just thinking about things."

George watched the way the blonde settled his hands back onto his lap, "Good things?"

"Good and bad," Dream nodded before glancing at George.

George wavered on his answer, "What are the bad thoughts?"

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, "Are you not supposed to be asleep?"

"You did not just answer my question with another question," George shot him a playful glare.

Dream's shoulders slouched in defeat as he broke eye contact with George, "I was *obviously* avoiding it."

"Yeah, *obviously*," George knocked his shoulder with Dream's, "Talk. It's *obvious* you want to."

They both chuckled at the overused word, but the delicate sound died down soon after.

Dream sighed, "It's just," He looked away and straightened his posture, "It's about my ex and...my dad."

George blinked away the reaction that begged to etch itself across his face. He learned to accustom himself to the fact that Dream's ex needed him for something Dream had previously gone through. The mention of his father, however, took George by surprise.

George had received a total of two calls from Dream. Both were in the middle of the night, for George, who answered with zealous fingers. He had Dream's calls go through "Do Not Disturb" for the precise reason of answering at any moment. Both calls concerned the matter of Dream's dad. Both calls withheld the heaviest of tones; Dream suffering through panic attacks that George witnessed through said calls more times than he'd like to admit.

Not because it felt like a burden, less so a task even, but because it was just as bad as the sight of him on the couch before the song release.

Bad was Dream's go-to, but never for his panic attacks. Dream once told George that Bad would be an excellent person to support him through his panic attacks. But he had also told him that at the moment where his heart was racing and his thoughts were deafeningly loud--he would only want to hear George's voice.

"Go on, then." George assuringly said.

Dream lowered his gaze on him, "George, I don't blame you if you don't wanna talk about my ex. Sapnap's the same with that. We can just skip to the part about my—"

"No," George shook his head, "Get it all out. If that's what you need to do."

Dream captured his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes carefully scanned George's, "Okay..." His chest rose slowly as he took in a deep breath, lips pressed into a thin line as he exhaled through his nose, "She hasn't stopped texting me. I...I haven't stopped replying, either," He trod carefully, each word measured, "Um, and," He cleared his throat, "I don't know. I guess...I'm asking myself *why*."

George raised an eyebrow at him, "Why." He repeated.

Dream nodded, eyes flickering down to his hands, "Why am I still helping her, you know?"

"You said she helped you when you were going through the same thing," George spoke lowly, not wanting to sound too encouraging of his statement to enforce Dream's need to cater to his ex.

"Yeah," The tip of his tongue pushed into his canine as he suppressed a scowl, "She's also going through some shit with her dad."

George took in a reserved, but biting breath. It was one thing for Dream to have to deal with his ex in general, but having to speak with her regarding the topic of "fathers" must be even more exhausting.

"Ironically enough, her dad cheated." Dream laughed bitterly, George looked at him puzzlingly, "It's fucked up, I know, but I was just tying those things together, you know? Like," He cleared his throat again as he mentally formulated his words, "Dads and cheaters," He forced another chuckle and George could not find it in himself to encourage his facade, "Why am I still helping someone that fucked me over? And...why can't I talk myself out of it? Why don't I want to?" He fixed his gaze onto George causing the brunet to blink back in surprise at the new impose glare behind his green eyes, "Why do I still love her enough to care?"

And George *chose* to ignore that word. He blocked it out the second it had escaped Dream's lips and lingered in the space between them. He shouldn't have felt affected, not after everything they had discussed in regards to jealousy. Maybe that was the exact reason he was so quick to dismiss it.

Before his mind could further sink him into a black hole, George spoke up, silencing his poisoned thoughts, "We already went over this, Dream," He forced a weak smile.

Dream's features remained prominent, attentive and fixed under the bit of light that emitted from the makeshift fort. George brought his hand up so he could brush his knuckles against the loose strand that rested against Dream's temple.

With his brown eyes following the action of his own hand, George continued, "You have a lot of love and care to give. Even to the ones who are the least deserving," He retreated his hand to where it clutched tightly onto the blanket around him.

Dream's shoulders relaxed, his features had softened the second he had felt George's touch against his skin, "Cause they need it the most?"

They both broke into a soft smile as George's words from earlier that day resurfaced in their minds.

George noticed the smile slowly fall from Dream's lips, "I know," He nodded, "It doesn't fix anything. I'm sorry."

Dream simpered, "That's okay," He momentarily laid his head onto the shorter's shoulder before bumping him as George had done, "Thank you."

A silence passed them, Dream having gone back into deep thought as he looked ahead, George tugging tightly on the blanket around him.

"He texted me a couple of hours ago." Dream broke the silence, his voice quiet and wavy, "When you were asleep."

Neither of them had to assure the other that the "he" mentioned was Dream's father.

George looked up at him, "What did he say?"

Dream fished his phone from his pocket to retrieve the text, "Ready?" He asked, eyes fixated on the illuminated screen.

George was hesitant as his eyes took notice of the sour smile on Dream's lips, "Yeah."

"*Congrats on the song. Sounds great.*" Dream forcefully said.

George looked at the ground as Dream pocketed his phone; he hadn't even met Dream's dad, nor did he need to, to know that it was the most half-ass text he could have sent about a song that clearly meant so much to Dream.

"In any other instance, I would've looked at that text and moved on," Dream swallowed as he interlocked his fingers onto his lap, "Maybe even send him a quick *thank you*," The pad of his thumb brushed against his index as he fidgeted, "But the second verse was literally about him. If he actually listened to it, he would have had a lot more to say."

George's mind fell back to the lyrics he had already familiarized himself with since having heard it while it was still in the works. His heart ached when realization settled in. *Sounds great*, George mentally repeated as he slowly blinked back an eye roll.

"I shouldn't expect anything less," Dream shook his head with a small sigh, "We tied loose ends, but...it's obvious he—he's only doing it for his own peace of mind."

George winced as the words left Dream's mouth.

"He's another least deserving person," Dream whispered and George broke his gaze from the grass to place it onto Dream, "I thought...I thought when he said he wanted to fix our relationship that..." He paused, "That he meant it. That's on me, I guess."

With Dream's eyes fixated on his lap, George would see the accentuation in the blonde's jaw as he seemingly held back his emotions. It could still be heard in the pauses he took, the strangled words, and the paling of his knuckles as he pressed his interlocked hands together.

Not entirely sure how to proceed, George tightened his grip around the left-fisted blanket before extending his arm behind Dream, wrapping the cotton fabric securely around the taller. He gently pulled him into his side, Dream naturally falling into it as George brought the other end of the blanket to cover Dream's interlocked hands. George laid his temple against Dream's clothed shoulder, Dream laid his head atop George's.

The now spread blanket allowed the cold air to seep through; George felt a slight discomfort as the warmth that had previously pitched itself around him filed out, but he felt the way Dream relaxed into his touch, so he dismissed his malaise. The warmth of their marginally pressed bodies would eventually make up for it.

"I should've known, you know? The man packed his bags and just left. Left a woman who he once loved. Loved enough for him to have *several* children with. That's life commitment shit, dude." Dream spoke through gritted teeth, "You must have no fucking heart to do that. I don't even know why I expected him to change."

George placed his hand over Dream's interlocked one, his brown eyes catching the way his knuckles had paled from how hard he'd been squeezing.

Dream took in a shaky breath, "Sometimes I wonder if...if he didn't want a son," He breathed out, "Or if he did and I wasn't what he expected. Like, I was some sort of faulty prodigy. And he couldn't bear to look at his failed project, so he just left," He shook his head, "My mom literally had to deal with my shit for so long, all on her own. But she never grew tired of it," He smiled weakly, "She texted me every day leading up to the song release. She checked in. She made sure I was okay. Not just a half-ass text—she'd call. She was there and he never was," He paused, his eyes darting to the grass as he momentarily recollected himself.

George brushed the pad of his thumb over Dream's knuckles that were slowly beginning to regain their colour shortly after they'd relaxed under George's touch.

"I don't know why I gave him a second chance," Dream's tongue smacked against his roof as his expression grew sour, "I didn't get one."

George lifted his head slightly to catch a glimpse of his face and immediately regretted it; tears welled up in Dream's eyes, the green shielded by a pool of shimmer, lips quivering.

"He never gave me a chance, George." His eyes flickered down to catch George's gaze, "Was I just not enough?"

George's voice susurrated, "Dream—"

"Was I not lovable enough for him to stick around?" Dream whispered; a single blink from him

releasing the tears that begged to escape from the start.

George wasted no time in pulling Dream further into his hold; the blonde hid his face into the crook of George's neck as the shorter slipped his hand into his hair before resting his chin atop Dream's shoulder. Dream's upper body gradually slipped into George's lap, his tears filling the crevice of George's elbow where he buried his face. George rested his cheek against the back of the hand that gently rested at the back of Dream's head, fingers running soothing strokes through the strands. George's opposite arm tightly squeezed Dream's torso when he would feel Dream lightly shake in his hold, the rivulet of tears forming in the crook of his elbow.

George knew Dream had a lot of repressed anger towards his father, but all of it coming out now was not at all what he had expected.

It was moments like these that made George realized how much more open Dream was. George wasn't sure if that was something he was jealous or scared of. Jealous, because he wished he could be as open as he. Scared, because—and the sheer consideration of the possibility shocked him—but hypothetically, if they were in a relationship, he'd have to face this sort of thing constantly.

Again, he didn't view it as a burden, but rather the intensity of Dream's emotions being mirrored onto him if they'd ever had to face a situation where the issue rested between the two of them. Not Dream and his dad, not Dream and his ex, but he and Dream.

That's what scared him. Being responsible for the intensity of Dream's emotions.

It only reinforced the reason behind not wanting to turn what they had into more than a friendship. He could handle this, as a friend. As a friend, he wouldn't have this sort of impact on him. But as the seconds continuously elapsed around them, with every growing touch, every explored skin on each other's body, George began to grow worried that not confronting each other about the grounds they were standing on was going to result in George being the catalyst of Dream's current state.

Dream's muffled voice sounded in the crook of George's elbow, ripping the brunet from his thoughts as his fingers slowed its rhythm in Dream's hair. The blonde slowly lifted himself from George's lap, hand clasped over his eyes as he swiped his palm down his face, drying his tears. George released his grip around him, the blanket having returned to him and him only as Dream returned to the position he was previously sat in before he broke down.

Dream kept his eyes fixated on his lap, suddenly shying out for having been too emotionally raw.

This time, George was the first to break the silence, "It's his lost, you know?" He tilted his head as he mentally asked Dream to look at him, but to no avail, "I'd feel so fucking shitty knowing I let such an impressive person slip through my hands," He continued after sensing the small shift in Dream's posture, "Knowing that I did nothing to contribute to that kind of success."

Dream lifted his head slowly before looking at George, eyes eddying through the brunet's countenance.

"Knowing that no matter how hard I try, I can never compete with the love he receives from everyone else that *has* been there for him," George offered a broad smile as he watched Dream's chest slowly fall, his lips parting slightly, "Because you *are* lovable, Dream. You are loved by so many," He continued, bringing a comforting hand to the taller's bicep as his dainty fingers wrapped themselves around the exposed skin, "Your mother loves you, so do your siblings," His eyes followed the motion of his thumb as it caressed Dream's warm complexion, "... and Sapnap," He added with a quiet laugh, earning one from Dream in return, so he continued by half-jokingly adding, "And twenty-million subscribers--"

Dream scoffed a subdued laugh, "You're an idiot."

They took a pause, Dream's irides finding a comforting fixation on George's lips.

"And me," George looked up into his red-rimmed green eyes.

I love you. He wanted to add. But he knew he didn't have to say it when Dream took in a hushed, curt breath.

"How does one live without you, anyway?" George's mind was on auto-pilot as the words slid off his tongue, "I almost feel bad for him. He doesn't get to really witness how remarkable you are," He paused for a moment and lifted his hand from Dream's bicep to cradle the side of his face, "And maybe I'm just being biased, but that's my honest opinion. For what it's worth."

George took notice of the deep breath that escaped both of their lips. He felt content, knowing that Dream found comfort and relief in his words, but he was also taken aback by the realization that settled shortly after that one. He thought back to the nightmare he had where he had lost Dream in the dark; how he'd formulated a made-up story so he didn't have to tell Dream the truth. A story that shielded him from having to admit that losing Dream was classified as one of his biggest fears.

And as he sat there, telling him how *fucking unlucky* Dream's dad was to have let such an important person slip through his fingers, George realized a bit of his own truth found its way in his words.

"It's worth a lot. A lot more than you know." He nuzzled his face into George's palm, visibly appreciative of the comfort the warmth of his hand emitted.

George gently pulled his hand away, graciously running it through Dream's hair before returning it to fist the blanket around him, "And...the good thoughts?"

Dream cocked an eyebrow, "What do you mean?"

"Well, now that we got rid of the bad thoughts, what are the good ones?" George looked at him expectantly.

"The outcome of the song," Dream beamed enough to wash over the sadness that had pitched itself in his eyes, "The viewers loved it. They're saying how it helped them and whatever. It's just...it's nice hearing that, you know? That my song can give them a temporary escape from day-to-day reality. And everyone from the SMP? Congratulating me and checking in. Like, *I* brought these people together. And they're always so grateful," He shrugged, "We're just so used to a fast-past routine. We don't ever really take the time to sit back and appreciate how surreal all of it is."

And George was happy with how the conversation had merged into a much lighter direction. They continued to talk about the SMP, reminiscing on the early days when they were picking people out to build their community.

George let out a yawn in the midst of his sentence causing Dream to sit up in his seat, "You must be exhausted, dude."

He could have pretended to fight it for a little longer, but he could also feel the burn in his eyes begging for sleep, "A bit."

"Why didn't you just go back to sleep?" Dream got up from the step, George mirrored his actions.

George shrugged as he trudged inside, Dream following closely behind, "Just couldn't fall back

asleep, I guess."

The sound of the sliding door shutting behind Dream arose Patches from her slumber. She hopped off the couch and walked over to the taller who wasted no time in swooping her up from the ground.

Dream cuddled her to his chest, resting his cheek atop her head as he glanced over at George, "You know," He smirked, "You can just say you don't like sleeping without me. It's fine."

George feigned a laugh, "You're actually so dumb if you think that."

"Oh, am I?" Dream mindlessly said as he adoringly looked down at Patches, "You're so cute, you know that?" He asked through his baby voice, his fingertips tickling at her stomach.

Another yawn escaped George, "Sapnap's coming back tomorrow, right?"

Dream nodded, "I haven't heard anything from him yet, but that's what he said before he left, yeah."

"Nice," George quietly said to himself.

There was a brief silence that passed them as George threw himself on the couch, Dream standing still where he had been while he continued to bathe Patches with his love.

George laid his head onto the cushion resting against the armrest, unknowingly adding, "I miss him."

"You *what* him?" Dream asked through a laugh, "Are you *okay*?"

The sleep weighed down on George's eyelids as he hugged one of the cushions to his chest, "What?" He mumbled.

Before he was engulfed into a deep state of sleep, George heard Dream say, "You become a whole new person when you're sleep-deprived, George."

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"...he won't mind, yeah," A familiar laugh sounded from afar, "...eight AM..."

George's brows knitted as he adjusted his eyes to the sunlight that peeked through the tall windows. When he moved to sit up, he took notice of Patches who had curled herself up against his chest. His hand gravitated towards her head, the pad of his thumb caressing her fur as he blinked the sleep out of his eye. Familiar footsteps approached him and in a few seconds, Dream was by his side.

Some blonde strands stuck to the nape of his neck, the rest seemed to have already air-dried. Dream was also sporting a whole new different outfit; seeming like he was ready to go somewhere.

"You're awake," He stated, a bright smile plastered on his face as he sat on the coffee table vis-a-vis the couch George was laying on.

George rubbed his eye with his free hand, the other still affectionately caressing Patches' head, "Why are you up already? What time is it?"

"One-thirty," Dream tilted his head to briefly 'smize' at Patches, "I can't decide if I'd rather be you or Patches, right now." He laughed when he caught George's grimace.

"Where were you headed?"

Dream pocketed his phone, "I *was* gonna pick Sapnap up, but then he called. His flight got pushed back."

George sat up with great effort, his hand moving from Patches' head to rest atop her back, "You were just gonna *leave* me here?"

"You were dead asleep. And you went to bed pretty late last night, so I figured I'd let you sleep in." Dream shrugged.

George relaxed in his seat, his lower back pressing into the cushion where his head previously laid, "So when's he coming back then?"

"Tomorrow, around 8 in the morning." Dream smiled as he took in the alarming corroding George's face, "Don't worry. He's taking a cab."

George yawned, stretching out his limbs and wincing a tad bit when he felt a small pain course through his neck.

Dream scrunched his nose, "Yeah, the couch isn't the comfiest thing to sleep on."

"Did you not sleep?" George asked as he began to realize that he would've woken up at some point during his sleep if he felt that Dream had joined him, but there was no memory of such resurfacing his mind.

"I did,"

"Not..." George motioned to the space he occupied with his index finger, "Not here?"

"I slept in my bed, George." Dream laughed lightly, "I was gonna move you, but again, you were asleep. You seemed just fine here."

"Oh," George broke eye contact as he glanced down at Patches.

"You don't need me to sleep with you, anyway, right?" Dream said, an amused smile dancing on his lips.

"Yeah," George nonchalantly replied, "I don't."

Dream suppressed a knowing smile, "So, we're both up. Got most of the afternoon left. What do you wanna do?"

"Um," George yawned again as he ran a hand through his hair, "You wanna do that stream we were talking about?"

"I don't feel like streaming today, to be honest," Dream sighed exasperatedly, "And we've given them a fair amount of content recently."

"That's true," George slackly crossed his arms over his chest.

"It's nice out," Dream glanced over at the window, the bright sunlight justifying his statement, "Do you wanna go to the park or something?"

George chuckled, "And do what?"

Dream rolled his eyes, "You expect me to come up with every idea?"

George continued into a laugh, "Well, you suggested it. What are we meant to do at a park?"

"Lay on the grass, absorb the sun?" Dream suggested, "That way we won't feel guilty about staying cooped up in here."

"I feel no guilt," George ran a careful hand down Patches' fur, "But yeah, sounds good."

Before they set off to the park, George showered and threw on some clothes. He didn't necessarily want to wear jeans, so he settled for the same track pants he wore the night prior. He tugged on the drawstrings of his red hoodie, giggling to himself when his mind travelled back to last night; the crude image of his wrists secured by the drawstrings.

They got to the park around quarter to three in the afternoon. They pitched themselves a spot where a massive palm tree stood. George took the liberty of hiding away in the shade, his back pressed against the trunk while Dream laid on the grass, everything below his neck shaded by the palm tree leaves as the sun basked his face.

The two of them were at the park, under that tree, for longer than George had expected them to. Somehow, they found something to talk about. And if not, they were sat in comfortable silence. George laid on his stomach, propped up by his elbows, settling down next to Dream who remained on his back. The taller had his arm resting above his head, the other draped over his stomach. George would pick at the grass as they continued to talk about the most random things.

"What?" Dream asked after a short silence settled between them.

Dream had his eyes closed, the blonde in his lashes faded under the sunlight, his freckles more apparent. George couldn't help but stare.

"What do you mean?" George hadn't heard himself respond, his eyes still scrutinizing the taller's sunlit features.

A smug smile grew on Dream's lips, "You're staring."

George blinked, almost as if he had snapped out of his trance, "What?"

Dream chuckled to himself, eyes still closed as he shifted against the grass, "Take a picture."

"Nice. Classic year three comeback." George jeered.

Dream stifled a laugh, "*Year three*," He mocked causing George to nudge him with his elbow, "I was being serious, by the way."

George furrowed his eyebrows, "Why?"

Dream slicked his lips and squinted his eyes at George, the sun blaring down into his vision, "Not many people have a picture of me, George. This is an opportunity."

"Okay, Dream." George rolled his eyes at the cockiness that he exuded.

Dream shut his eyes, "Just letting you know you can if you want to, though."

George wavered on the suggestion. Pursing his lips, he glanced down at the grass and noticed how he'd been avoiding picking at the flowers. He smiled to himself as he scanned the petals of the wildflowers; from what he could make of it, some of them were white and some were purple. He

began picking some out, gathering a fair amount before he sorted through them as they laid in his palm.

No words were exchanged between the two of them as George placed a single flower in the nest of Dream's hair. Dream's eyes flew open to catch George withdrawing his hand from his hair.

"It's gonna look nice in the photo," George hid his smile as he hung his head, eyes focused on the gathered flowers.

"Mhm." Dream inwardly chuckled before shutting his eyes again.

George continued to file the flowers into the blonde's locks, a fond grin growing onto his lips at how well they complemented his hair under the sun.

After gently puncturing in the last flower, George fished his phone out of his pocket and swiped up to utilize the camera, "Don't open your eyes."

"Wasn't going to." Dream smirked.

It was a saying; how pictures wouldn't do justice to the real thing. *But Dream looked absolutely fucking beautiful basking in the sun with flowers in his hair.*

The silence that followed the shutter-click of the camera had caused Dream to open his eyes to look at George, whose beady brown eyes were scrutinizing the photo with the biggest smile on his face.

"Does it look good?" Dream asked, almost as if he already knew the answer, "Would it break Twitter?" George bit back a laugh at the question.

"The internet, Dream," He offered a tender smile as he looked at Dream and admittedly said, "It'd break the internet."

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They returned home around half-past four. They stopped at a Drive-Thru for a quick meal, neither of them wanting to spend time cooking.

For once, in a long while, Dream and George were at their own tasks, while under the same roof. After George rid Dream of his roadblock with the code, he was in his room working away on finalizing the mod while George decided to play Sapnap's PS5. Much to his dismay, he was left with Rainbow Six Siege, which didn't take him too long to adjust to, but he had wished it was another game.

However, at this rate, George was ready to play just about anything as long as he wasn't left alone with his thoughts regarding Dream's breakdown from last night. There was such an obvious shift in the way they were with each other lately. It had surpassed from executing sexual tension to acting...domestic, almost.

George was scared shitless. His thumb fervently tapped the 'X' on the controller as his eyes fluttered at the screen ahead. He was sat on the ground, back pressed against the bottom of the couch with his legs propped up, knees apart.

"George?" Dream's voice sounded from the hallway as his footsteps neared George, "What are you doing?" He let out a small laugh, probably after having noticed his entranced state.

"Playing Sapnap's dumb game," George mumbled, his mind heavily occupied with the game.

Dream sighed, "I finished the code."

"Cool. Didn't ask." George insensibly, but jokingly replied.

Dream let out a small chuckle before joining George on the ground just as the brunet let out a frustrated groan when the screen displayed '*LilyX KILLED YOU*'.

Dream pointed his finger to the screen, "Lily just owned you, by the way."

"Thank you, Dream. I wasn't sure." George huffed.

George was thrown back into the game shortly after a few seconds had passed and he felt Dream place his head onto his shoulder.

"Let's watch a movie." He whispered, bringing his lips to the shorter's neck.

George craned his neck slightly, eyes still fixated on the screen as he gripped the controller, "After this game."

Dream hummed in disagreement, "Just end the round."

"Why are you in your clingy arc right now?" George smirked.

"I missed you," He draped an arm over George's stomach, the brunet lifting his arms as he did so, his attention solidified on the game.

"We just spend two hours in a park together." George reasoned as he went back to fervently tapping the buttons of the controller.

Dream repositioned himself, despite George's brief complaints when his gameplay was being interrupted by the taller's movements against him. Dream had finally settled himself between George's spread legs, his long arms wrapped around George's shoulders so the brunet could hook his arms under the blonde's to freely use the controller that he rested against Dream's back. Chest to chest, George rested his chin on Dream's shoulder, blowing on the blonde strands that obstructed his vision before he reattached his eyes to the screen.

Dream rested his head against his own bicep, his cheek lying against George's shoulder, "How much longer?" He drawled out, purposely whining.

"Oh my god," George laughed lightly, "You're so annoying."

One round turned into two, which then turned into three, and George had eventually lost count, but it didn't matter to either of them. George was able to play with Dream pretty much lying on top of him, so they allowed more time to pass by them. George was positive that Dream would fall in and out of slumber in the duration of his game; the steady rhythm of his breathing hitting against his neck.

After a solid fifteen minutes had passed, George disposed of the controller onto the ground next to them before bringing his hand to the back of Dream's head. He laced his fingers through his hair, pressing his cheek against Dream's own. He brought his free hand to Dream's clothed back, soothingly drawing circles onto the fabric of his shirt.

"Mm," Dream mumbled as he arose from his fleeting slumber, "Hi."

"Hey," George turned his head at the same time that Dream lifted his own off of his shoulder,

"You tired?"

Their lips brushed when their faces met, the centimetres of space between them filled with their hot breaths. Their eyes blinked down to the other's lips before they enclosed the space between them. Their lips interlocking in a lazy, but passionate kiss.

They didn't do this often, but one might argue that given the state of their non-established relationship, they did it too much.

George expanded Dream's lips with his, his tongue creeping in to chase Dream's own. They slowly overlapped the other, a small exhale through their nose was heard as they interlocked their lips again; their tongues in desperate need for the familiar taste to return. They fell in a lethargic, yet greedy rhythm, tongue and lips intertwined with ardour coursing through their motions.

Their lips continued in their carnal engagement as Dream moved them to the couch; he turned them around as he fell back onto the furniture, pulling George onto his lap, the shorter wrapping his arms around him while Dream allowed his own to hang loosely around George's waist.

Their hips fell into swift grinding motions, cut-off moans escaping the mild space caused by their lips moving fluidly against the other as they fed into their appetite.

Their fingers tangled themselves in each other's hair, their free hands used to attain a grip on the other; Dream's digging into George's hip, George's grasping onto the back of Dream's neck.

George brought the hand grasping the taller's shoulder to the hem of his shirt, quickly lifting it. Dream happily surrendered to the action, raising his arms as George pulled the fabric over his head before disposing of it on the ground.

With his hair tousled, loose strands sticking out in odd places, Dream tilted his head back to look up into George's eyes. George's own darted across his face before he attached his plumped lips to the taller's neck, sucking the skin between his teeth before releasing it. He peppered soft kisses from his neck down to his sternum, slowly sliding off of Dream's lap as he did so.

Dream's hand flew to the back of George's head, the other limp on the cushion next to him as he looked down at George. The brunet dug his palms into the couch as he moved to the ground, his knees pressed into the carpet before placing both his hands on Dream's thighs.

"George," Dream spoke through a quiet whisper.

George began dragging his flattened tongue from the bottom of Dream's sternum to his stomach, pressing a soft kiss to his lower abdomen. Dream took notice of the way George was inching closer to the waistband of his jeans which immediately snapped him out of his stupor.

"Hey, hey," Dream said causing a halt in George's movements as the brunet looked up at him, "What are you...what are you doing?"

"What does it look like, Dream?" George asked lowly.

Dream searched his face for any sign of hesitation but to no avail, "...Are you sure?"

A few days ago, if someone were to ask George if he saw himself going down on a man, he would have laughed. But as he knelt down in front of Dream, who looked inexplicably attractive with his hair ruffled and his cheeks flushed, the idea of making him fully weak under the warmth of his mouth seemed too possible to pass up.

"I've never done this before but," George bit his lip before nodding, "I want to. If that's okay with you."

It was so bizarre, yet unstoppably tempting. Not once, in their years of friendship--jokingly or somewhat seriously flirting--had George ever imagined himself going down on his best friend, but he desperately wanted to, no matter how stubborn his brain was in holding him back.

Dream let out a flustered chuckle, "It's *more* than okay with me, George."

Dream's fingers laced themselves through the brunet's hair when George falteringly dipped his head down again, pressing a kiss to the waistband of Dream's briefs that peaked above the fabric of the jeans. George lifted a hand from Dream's clothed thigh to unzip the taller's jeans, lips still attached to the bare skin as the zipper came undone.

He felt Dream tense underneath him; his bulge brushing against George's chin causing him to break his lips away from the taller's happy trail. Dream lifted himself up from the couch and George wasted no time in pulling his jeans off; everything was being done so delicately with a bit of vehemence.

The jeans were ditched onto the carpet alongside Dream's shirt. George was now met with the apparent growth in Dream's briefs; he was momentarily taken aback, the outline issuing an imaginable size that George hadn't expected.

The blonde ran his fingers through George's hair, in hopes to get him to look up, but George proceeded to bring his lips down to the restricted figure. He pressed his lips against Dream's clothed tip, a soft sigh emanating from Dream when the sensation had transpired across. George's eyes flickered up to catch a glimpse of the blonde; his head was tilted to the side, his free hand lightly tugging at his own hair.

George speckled kisses across Dream's clothed cock; pleased syllables escaping Dream's lips as he did so. The brunet hooked his fingers to the waistband of the boxers, tugging onto the elasticized material as he looked up at Dream through lidded eyes. Dream lifted himself off the couch again, George rid him of his briefs, the piece of clothing slowly dragging itself down Dream's bare thighs before they were thrown with the rest of his clothes.

And holy fuck, George's breath was caught when his eyes fell back to the sight in front of him, *Dream was fairly big*. It's not like George would have necessarily cared was Dream smaller than average, but having no expectations prompted his surprise.

George brought his fingers to wrap them around Dream's pulsating skin; his hand entering the gentle and steady rhythm of his strokes around Dream.

Dream's breathing had lost its regular tempo; the muscle in his bicep shifting as the clutch in his own hand tightened. George dipped his head down once more, his free hand positioned around Dream's bare thigh as he spread the taller's leg to ghost his lips over his inner thigh. He dragged wet, feather-light kisses across the fawn complexion.

George momentarily separated his lips from Dream's bare skin to look up at him, revelling in the way Dream was looking down at him through heavy-lidded eyes. It pushed him to bring his lips to the base of Dream's cock, a salacious lick following the kiss he planted.

Dream jerked lightly, sucking in a sharp breath as he momentarily tugged on George's hair. George lifted his eyes to look up into Dream's; the green in his iris peeking through the slit of his eyelids.

His brown eyes washed over in desire as he fixed them on Dream's tip, dragging the base of his tongue up Dream's rigidity: his precum already visible in a small thick streak gliding down the head. George's eyes fluttered up to Dream's own when the swirl of his tongue collected his precum before he closed his lips around Dream's tip.

The back of Dream's head hit the headrest of the couch, his coveted gaze falling back on George's face as his lips parted; a suppressed lustful noise resting in the chambers of his throat. The grip Dream had in his own hair had loosened as he brought it to grip the back of the couch. He slid down in his seat slowly, feeding the desire he had for the warmth that George's mouth offered around him.

George had so many calculated thoughts running through his mind as to how to proceed; having never done this, yet wanting to give Dream the best experience he'd ever had. He thought back to the times his exes went down on him and reapplied those techniques, while also doing to Dream what he would want to be done to him.

George's eyes flapped shut and he slid his hand down further, his last two digits resting atop Dream's bare skin while the others lightly gripped the base of his dick. George swirled his tongue, spreading the sour taste around the thrumming skin. He inched more of Dream past his lips, fighting back the smirk that begged to show itself on his face as Dream tugged onto his hair again.

"Oh my fucking god," The dehydration clear in the whimper that emitted Dream.

George continued to lower his mouth down Dream's cock, each digit joining the ones that were no longer gripping Dream until his hand was flat against the blonde's lower abdomen. Dream's contrived breathing sounded from above George when the brunet had taken most of him into his mouth, leaving only but an inch at a loss for warmth.

Upon feeling a small contraction in his lungs, George's lips slid up Dream's dick, his tongue dragging the precum to his tip as his lips came off it with a 'pop'. He brazenly gasped before swiping his tongue across his bottom lip, looking up at Dream who lolled his head to the side; he looked at the brunet, dazed and stunned.

"You don't have a gag reflex?" Dream managed to utter out, his hand relaxing in the shorter's hair.

George shook his head slowly before a complacent smile grew on his face. A likewise smile etched itself across Dream's lips when the blonde rolled his head back, letting out a light, breathy chuckle.

"Fuck," Dream said under his breath.

George took his eyes off him before wrapping his fingers around the erected and spit-licked skin. His lips engaged in a synced motion with his hand; both moving fluidly up and down his cock. A small creak was heard from the backboard of the couch as George imagined the blonde gripping onto it for the most support; Dream's thighs writhed around him, his untouched thigh pressing into George's side as lewd moans coursed through his mouth.

George continued to bob his head, his eyes squeezing shut every time he instinctively swallowed the warmth of Dream's secretion that slipped down his throat; some of it dripped past his lips, coating past his fingers that slowly came off Dream's dick. The fluidity granted by the discharge from his tip making it easier for the brunet's plumped lips to fall into a quick and fast-paced rhythm.

"G-George, I'm close," Dream moaned, his hand falling from where it clutched onto George's hair.

George's lips slid up Dream's cock, the saliva swirled with the precum stringing from George's bottom lip to Dream's tip when he came off it. George panted, head tilted back with his lips ajar as he looked up at Dream through drooped eyes.

George licked the corner of his lip, sizing Dream's features as he said, "I want you to fuck my mouth, Dream."

A punched-out breath escaped Dream's lips as he blinked down at him, "Are you sure--"

"I'm not asking twice." George rasped.

Dream's hand found its way back to George's hair, this time he gripped onto it harshly, earning a small hiss from George, followed by a coy look.

"Tap my thigh," Dream sat up slightly, "If I get rough."

George's smirk widened, "No." He deadpanned.

"George--"

"I want you to be rough." George renounced.

George watched as Dream took a pause, lingering in his demand before a clear shift in his eyes flickered through. It had taken George by surprise, the look in his eyes had gone from desperate and docile to a tantalizing, lust-ridden glare.

Dream nudged George's head forward earning a low chuckle from George before the brunet reattached his lips around him. Dream gently pushed George's head down further, readjusting himself in his seat, pushing more of himself into George's mouth. And George only widened his lips, happily intaking his pulsating cock.

George's grip remained on Dream's thighs, most of the effort in his bobs powered by Dream's hand. His eyes fluttered shut, a strangled moan resting in the walls of his throat when Dream began quickening the pace of his motions; George's mind went idle as his lips fluctuated through Dream's rough assistance.

George knew Dream was close when the accumulation of his hot warmth began pooling in the enclosed space of his mouth; some of his secretion spitting onto Dream's stomach with every rough thrust.

Each thrust was followed by a stream of walloped low moans and groans, George's own pleased noises resonating through his mouth, the vibration of his muffled vowels coursing down Dream's cock in the most satisfying responses.

George's lips loosened around Dream when the taller slid out of his mouth and George instinctively swallowed the familiar acrid spews as he had before. Dream tilted George's head back as he used his free hand to wrap his finger around the base of his cock.

George stuck his tongue out, his lust-filled eyes landing on Dream's own as the taller tapped his tip on George's flattened tongue to release the remainder of his spitting cum. George retracted his tongue, the bob of his adam's apple signifying to Dream that he swallowed.

The only thing heard between them was their panting. George had entirely ignored the prickling feeling in the corner of his eyes but was made aware of it when Dream's hand left his hair to cradle his cheek, the pad of his thumb wiping down the singular tear that rolled down his flushed skin.

There was a small bit of worry in Dream's stare as he scrutinized George's features.

"I'm fine, Dream." George chuckled.

Dream's expressions danced between his high and disbelief as he uttered out, "Holy fuck."

A flustered giggle left George's lips as they both momentarily averted their eyes from the other. George took this time to fetch Dream's briefs, gently tossing the fabric over to him. Dream quickly slipped it on, a slap emitting from the contact his waistband made against his bare skin. Dream wrapped his fingers around George's wrist, pulling him onto his lap.

Dream sheathed his arms around George's torso and George slung his around Dream's shoulders; a shy laugh emerged from the both of them as Dream hid his flushed face in George's clothed chest.

George interlocked his fingers in Dream's blonde locks and gingerly kissed the top of his head, "Was that okay?" He spoke into his hair, receiving a whiff of the citrus-scented shampoo Dream must've used when he had showered that morning.

Dream nodded, his fringe brushing against the fabric of George's hoodie. George beamed as he hid his nose in the nest of Dream's hair.

"That was the best head I've ever received," Dream's voice was muffled until he pulled his head away from George's chest, tilting his chin up to look at him.

George broke into a grin, "Yeah?" His eyes fell down to his lips before pressing a gentle kiss onto them, "I'm glad." He kissed him again, this time allowing their lips to linger in their comfort before slowly breaking away so he could cradle Dream's face in his hands.

Dream had gone into a small pensive state as his brows knitted though still sporting a small smile.

"What?" George inaudibly asked.

"I don't know," Dream hummed, "Something's changed in you."

George's faded smile rejoiced when a thought resurfaced his mind, "Is this your post-nut clarity talking?"

Dream scoffed out a laugh, "That's exactly it, yeah," He sarcastically said before tapping George's clothed thigh, "I gotta clean up the mess you made, so if you don't mind."

"Technically," George began as he lifted himself off Dream's lap, "It was *your* mess."

Dream blushed, averting his gaze from George as he collected his clothes from the rug, "I'll be right back."

When Dream disappeared down the hallway, George was left to his thoughts. He released a deep breath, one he had been suppressing for a moment since Dream had made a comment about a change in him.

What the fuck did that even mean?

Dream was already giving him something else to think about—as if he wasn't still recovering from the fact that he had gone down on him minutes prior.

Maybe that's what he meant; that he'd never expected George to quite literally get down on his knees for him. But Dream had done him multiple favours in the past, why wouldn't he be just as

giving? Or was it because they had entered a new territory? With the contract gone, it was hard to tell.

Friends with benefits went as far as having sex with said friend, so this shit was bound to happen, George thought. Had it meant something else to Dream, though? Something that George was being blind to?

A buzz sounded from his pocket, pulling him from his thoughts. He reached for it, flipping it right side up to wake the screen that displayed a text.

Sapnap

Sorry I can't make it back tonight. Heard from Dream that you miss me. I miss you too, I'll hurry back 😊

George snorted as his eyes flew over the text, a lazy amused smile was etched across his face as he typed back a response: *i don't recall saying that. and take all the time you need. seriously.*

Shortly after Dream returned, George dismissed himself to the bathroom. He couldn't help the dumb smile that danced on his lips as he squirted the toothpaste onto the bristles of his toothbrush. *Getting rid of Dream's taste*, he bit back a laugh, avoiding his reflection in the mirror as he brushed his teeth. To say he was embarrassed would be an understatement, but he'd think back to the look on Dream's face whenever George's mouth would take him by surprise. George slowly bit down on the neck of his toothbrush as the mental images arose, *fucking hell did Dream look damn good writhing under him.*

They spent the rest of the evening laying on the couch, this time side by side on the elongated portion. Dream's arms indolently hooked around George's waist, the brunet's back pressed to his chest as they watched the series displayed on the screen.

"George?" Dream's voice was quiet, but George had heard it resonate in the back of his head.

"Hm?"

"Are you sure you've never gone down on a guy before?" Dream's question had George turning in his hold so they were facing each other.

Offence was clear in his facial expression as well as his tone as George replied, "Why would you think that? Of course not."

Dream was the slightest bit alarm when the delivery of his question tainted him, "It's just that...it came so naturally to you."

George's features relaxed as his gaze fell to the space between them, "Oh."

Dream ran a careful hand down his clothed back, "I didn't mean it like—"

"No, I get it," George looked back up, offering a weak smile, "I guess I'm sort of glad that it came off naturally but I was scared shitless if I'm honest."

Dream momentarily shut his eyes, shaking his head lightly, "Then why did you keep going?"

"I wanted to," George said assuringly, "I was scared, *at first*," He rephrased and watched as his words soothed the worry from Dream's face, "Then I saw the way you looked at me. Remembered who I was doing it for and why I was doing it. And it just got easier after that."

Dream smiled coyly, "Why *were* you doing it?"

"I don't know," George chuckled at his classical prying behaviour, "I guess..." He trailed off, enjoying the way he could feel Dream's patience wearing thin, "I wanted to make you feel as good as you make me feel."

Dream sighed quietly as he gently cupped George's jaw, "If only you knew how good it felt watching you take me into that pretty mouth of yours," He flicked the brunet's bottom lip with the pad of his thumb, smirking when George faltered under his touch.

A small weight hopped in the space between them, breaking them from their trance. Their eyes met Patches as she pranced in the warmth their bodies created.

"Hello," George cooed as he caressed her lovingly.

"She's probably hungry," Dream smiled fondly as he dipped his head down, "Of course you are, honey."

Though the name hadn't been directed to him, George felt his stomach churn at how nice the endearing term sounded from Dream's mouth. George repressed the question that begged itself to be asked on repeat in his mind: *why did he suddenly want Dream to call him honey?*

What the fuck. George swallowed, blinking the thoughts back as he swung his legs over the edge of the couch, his feet planting themselves on the ground.

"I was gonna go plug my phone in, I can fill up her bowl after," George suggested.

"Yes, please," Dream smiled sweetly, "I'm exhausted."

George left for the bedroom, Patches had stayed behind with Dream. He was surprised to find that the white charging cable wasn't where it usually was; on the nightstand. He scanned the room for a sign of it and spotted it atop Dream's desk. He almost swiped it without a thought crossing his mind until his eyes landed on a series of words inked into the lined pages of what he recognized as Dream's journal.

His breath caught, he'd barely noticed it. His mind was entirely shut off, all of his morals seeping out of his being as his curious eyes flashed across the writing. He barely caught the context of Dream's entry when his eyes locked and zeroed in on one single word. More so, one name: *his*.

He felt his heart lurch in his throat, his eyes widened as he quickly tore his gaze from his name in Dream's handwriting. A million thoughts ran through his mind and he couldn't process a single one. He wasn't sure how long he'd been stood still at Dream's desk until Dream's shadow was cast by the light in the hallway, projecting on the wall on which George's blank stare fixated itself.

"Dude, I thought you said you were gonna fill up—" George froze at the sound of his voice and the way Dream cut himself off the closer he sounded, "What are you doing?" Dream asked quietly, almost as if he already knew the answer.

George turned around, hesitantly looking at him as he stepped aside, revealing the journal on the desk, "I didn't read anything, I swear." His tone matched Dream's.

The both of them entered a tense silence as they stared at each other; sheer fear clear in their similar expressions.

"George—" Dream began shakily.

"Why are you writing about me?" George sputtered.

Dream's forehead creased, "You just said you didn't read it."

"I saw my name and immediately stopped." George's answers were quick, but any trace of strength was lost in his tone.

Another loud silence passed them. They never broke eye contact, despite the clear strain in their lungs as they tried their best to maintain their composure under their expectant looks.

"Why are you writing about me, Dream?" George asked again.

He wasn't even sure why he was pushing it. Between the two of them, he'd been the least likely to want to address something that could possibly ruin their own little solace. Something in him, however, had shifted at that moment. Something that begged for an answer, something that begged to understand why Dream was writing about him in a journal that held the purpose it did.

Especially when Dream had said he was fine with the relationship they had established.

Dream's silence was deafening. George, for the first time, felt his patience wearing thin as he stood in malaise, staring back at him. He took notice of the way Dream's eyes looked different when he was being put in a metaphorical spotlight; when his mind was being pressed for an answer he clearly didn't have. Or one that he did have but didn't want getting out.

George had to make his own assumptions about the way Dream was thinking because he wasn't saying a word.

"Dream—" He called out once more, his tone still measured.

"I can't..." Dream sighed defeatedly, "I can't tell you."

George cocked an eyebrow at him, "You tell me everything—"

"Some things I can't." Dream cut him off.

I can't.

Dream's answer from when George had asked about his journal arose in his mind; *"I write about things that I want but can't have."*

"You said," George paused, impassive brown eyes wavering on Dream's sharpened features, "You said you write about things that you want but can't have."

"Yeah—"

"Am I not here?" George cut him off, the acceleration in his heart rate pumping words through his lips.

Dream shifted on his feet, "You are—"

"Then you have me, don't you?"

It splintered his soul having to level his voice, but he didn't want to gaslight Dream, especially when noticing the fear they both encompassed.

"I do." Dream replied.

And it was so insincere, George couldn't help but recapitulate.

"Okay..." He trailed off, eyes flickering between Dream's own, "Then *why* are you writing about me?" Another pestering silence followed, Dream's eyes darted across the ground, "In which way do you not have me, Dream?"

Dream paused before looking up at him; an unreadable expression shielding his obvious fear. And he continued in silence. For the longest fucking time. So long George felt like he was about to burst at the seams. Not because he wanted to force an answer out of him but because he *knew* Dream was holding himself back. Dream had the answer on the tip of his tongue.

And then George didn't push anymore.

The reality of what Dream's answer might cause to the silence that had settled between them, or the unbothered state they were in prior to this moment, scared him endlessly. Suddenly, as he continued to stare into Dream's anxious eyes, George was scared to know the answer.

Then Dream parted his lips before he took a breath to answer. George braced himself. The tension between them had him feeling vexed.

A noise broke their miserable trance in a split instance. Were it any other situation, they would've inwardly groaned in annoyance at the interruption, but George noted the way both of their shoulders relaxed at the alarming sound; they were released from their own personal hell.

The pounding at the door continued. They blinked at each other.

Dream hesitantly jutted his thumb to the doorway, "I'm gonna—"

"Yeah. Go." George nodded.

They have had a few arguments leading up to this, but what differed from the possible outcome of that conversation to the previous arguments is that it *wasn't* an argument. It was the confrontation that George dreaded, the confrontation that neither of them had the guts to initiate.

The pounding at the door sounded again, breaking through George's thoughts in a startling manner. His brows knitted as his legs lead him out of the room, his mind still busied with thoughts until he spotted Dream at the front door. The blonde looked dumbfounded, his eyes skittering across the wooden surface of the door.

George's steps towards him had slowed as he asked, "Dream?"

Dream glanced at him, eyes riddled with shock and confusion.

His feelings projected onto George's own expression, "What?"

Dream looked at the door as the familiar startling sound returned.

"Who is it?" George asked him, impatience clear in his temper.

"It's my ex." Dream's voice died down under his breath.

George stilled; his features turning cold when Dream falteringly looked at him.

"Answer it." George's voice came out in a near whisper.

No movements came from the blonde, George looked at him expectantly. The next knock sounded

a lot more defeated.

It seemed as if it had taken everything in Dream to tear his eyes from George's as he turned to the door, placing his hand on the doorknob before taking in a deep breath. George's jaw clenched as he watched the doorknob twist in Dream's palm.

Dream swung the door open and on the doorsteps stood the girl that George had seen only once, in a photo.

"Clay," Her eyes were filled with tears, cheeks flushed and trembling lips, "I didn't know where else to go," She shakily said, her bags dropping to the ground, "I'm sorry, I didn't wanna bother--"

"Hey, it's okay," As those words left Dream's mouth, she lurched into his opened arms, tightly clinging onto him as she sobbed uncontrollably in his comforting hold, "I got you. You're okay."

George knew he had no business just standing there, staring, but he couldn't move. He watched as Dream's hand flew to her hair, stroking the curled strands carefully as he hushed comforting words against her temple.

It wasn't jealousy, George realized as his eyes caught Dream's when the taller turned him and his ex around, *it was the sudden abruptness of the unravelling events before them.*

It went from them peacefully lying on the couch, wrapped in their serenity, to the serotonin crash that emitted from seeing his name written in Dream's handwriting, to Dream holding the girl he once loved and possibly still did.

It was the reality of their avoided confrontation.

It was the small crack in their glass bubble. They held their gaze: Dream's eyes gleamed in its glossiness, George swallowed, his jaw still prominent as he tensed under his sorry expression. And the crack continued to spider slowly as the seconds around the three of them elapsed in unbearable silence.

Chapter End Notes

yoooooooo listen listen litsen. im so goddman sleep-deprived, if u see grammatical errors or typos, no u didnt. ill fix that shit tomorrow. i just wanted to get the chapter out for u guys today. i went over it briefly, should be good no worries.

peep the little hurt/comfort moment in the beginning there. idk. adds to dream's character a lil bit more. mans been through the motions.

ALSO WHY AM I literally in my early twenties SQUIRMING and getting flustered at the word "cock" and "dick" like GIRL. i gotta go. but god forbid i use the word "length" for the tenth thousand time. jesus chriiiist.

im honestly kinda glad for the break we're gonna be taking in regards to smut. there will be more to come in the near future, but they gotta sort their shit out first. mf george literally just WENT DOWN on dream like im sorry wHAT. i was writing that like...is this too far? and then said fuck it anyway.

ONE. MORE. THING. i hate the ex girlfriend comes back to fuck shit up trope, i

promise it's not gonna turn out that way. SURPRISINGLY enough, get this...she's gonna help the situation. that's all i gotta say. just to assuage the alarming thought of that trope becoming a thing in this fanfic, it will NOT. not on my watch.

anyway, go touch grass or listen to quackity praying in spanish. we all need it.
angst to come...angst...to...come.
i appreciate you all, endlessly. thank you xx.

Crisp Trepidation

Chapter Summary

George and Dream finally confront each other, but no one ever said it was gonna be effective on the first go.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title Song: Fine Line by Harry Styles

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Clay."

George bit the inside of his cheek.

"I didn't know where else to go."

His eyes flickered to the ground.

"I got you."

He shifted on his feet.

"You're okay."

He swallowed.

Two souls that once shared a love that only they could comprehend; re-intertwined.

He looked up; a familiar apologetic face accompanied by sunken green eyes: *I'm sorry*, spoken from diluted emerald irides.

The painful silence was laced with her uncontrollable sobs.

"Sorry," She sniffled and pulled away from him.

Dream's arms slipped to his sides from hers, his eyes still fixated on George. When she seemed to be turning in his direction, George peeled his eyes off Dream and caught hers.

"Oh," She sighed shakily, still recovering from her tears as she dried them with the sleeves of her hoodie, "Sorry, I wasn't...I didn't know you'd have someone here," She staggered her empty eyes, lightly studying George.

George wasn't sure how he looked from her perspective; angry, confused, sad? All very possible expressions, yet he felt as if zero emotions were getting across to her as she continued to stare expectantly. George could still feel Dream burning holes into his figure from where the taller stood

behind her, so George looked into his eyes once again. He wanted to avert both their looks, but he felt as if he had no choice, with the both of them watching him as if they were waiting on an answer.

"Shit. I should have called," She turned around to face Dream.

Dream finally tore his gaze from George, looking down at her with a small shake of his head, "No, it's fine."

"I didn't mean to interrupt--"

George found himself saying, "You didn't."

The small ounce of energy that prompted him to speak on something that was most definitely not directed to him stemmed from Dream's dismissive statement. George was sure of it, and he hated that he felt even the slightest bit of those three aforementioned emotions in regards to her presence.

She turned around, slightly stunned that he had spoken, "Okay," She breathed out, a weak smile forming on her face as she looked at him once more before stating her name and quickly adding, "By the way."

I know, George wanted to say. There was something that bothered him; in the way that he knew of her and how she had no idea who he was. Straight off the bat, at least.

Instead of saying anything in return, he nodded. From the slight surprise in the arch of her eyebrows, and from Dream's sudden slumped shoulders, George knew his silence asserted his passive-aggressiveness.

"George," Dream said causing the both of them to look at him.

George was alarmed for a second; thinking that Dream was mad that he hadn't introduced himself and was being petty in a moment where she probably didn't deserve it. She looked up at Dream, who merely flickered his eyes between the two of them before settling them on her.

"That's George," Dream reinstated.

"Oh, yeah. The friend from England," She smiled softly at George, her voice still weakened by her wrecked emotional state, "The one who got you into coding."

George smiled back at her, one that was so feigned it almost hurt doing it, "Yeah," The corner of his eyes sinched as he forced himself to look at her, "*That* friend."

God, why was he being like this? George thought, and when he'd steal brief glances at him, he had a feeling Dream was thinking the exact same thing.

"Cool," *She was a slight bit offended*, George thought as her eyes shifted on him before she returned them to Dream, "I can leave--"

"Stop saying that," Dream placed a comforting hand on her shoulder.

And as though it was George's last straw, for a reason that he wasn't ready to admit to himself yet, he turned on his heel to make his way back to the bedroom.

"Where are you going?" Dream asked, his hand dropping from her shoulder.

George had his back to them, so he took that nanosecond to himself to take a deep breath before

looking over his shoulder at him.

As if Dream needed an answer to such a rhetorical question.

I don't necessarily want to stand here and watch you comfort your ex-girlfriend, George wanted to say, but bit his tongue and tried again, "To bed."

The sudden loss of contact must've made her question the clear tension she failed to notice due to her own worries: she looked at Dream, then at George, then back at Dream as if she was slowly piecing something together.

"I can stay in the living room, for a while, if you guys need to talk." She quietly said, unsure of her own words.

George pried his eyes off the unintentional glare he had on Dream to look at *her*, "You came all this way. Our conversation can wait. Nice meeting you."

It wasn't at all.

Nice, to meet her.

It was fucking dreadful.

But he didn't say that. He didn't add to the distress Dream was already suffering through with her emotions, and his, alone. He'd already done way too much damage by having no self-control. He usually did. His undeniable need to just worsen any situation presented to him.

He knew if he had spent even one more second around them that he'd just say something he wouldn't be able to come back from. Something that Dream would possibly never forgive him for.

"I could never hate you," Dream's voice sounded from under the dimly lit starry sky when they were sat on the front lawn. *But you could,* George thought, *you could and not have a single clue that you do.*

And isn't that just as bad, if not, worst than being so blindly certain that you could never hate someone?

"Because I know you."

George closed the door behind him, lingering in the entrance for a moment as Dream's voice continued to circle around his head like a relentless buzz.

"Because it's you, it's us."

Us. Us. Us.

George placed his face in his palms, gently digging the pad of his index fingers into his temples.

"I write about things I want but can't have."

He made his way to the bed, sat on the edge with his face still hidden in his hands as he released a deep breath.

You tell me everything.

"Some things I can't."

His elbows dug into his knees; with his back hunched over, George's palms slid from his face.

Why was this all surfacing now? He realized that he had been taking Dream's questionable statements and keeping them locked in a place of his mind where he knew he wouldn't revisit.

He remembered the first time he spotted the journal, laughing to himself at the thought of Dream writing in a diary. And now it was the catalyst to the crumbling brigade; the shield around the unit that contained all of the things Dream had said and George chose to avoid. Things he avoided because they had settled for common ground. They had spoken about what they wanted from each other, and what they *didn't* want.

"I don't think I want a relationship either."

Those were his words. George shook his head as his eyes shifted from the ground to the mirror facing him; he didn't want a relationship *either*.

"I guess I get wrapped up in our game, it all gets a little blurry sometimes."

But if it had gotten to a point where he could no longer see the line, Dream would have said something.

Right?

George blinked at his reflection; *right?*

"I can't quit this."

Oh, God.

"I can't quit you."

And surely not, the gradual alarming thought showed itself in the way his eyes began to widen at his reflection, *surely Dream would've said something if it had gotten real for him. He couldn't quit their game, that's what he meant.*

That's what he meant.

He couldn't quit George and the game, as a tied component. George and the game, not two things he saw as separate, given their situation.

Right?

George's palms rested on either side of him, pressed into the comforter as his fingernails scraped down the fabric before pulling it into his tight-fisted grip.

And at that moment, it was as if a wicked entity settled itself in his mind, answering his self-imposed question with Dream's, *"I love you,"*. Not the one following the talk about his ex-girlfriend leaving wounds, not the one he had said when teaching him to skate, but the one where Dream's face was washed over by the fairy lights, his eyes glossed over from his humbled tears. The one following that heartfelt kiss. *That one.*

The *"I love you"* rendering George momentarily brainless as he debated saying it back. As a brief wave of guilt washed over him, fighting to steady his gaze on his own reflection, George realized—more so, remembered—why he hadn't said it back.

How could George question Dream's motive for having written his name in the journal? When

he *knew*. When he's known ever since having heard the clear difference between Dream's *"I love you"s*.

That's why he hadn't said it back, so as to not enable it. To not feed into it.

But wasn't his silence just as destructive?

George stood up from the bed, letting out a quiet groan as he ran both sets of fingers through his hair.

Of course, George began unknowingly pacing as his mind began swallowing him whole, *you got exactly what you feared*.

The inner battle he faced in Dream's bathroom, prior to the night terror. *The sheer fucking possibility that he could fuck it all up*. And he had. And the essence of fear in Dream's voice when being confronted, the shakiness in George's tone when he had pressed for an answer, told him that it was past salvation.

Why hadn't he made the effort the moment the question of "fixing it" rose within him?

Why did you stay silent, George stopped dead in his tracks, unfortunately, and coincidentally in front of the mirror.

This was you, George's tired gaze wavered on his reflection for the third time, *it was you, just as much as it was him*.

A ring erupted from his phone, liberating him from his psychologically self-fabricated hell. His head snapped in the direction of the sound. He made his way to Dream's desk, reached for his phone but his hand hovered over the screen-lit device as his eyes returned to the familiar handwriting. He flickered his gaze to the keyboard it sat on, briefly pausing as the initial moment of being faced with the journal resurfaced. He sucked in a sharp breath, closed the journal and picked up his phone.

"What?" He answered, not having looked at the caller ID.

"Hello to you too," The familiar voice sounded through the receiver.

He let out the most relieving sigh, the palm of his hand gently resting against his eyes as he hung his head, "Quackity."

"Yeah, man," Quackity chuckled easily, "You alright?"

"Yea—yes," Upon hearing the uncertainty in his own voice, George quickly added, "What's happening? Why are you calling?"

"I kind of need you for a stream tomorrow," Quackity asked slowly, his smile audibly visible.

George's smile was faint, "For what? What's the idea?"

"I wanted to read fanfiction." A slight bit of shame was clear in his tone, causing the both of them to break into a small giggle, "Because it's gonna be funny, okay? Fuck off."

"And you need me for that, do you?" George relaxed, leaning his backbone into the desk.

"Yes," Quackity nearly cut him off, "Please."

George pretended to ponder for the sole sake of pestering him, "Alright—"

"Wait, really?" Quackity exclaimed excitedly.

"Hang on, hang on," George laughed quietly, "I need to ask—" *Dream*, "I need to...ask Dream if I can use his setup."

"Tell him to cancel his stream plans. Mine is more important." Quackity jokingly said.

It wasn't streaming he was gonna be preoccupied with, George thought for a nanosecond before blinking it away, "Alright, yeah. Fine."

"Ooh, let's go. Let's fucking go,"

A small silence ensued.

Quackity spoke again, "Are you...gonna go ask him, or—"

"What? No, he's...no, I'll ask later. I'm sure it'll be fine." George suppressed a sigh that begged to escape his lips with the sudden weight that had resituated itself on his chest.

"Why can't you just ask him now—"

"What is your problem?" George laughed at his impatience, earning a similar reaction from Quackity, "It should be fine. There's no reason he'd say no, you idiot."

There might've been one reason.

"Okay, okay," Quackity continued through a soft laugh, "Oh, but shit. Wait."

George half-feigned his annoyance, "Oh my god, *what?*"

Quackity gently sucked the air through his teeth, a grimace imaginable on his face, "I kind of need you to use face-cam,"

"I can't do that—"

"I mean, I won't force you, but you know...if you cared for the quality of my stream, you would make the effort. But I mean, you know," Quackity continued to simulate his offence causing George to shut his eyes as he simpered, "That's, like, what I imagine a *good friend* would do."

George shook his head, bringing his free hand in between his creased elbow as he looked ahead, "I am but a friend to you, Quackity."

"Wow," Quackity huffed, "No, you know what. I'm offering to bring you onto *my* stream out of the goodness of *my* heart—"

"—I don't care for a Mickey Mouse stream—"

"And—" Quackity stopped himself as the words sunk in, George bit his bottom lip to hold back a laugh, "I'm gonna rage quit the call."

George scoffed, "Alright, yeah. Do it."

"*George.*"

"Quackmeister."

"Come onto my fucking stream, you asshole." Quackity playfully seethed.

George exploded into a short laugh, "I said I would—"

"With your face-cam, c'mon. I know your egotistical ass misses the edits these simps make for you on tik-tok—"

"Shut the fuck up—"

"George—"

"Yes! Fine," George breathed out, entering a whiny chuckle, "But only if Sapnap has a green screen. If not, I literally can't. They're already gonna ask me why the lighting looks different or whatever—"

"Fuck 'em—"

"I'm gonna tell them you said that," George joked.

And God was it nice, George momentarily thought as the conversation continued to flow, to just forget about all the shitty things and talk absolute non-sense with Quackity.

"I cuss my chat out all the time, they can handle it." Quackity nonchalantly said, "Ask Sapnap. And if the viewers say anything, just tell them you moved. It doesn't immediately mean Florida."

"Yeah, but you *know* that's what they're gonna think." George reasoned.

Quackity sighed, "Who gives a shit, cabrón?"

"Alright, I'll ask Sapnap."

"Also, check the sex havers chat. Karl wants you to join his stream. It's gonna be before mine, so..." A throaty chuckle escaped Quackity, "Kind of fucked up if you don't show up for his, actually."

"Oh my God. Why are you all so obsessed with me?" George playfully rolled his eyes.

Quackity's voice faded out as soon as George heard the bedroom door creak open. His eyes flew in its direction, Dream's blonde head peeking through had caused an immediate shift in his mood.

His grip on the phone tightened, Quackity's voice was slowly coming back to him, "...Karl to do, you know?"

"Huh?" George asked, eyes capturing Dream's own.

Dream looked at him quizzically, clearly wondering who the person at the other end of the line was.

"No, I was just saying—"

"I have to go," George said before peeling his eyes off Dream.

"What the—okay? Are you gonna be on his—"

"I'll text you. Bye," George ended the call, Quackity's last words disappearing with the lost connection.

"Who was that?" Dream asked, the sound of the door shutting behind him caused George to falteringly look up at him, "Was it Sap?"

"No." George pocketed his phone, eyes oscillating on Dream.

"Okay, g—cool." Dream nodded, one of his hands finding its way to the crook of his neck as he gently kneaded the skin, "Um," He pocketed his free hand in his black smile hoodie, "So, I'm actually—um, turns out the situation is a lot worse, for her," He seemed to be treading so carefully, his patent nerves mirroring onto George.

And he knew Dream felt the same. George's hardened gaze and his deafening silence adding to the stress Dream already sported in his mind. It was a gift and curse, the way they fed off of each other's energy. Sort of like his first day here, when Dream had waited for him to get out of the shower to confront him about how awkward they were being around each other.

"So...uh," George noticed the way the fabric of Dream's hoodie outlined his knuckles, his hand clearly fisted as if he was trying his best to maintain his composure, "I'm gonna be out there with her, for a while."

George flashed his gaze from his clothed knuckles to look at him, "Okay," He nodded, trying his best to sound reassuring.

And holy fuck, it was killing both of them. George knew Dream took notice of the way they were clearly walking on eggshells around each other. *How had it all derailed so fast?* Hours ago, they were so carefree with the way they spoke to each other. They were so *themselves* with each other. And staying true to the care they had for each other's feelings was the main reason this interaction was getting progressively painful as the seconds elapsed around them.

"I'm not gonna be," Dream lightly nodded his head to the bed, "Coming back to bed until later."

"It's okay, Dream." George forced a light laugh, and the way Dream's shoulders faltered upon hearing the weak sound escape his lips made him wish he hadn't tried to seem 'okay'.

"Is it?" Dream noiselessly asked.

George pressed his lips into a thin line and swallowed, "Why wouldn't it be?"

Dream blinked, "Yea—I—I don't know. Just wanted to let you know, I guess."

George licked his lips, his eyes remained fixed on Dream's as he felt a blink would give away the expression he was trying his best to maintain. He didn't want to further worry Dream by executing his emotions.

"Thanks," He quietly replied.

Dream's room was fairly big, but the four walls felt as if they were caving in on them with every growing second. George's breathing was feeble, Dream was clearly uneasy in his stance. They were both struggling to keep their eyes on each other, the need for aversion so blatantly clear in their growing-glossy irides.

George caught the way Dream had shifted his gaze behind him and George merely had to turn around to know that he had his eyes on his journal.

He looked back at Dream, his sadness swirling into the slight bit of anger he didn't realize he would feel at that moment, "You should take it," George began, clearing his throat before speaking again, "If you feel like I'm gonna go behind your back and read it."

"No," Dream's forehead creased, "No, it's not that," He looked up at George through a lowered gaze, "I'm sorry."

Any trace of anger that had previously settled within him instantly left as his eyes softened on the taller, "You don't have to be."

"We're gonna...we're gonna talk about it, George—"

"It's okay—"

"I didn't know she was gonna come here—"

"I know." George's reassuring tone cut Dream off indefinitely.

A small portion of Dream's collarbones poked through his hoodie as he took in a small, yet onerous breath.

"She needs you right now," George could hear the strain in his own voice, but he continued confidently, "I get it."

Dream's pupils expanded over the emerald in his eyes as they danced on George's countenance, "You shouldn't have to."

There were several moments George had shared with Dream where his heart churned, his stomach flipped, and his chest tightened, but this feeling was different. Though they were similar in physicality, they differed spiritually.

But it hurt, George clenched his jaw, his eyes once again briefly catching the way Dream's muscles flexed with the motions of his hand kneading his neck, *it hurt looking at him*.

Yet his eyes remain fixed, both sets of different coloured irides speaking a million words per minute in the most excruciatingly loud silence.

That was until Dream walked towards George. The unexpected movement caused him to straighten up in his still position as he allowed Dream to pull him into an embrace. Dream wrapped his arms around George's shoulders before gently resting his cheek atop his head, the ends of his fingertips grazing the fabric of George's clothed arms.

George was hesitant, at first, but his shoulders relaxed under the heartfelt weight of Dream's arms. He wrapped his own around Dream's torso, nuzzling his head into the taller's clothed chest.

Dream's scent filled his nostrils in a comforting warmth; one that felt familiar. One that felt safe.

George had unknowingly tightened his arms around Dream's torso prompting Dream to squeeze his frame with ardour. And even with his cheek pressed against his chest, the clear augmentation in the tightness of their hold on each other--it *still* wasn't close enough. *They* weren't close enough.

Dream brushed the pad of his fingers down his arms, George's eyes fluttered shut at the touch; he found himself gently fisting the fabric of Dream's hoodie, slowly clutching the material until it filled the space of his hands.

"I don't wanna let go." George heard Dream say, his breath expanding onto his hair.

He sounded scared, vulnerable.

George sighed quietly, "Dream..." He squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to think of the moment where they'd obviously have to part.

Dream wrapped his fingers around George's bicep, "I'm scared of what will happen if I do."

George inhaled slowly, relishing in *his* scent as he could feel the moment slip from them, "Then don't." He whispered into his chest.

"George," Dream exhaled quietly.

George could feel Dream's chest rise against his cheek as the taller pulled away slightly so he could press their foreheads together, "I..." Their stuttering breaths wallowed in the warmth between their lips.

George brushed the tips of their noses together, wincing as the sensation incited the connection of their lips. Dream shut his eyes and exhaled through his nostrils, the strands of his fringe shielding George's lidded eyes.

"I can't..." Dream's breath bumped George's own, the heat feeding their temptation, "I lo—I'm in l
—"

George twisted the fabric of Dream's hoodie in his fist, his ablaze chest icing with every growing second. Dream brought his free hand to George's other bicep, both sets of his fingers now gripping the muscle.

"I can't. I'm sorry," Dream pulled away entirely.

The warmth of his hovering lips, his grip, his sweater that George had in the palm of his hands, *every* bit of comfort Dream had exuded—though riddled in silent pain—had slipped through the cracks of their fleeting heaven.

Dream turned on his heel without looking back at George once.

George's arms returned to his sides as the bone-chilling feeling girded him once again; his eyes watched the door close behind Dream. He could feel the hitch in his weakened lungs, almost as if the air had been sucked from him. His eyes darted to the shadow in the space between the floor and the bottom of the door; *Dream was still there.*

George took a step forward; an involuntary step that stemmed from his impulsive need to feel Dream's warmth, to hear what he had to say, though George had a feeling he already knew.

But he wanted to hear it. For once, he wanted to hear it loud and clear, yet hushed to him. For his ears only, from Dream's silvery and insouciant voice.

But he stopped himself from taking another step; *he was scared.* George swallowed, brows knitted as he fought the urge to open the door and pull him back inside in their rotting solace—to sit in it together for a few more minutes before it slipped through their fingers.

And then his shadow was gone. The light took its rightful place between the crack leaving George defeated, cold, and empty at the news; his hands slid up his own arms to stop at his biceps where Dream had squeezed so hard that his touch still ghosted over his skin.

-

He tossed and turned; Dream's bedsheets twisting with the fabric of his hoodie. A seed of indecision planted itself in his head when he would continuously reposition himself: they lay atop the covers, above his head, under the covers again, until he turned to his side with an exasperated sigh, cheek pressed into the fabric of his pillowcase.

His eyes met with Dream's vacant pillow. *That was the problem with sharing a bed, wasn't it?* The sides they silently claimed would be noticeably unoccupied. *Empty.*

He could hear the murmurs of their voices; indistinctively, which only aggravated him even more.

It was so easy to just get out of bed, walking out to send her home, but he had no right to execute that thought. Sapnap, maybe. *But Sapnap wasn't here.* And though he would never openly admit to missing him, he so deeply wished for his presence.

George was good at calming himself down; knowing how to mentally coax himself. He's never really needed a "comfort" person. He did, however, need Sapnap to do something that *he* wasn't entitled to do.

Helplessly desperate to drown them out, George threw the covers off of his body. He walked to his backpack that he had moved to Dream's room for easier access and dug into the front pouch to pull out his earphones: he climbed into bed with them, plugged them into the headphone jack, and allowed the music to submerge their voices.

-

"George,"

George nestled his face further into the comfort of his pillow as the voice ripped him out of his slumber. The rate at which his reality broke into his unconsciousness was undesirably quick; George was sure this was the first time he'd woken up so abruptly aware of his surroundings.

"Mm," His groan was muffled into the pillow.

He squinted his eyes at the figure that blocked the sunlight from fully hitting his face. It took him a moment, maybe because it had been a while since he'd seen his face, but the comforting smile that grew on the friendly countenance caused his eyes to fly open.

"Sapnap," George fervently said before he quickly sat up, throwing his arms around his friend's broad shoulders out of pure impulse.

Sapnap giggled inwardly as he wasted no time in wrapping his arms around George's smaller frame, "H-hi,"

George momentarily shut his eyes, relaxing into Sapnap's hold. It was when Sapnap tightened his arms around him that George realized he was letting on way more than he intended to, so he pulled himself off, shuffling only a tad bit away from him.

"What..." Sapnap spoke under his breath as his eyes searched George's face, "What the fuck is going on around here?" He chuckled nervously.

George's brows knitted, "What'd you mean?"

"I don't know. Neither of you answered my calls, I get here, the house is dead quiet..." Sapnap

trailed off, his eyes briefly scanning the room before landing them back onto George's dubious face, "Where's Dream?"

George must've looked somewhat slightly alarmed at the question because Sapnap had a habit of falling into mirroring the initial expressions of people he spoke to.

Seemingly worried, Sapnap asked, "Dude, what?"

George shook his head lightly, "Nothing."

Sapnap paused, then blinked at him, "Why isn't he sleeping here?"

George brought his hand to caress his own bicep, averting the younger's gaze, "He said he was gonna come into bed later," His brown eyes scanned the bunched up duvet covers around his body and he realized that he moved over to Dream's side of the bed throughout the night, "I guess he never actually did."

Sapnap shifted in his seat, the bed creaking under his weight as he did so, "Did you guys get into another fight?"

George flung his eyes to him, "No."

Sapnap scoffed and tilted his head in a manner that told George he got caught in a lie, "Then why isn't he sleeping here?"

George shrugged, "Maybe he wasn't tired. Did you check to see if he could be streaming in your room?"

"Why the fuck would he be streaming in my room?" Sapnap laughed softly, but it quickly died down when George's expression held no trace of amusement, "First thing I did when I got here was drop off my bags, so no, he wasn't there."

George nodded, compliant with the answer given, but seemingly uneasy for the upcoming questions clearly resting on Sapnap's tongue.

"This only means one thing," Sapnap began and George's shoulders slumped, a small sigh of defeat escaping past his lips.

The mere thought of Dream not having come to bed was already hitting his last nerve, for whatever reason, but the constant reminder that they did indeed somewhat fight and that Sapnap, despite not being here for the past week, had already pieced it together, bothered him to no end.

"You guys did fight. Otherwise, you two would be sleeping together, we went over this--"

So George sort of momentarily snapped.

"Just 'cos we're not sleeping together, doesn't mean we're fighting, Nick."

"Oh my *god*, what the hell?" Sapnap cringed, emitting a throaty chuckle, "*Nick*? What the fuck-- and you *hugged* me. I wasn't gonna mention it, but shit is getting *we-i-rd*," He dragged out each syllable of the last word as a lopsided grin grew on his lips, "Did you kill Dream?" He joked causing George to look up at him with furrowed eyebrows, "Is that it? Are you gonna kill me next?" A confused smile grew on George's lips as he scrutinized the younger's feigned alarmed features, "Should I be running for my life right now?" He broke into a laugh when George's lips developed a soft grin.

Sapnap sat back, straightening his posture as a proud smile etched itself across his face; he had said those things on purpose. He felt the nerves off George, it was clear in the way he found pride in George's laugh despite the fuse blown seconds prior.

"Gogy," Sapnap called softly and George's smile began to diffuse at his tone, "Serious. Where is he?" When George remained fixed in his position, Sapnap let out a reeled sigh, "There's a car parked out in the driveway, one that I am not familiar with. Whose is it?"

George blinked. Sapnap stared. Until he didn't, the frustration clear in the way his shoulders fell with his chest.

"Okay, well," Sapnap cleared his throat, "He's not in my room, not in the living room, not in *his* own room," He sucked the roof of his tongue, eyes staggering on George as if he was giving him one last chance to answer with the raise of his eyebrow, "Leaves the guest bedroom."

George's eyebrows flicked upwards when Sapnap got up from the bed, "Where are you going?"

Sapnap looked down at him, "To see Dream."

Sapnap was already making his way towards the door when the realization hit George like a truck; *if her car was still here, then so was she*. George assumed that the last thing Dream wanted was for Sapnap to know that she was here. The sole fact that Sapnap wasn't warned about her visit justified the assumption.

With that alarmingly settling in his mind, George threw the covers off his clothed body and wasted no time in following after him, "Wait, Sap—"

"Dreaaaaam, buddy," Sapnap called out as he walked down the fairly dark hallway.

There was a hint of bitterness in Sapnap's tone; one that worried George for what was to happen when the younger opened the door at the end of the hallway. He wasn't even sure what to expect, nor did he necessarily want to witness it with his bare eyes.

"Sapnap," George said warningly, stealthily trying to catch up to him.

Sapnap looked over his shoulder to glance at him; sporting a look that danced between deceptively sweet and sour, a smile that stated: *we both know you can't stop me from finding out what's behind this door*.

George felt his world freeze on its axis the minute that Sapnap's hand met the doorknob, the brass material twisting in his palm as the door creaked open. His breath caught as Sapnap lingered in the space of the ajar door for a moment longer than George would've liked.

The younger turned his head to George, the brunet looked at him briefly before his lids fluttered, his eyes falling to the ground. Sapnap sighed and shut the door. George kept his eyes fixed on the laminated floor.

"C'mon," Sapnap said, breaking the silence as he walked past George.

George stayed put for a moment before turning on his heel to follow closely behind.

"Where are we going?" George asked hoarsely, traces of sleep lingering in his throat.

"My room," Sapnap muttered, his back to George as they continued past the living room and into the hallway leading to his room.

"Sapnap--" George began, but got shushed.

He shushed him. George furrowed his eyebrows at his odd behaviour, but continued into his bedroom, senselessly closing the door behind him.

"So, let me get this straight," Sapnap walked over to his gaming chair, plopping down and leaning his back into it, "You both *ignore* my calls--"

"We weren't ignoring--"

"George." Sapnap sent him a glare and George's lips snapped shut, "Now's not the time."

George nodded, unsure of how to act around this side of Sapnap.

He'd seen Sapnap angry before; having been the cause of it and also watching from the sidelines when Sapnap and Dream would get heated at each other, but this was different. This wasn't him lashing out, speaking out of rage over a game or another dumb, pointless argument. This had genuinely affected him and George could understand how.

"Were you guys just not gonna tell me she dropped by?" Sapnap asked, his tone was brash but still somehow measured.

So, they slept together. George had developed a habit of looking down at the ground, almost as if he couldn't stand to face someone when there were so many shameful thoughts running through his mind. *Because why. Why did he feel a pang in his chest at the thought of Dream going to bed with her instead of him?*

"Were *you* not gonna tell me anything?" Sapnap reiterated, hurt and anger diluting in his facial features.

George's expression dulled, "It's not really my place."

Sapnap placed his forearms onto his armrests, "Yeah, but," He paused before weakly nodding, "Yeah, I guess you're right."

George leaned his back against the door, his shoulder blades pressed onto the wooden surface.

They've both been looking elsewhere: George no longer avoiding his gaze and Sapnap travelling to his thoughts.

"Fucking Dream, dude," Sapnap tsk'd, the back of his head landing on the leather fabric of his chair, "I just wish he'd tell me, you know?"

George looked at him through a diminished stare, not agreeing, but attentive nonetheless.

"I had no idea they were even talking," Sapnap continued, his voice dialling down like he was speaking with himself, "Like, *talking* talking."

George winced at the realization that *he* had known; he tilted his chin down so the fluff of his fringe shielded his eyes from Sapnap's view.

"Did you?" Sapnap asked the exact question George hoped he wouldn't.

George kept his head lightly hung, offering Sapnap a small nod before looking at him hesitantly, "It was--" He began quietly but rose his voice a tad bit when taking notice of Sapnap's eye roll, "It was when you were away--it *started* when you had gone for holiday. I didn't know for any longer

than that."

Sapnap shut his eyes, his hair brushing against the leather as he shook his head, "It's okay," He reopened them to look at George, "It's fine. It wasn't your place."

George crossed his arms over his chest, "He's going through a lot right now. Probably why he decided not to bring it up. I'm sure he would have."

Sapnap concurred, "That's the only thing that kept me from barging in that room and causing a scene."

"Good," George forced a small chuckle, but it came out weak and tired, "I'm sure he appreciates that."

Another silence passed them. It was different than the ones he'd experience with Dream, but similar in the emotion that lingered in the difference of the air's density.

"You should have called, still," Sapnap said quietly, their eyes stuttering on the other for a moment until they mentally agreed to keep a steady connection, "I'm sure this isn't easy on you either."

George's facial features fell flat, "What?"

Sapnap had then paused; like he was contemplating which route to take in the conversation that could derail from George's response.

"We both feel indifferent about her--well, I mean, personally, I can't fucking stand her, but," Sapnap waved it off, earning an enervated smile from George, "But you're not a big fan of her either. You should've just told me the second you found out they were texting. I wouldn't have been able to do much from where I was, but it would have been nice to know."

George gave him a look and Sapnap tried to contain a skittish smile, "You would have called him and been annoying."

"Yeah, but..." Sapnap shrugged, eyes dancing on the ground before they looked back up at George, "He kind of deserves it for letting her back into his life."

George smiled sadly, "He can't help it."

Sapnap drew a breath, looking over at his bed as he pursed his lips, "That's why he needs me," He scoffed, "Sometimes, he's too fucking nice, you know? Let's people walk over him and shit. You know how he is," He glanced at George and the brunet nodded slowly, "She wouldn't have had the chance to step foot into this house if I were here."

George huffed, pocketing his hands and resting the back of his head against the door.

"Dude," Sapnap chuckled bitterly, "I leave for one fucking week. Not even, like, a full one, at that. And all this shit happens," He spun in his chair slightly so he was facing George, "What else happened when I was gone?"

George looked down at him, his chin slightly raised with the back of his head pressed against the door, "Nothing," He jutted his bottom lip, nonchalantly shaking his head.

Sapnap squinted his eyes, looking him up and down, "I mean...clearly something happened between you two."

He raised his eyes to the ceiling before momentarily closing them, "Sapnap?" He asked calmly.

"Yeah?"

"I'm really glad you're back," He spoke through a subdued sigh before settling his eyes back on his friend.

Sapnap sported a lop-sided smile.

"So, please," He continued, his voice depicting a picture of a crushed man raising a white flag, "Don't make me talk about that right now."

Sapnap's smile slowly faded, but he was quick to offer a reassuring nod, "Okay."

George knew it was unfair to isolate him when he was clearly only trying to help, so he added, "You'll be the first to know."

If George had to--right then and there--unpack everything he had yet to figure out himself, he was going to explode.

Sapnap pocketed his hands in his windbreaker, "First to know what?" He played dumb, earning a clipped breathy laugh from George.

"Thank you," George blushed with a quivering smile.

Sapnap sent him a sly wink in return. They could have stayed in their innocent and friendly moment for a little longer had it not been for the sound of what sounded like the front slamming shut.

George's head snapped to the surface behind him and he could see the way Sapnap rose in his seat slightly from the corner of his eyes. He looked back at Sapnap and they lingered in each other's inquisitive gaze for a brief moment.

Then two abrupt and loud knocks sounded from the door that George had been leaning against. Sapnap sat back in his seat with a dumb smile dancing on his lips; *Dream*.

"You can come in," Sapnap called out as George pushed himself off the door.

Dream's eyes immediately caught George's as the brunet subtly shied away behind the now opened door. They looked at each other for a brief moment: the memories of their embrace last night resurfaced their minds instantly--Dream's silent confessions transpired through the squeeze of George's bicep. It was as if his touch was wet cement, solidified in his complexion as he could still feel it. Even more so under his current stare.

"Here," Dream's voice snapped him out of a buzzed-out trance and George looked down to the object in the blonde's extended hand, "Went to check in on you. Figured you'd--"

"Thank you," George gracefully took his phone from his grasp.

They stared at each other for a second longer until George cleared his throat prompting Dream to do the same. Their conversation could wait. *Sapnap was here*.

A grin flashed across Dream's face when he turned his head to Sapnap, "Welcome back,"

Though his enthusiasm sounded feigned, it was clear both he and George were beyond relieved that Sapnap had come back from his trip. It was also evident in the way Dream's body relaxed into

Sapnap's comforting arms the second he fell into them.

Dream apologized for not having been awake before Sapnap's arrival, "Don't worry about it," The younger hushed when they pulled apart from their embrace, "Just glad to be back. Missed you fools."

It was painfully transparent, George thought as his eyes danced between his friends, *that they were both so undeniably aware that Sapnap knew of the ex-girlfriend's visit, yet they were purposely avoiding the topic.*

And thus began the longest day they had to endure.

Both he and Sapnap avoiding to confront Dream; both, for different reasons. They were sat in the living room, silently eating a half-assed breakfast as they watched the motion picture projected on the screen.

Sapnap was confrontational and unfiltered by default, so it was visible when something was bothering him and he couldn't speak on it. You could almost feel the bile rise within him.

George wasn't confrontational in the slightest, but he wanted to ask Dream what he had to say last night. And for once, he wasn't being dense. He was fully aware Dream was going to say "I love you", but it was different. There was a build-up to it, there was a clear struggle in the way he was trying to voice it out, and that was alarming, given the fact that those exact three words had rolled off his tongue so easily in the past.

Then there was Dream. Dream, who noticed how George decided to sit on the right of Sapnap so the younger could separate the two of them. Dream, who noticed how George was openly ignoring him. Dream, who sat in silence, not because he wanted to, but because he seemed so emotionally drained.

Until Sapnap spoke up, causing both his and Dream's chest to fall with a relieved sigh, "Did you watch the game, dude?" He scrolled through his phone.

George lazily looked over at his lit-up screen to take in the stats that made absolutely zero sense to him.

"No," Dream said, eyes blankly focused on the TV screen, "Didn't have time."

George forced himself to peek a glance at Dream and immediately regretted doing so; the bags under his eyes had become much more visible, the stress in his features more prominent than they seemed last night.

It wasn't too long ago when George would steal glances at the blonde, having a hard time looking away from a beauty he felt as though he had no right to admire. This time, he looked away with ease because another second spent wallowing in his tired features would break George in an instant.

"Figured you would have, but you only had George here with you. And he doesn't watch sports 'cause he's fucking lame." Sapnap tried to joke, and it hadn't fallen flat, but it didn't earn any laughs either.

"I used to," George shrugged.

"Back in your Hypebeast era?" Sapnap snorted.

George and Dream simultaneously broke into a limp chuckle; the harmonized sound of their three laughs, though quiet, pumped the tension out of the air.

Normally, none of them would have laughed, but they were all so blatantly delirious from their sleep deprivation. George supposed he could be somewhat thankful for it because it was getting a little harder to breathe just sitting there, in complete silence.

Sapnap and Dream then fell into a conversation about college football, light and natural, like George imagined they had multiple times before his arrival to the state.

George's phone buzzed from his front pocket and he had almost forgotten it was with him. Dream's words resonated in his head as George mindlessly pulled his phone from his pocket: "*Went to check in on you.*"

Not a second more was spent on the thought when his eyes landed on the several texts from the *Sex Havers* general chat.

karljacobs Today at 12:43 PM

George

Last chance

I'm gonna unfriend you on Facebook

quackity Today at 12:45 PM

He's out the gang your honor

karljacobs Today at 12:45 PM

George, you're actually out the gang if you don't reply

Come onto my stream tonight

Or you're dog water

quackity Today at 12:46 PM

Join vc

Let's talk shit about him

George Today at 12:48 PM

this is parasocial behaviour

i am not your friend.

"Who is it?" Sapnap's voice stole George's attention from his phone until he realized the question wasn't directed to him.

George followed Sapnap's eyes which were placed on Dream as the taller looked down at the buzzing phone in his grip.

"Um," Dream cleared his throat, eyes scanning the Caller ID before looking back up at Sapnap

apologetically, "I'll be right back,"

As soon as Dream disappeared down the hallway, Sapnap let out an aggravated sigh; rolling his head back and letting it hit the headrest of the couch before he turned to look at George.

"I can't hold on much longer." He playfully whined.

George hung his head, smiling to himself, "Don't. Pop off."

"Yeah, but now I don't know how to go about it." Sapnap groaned, "I wanna grab him by the shoulders and shake him, but also like, kinda wanna cuddle my boy, you know? He looks fucking beat."

George frowned, "Yeah," He said quietly.

"Sorry, I know you don't wanna talk about it." Sapnap turned his head so he could look up at the ceiling.

"*It*, yeah," George drew his lower lip between his teeth, "But I don't mind talking about him."

Sapnap decided to drop the topic altogether, George was grateful, "You coming onto Karl's stream?"

"I still have to ask Dream if I can use his setup," George ran a hand through his hair, "Oh, by the way, do you have a green screen?"

Sapnap lolled his head forward from where it laid, "Um," He mused at the bristles of the carpet, "Yes, I think--wait, yes. I do--"

George rolled his eyes back, "--Thank god--"

"You're gonna have to ask Dream to set it up, though. I don't know how." Sapnap began and fell into a knowing laugh when George momentarily froze in his spot.

"...Can *you* ask him?" George jutted his bottom lip out.

"Is it really that bad between you two?" Sapnap sat up in his seat and George immediately averted his gaze, "George. *Come. On.*"

"*What?*" George asked through gritted teeth.

"This is so fucking dumb. You're asking him yourself and then you're gonna talk to him," Sapnap laughed as he sat up from the couch, "I'm gonna go in my room and hibernate with Patches, let you guys--" He was abruptly stopped as George's fingers wrapped firmly around his wrist.

"Sapnap, don't fucking leave me," George begged, looking up at him from where he sat.

"Dude," Sapnap's smile dissipated as he analyzed the brunet's frightened look, "Are you okay?"

"*Yes.* Just don't leave me alone with him." George stood up, levelling their eyes, "Please."

Sapnap blinked, a wave of confusion crashing into his initial shock from George's desperation, "Why?" His wrist slipped out from George's fingers as he brought his hand to the brunet's shoulder, giving the area a comforting squeeze, "What's going on with you?"

George exhaled through his nose, "I just can't face him right now."

"What are you afraid of, though? I don't--"

"Hey, guys?" Dream's voice re-entered their space, Sapnap and George broke away as if they'd been caught red-handed.

"Yeah?" Sapnap and George replied simultaneously.

"I have to...go somewhere. In a half-hour, maybe less." Dream said, pocketing his phone as well as his hands.

George and Sapnap shared a look but immediately looked away when a silent, mutual statement was established.

"What?" Dream eyed the two of them.

Sapnap shrugged, "Nothing."

"Can I, um," George began quietly before straightening up his posture, "Can I use your setup? Karl needs me for a stream."

"Yeah, I just texted him saying I couldn't make it, so yeah, you can," Dream then flickered his gaze to Sapnap, "I won't be back til' tomorrow, maybe. I'm not sure, so--"

"What?" Sapnap cut him off instantly, George hadn't realized he had also vocalized the same question, "Where are you going?"

There was no avoiding it now, George thought as he, for once, felt like he had to leave the room for a moment he was interrupting.

Dream inhaled deeply as he looked at Sapnap, his jaw set, "I guess we gotta talk, huh?"

Sapnap's mouth twitched, "I guess so, yeah."

"I'll go set up my stream," George juttied his thumb to the hallway Dream had emerged from.

"I'll get you the green screen." Sapnap patted George's back before leading Dream to his wing of the house.

-

George was sat in Dream's chair, his hand hovering over the keys as the other ghosted the mouse. He stared blankly at the monitor that displayed the boys' Discord server. He could see Karl's messages roll in, but he couldn't grasp a single word he read.

Dream had to go somewhere, George thought to himself, *he wasn't sure how long he'd be gone for*, he blinked at the screen, re-focusing on the messages so as to snap back to reality, *he was going to see her*, obviously, he inhaled deeply and breathed out, clenching his jaw as he tried to focus on Karl's message, *why was he still helping her, though?*

Stop. George hid his face in his hands, took in a deep breath, and ran them through his hair before returning them to his keyboard.

Why hadn't he come back to bed?

He sat back in his seat with a huff; not once in his life had he felt this fucking conflicted.

karljacobs Today at 12:59 PM

I'm live in 20

15 minutes actually

George's eyes glossed over the message. *Fifteen minutes to get your shit together.* He nictitated at the RGB keyboard.

You're worried for the wrong reasons, the mental statement tasted bitter on his tongue causing him to grimace at the metaphorical taste, *he's your best friend, not your--*he squirmed in his seat.

"Yo," Sapnap swung the door open generating a jolt from George, "Sorry," He smirked at the terrified look on the brunet's face, "Got your shit." He tossed a rectangular cardboard box onto Dream's bed.

Dream came into the room shortly after, "I don't know if I remember the OBS settings off the top of my head," He chuckled to himself as he eyed the rectangular box.

George remained in his seat, silent and watching the scene ahead unravel; he noticed how Dream and Sapnap were no longer lingering in a petty hostility. It also seemed as if the talk they shared eased Dream's mind a bit; his tone seeming a little lighter, but his eyes holding the same amount of exhaustion.

"I think I might remember—" Sapnap began but a ring erupting from his back pocket cut him off, "Oh, shit," He fished it out and glanced down at the screen before looking up at George.

George wasn't sure what was happening until it dawned on him.

Sapnap, the two of them zeroed in on each other, *don't you dare fucking leave,* George tried to speak through his hardened features.

"Are you gonna answer?" Dream asked, not really paying attention to the way his friends had frozen in their spot as he attempted to pull the green screen from the box.

"I have to," Sapnap mouthed to him.

George rose in his seat slightly, opening his mouth to reply but it snapped shut when Dream turned around to look at them.

Sapnap pretended as if he were looking at his phone that entire time and Dream frowned his eyebrows at him.

"Are you okay?" Dream asked slowly.

"What?" Sapnap looked up innocently.

"Are you gonna answer that or?" Dream nodded to the phone that continued to ring in their silent space.

George gnawed at his bottom lip, Sapnap briefly looked at him again and Dream had caught it that time.

"Alright, what the hell is going on?" Dream glanced between the two of them.

Sapnap looked up at George from his hung head. It took a nanosecond for Dream to follow his

eyes before he eyed George himself.

"George?" He asked.

George placed his elbow onto the desk, gently resting his curved fingers over his mouth as he raised expectant eyebrows at Dream.

Dream cocked an eyebrow at him; they were both expecting the other to speak, but they continued to stare in an uncomfortable silence that most definitely had Sapnap shifting on his feet.

"Well," Sapnap lazily waved his phone in the air to show that the ringing had stopped, "I guess I can just call her back—"

"No," Dream said at the same time that George nonchalantly replied, "You could."

Sapnap stifled a nervous laugh, his face going slightly red, "Wh—"

"Call her back, Sap." Dream encouraged as he tore his stern eyes off George.

"She didn't call back a second time, it mustn't have been that important," George spoke through his fingers.

Dream's head snapped in his direction, a stone-cold glare flashed across his face as the two of them continued through a silent, but burning engagement.

"He's right, honestly," Sapnap chimed in, hoping to break them from the clear tension that exuded from their looks, but to no avail.

Dream clenched his jaw, "He's not."

George deflected his eyes to his lap, "He can make his own decisions."

"Then why are you trying to sway him?" Dream quipped.

George's fingers slipped from his mouth as he felt an unfamiliar feeling rise within him. It was hard for anyone to really push his buttons, but if there was one person capable of getting him instantly worked up, it was Dream.

Before Sapnap could interrupt their back and forth, his phone rang again. The arguing pair shot their heads in Sapnap's direction, the younger looking back at them, slightly amused, but also notably terrified.

"Answer it, Nick." Dream clipped.

Sapnap sent an apologetic look George's way and the older gave him an understanding nod.

George watched Sapnap leave the room to answer the call, Dream followed in his footsteps only to stop in the doorway to close the door after him. George was now even more reluctant to engage in a conversation that had already gotten off to a bad start.

Dream turned around, their eyes catching each other for a small instant before George shifted his own to the rectangular cardboard box.

He stood up from his chair and walked over to the edge of the bed, "If you give me the Streamlabs settings, I can work this out."

"We gonna talk or are you gonna keep avoiding me?"

"I'm not avoiding you, Dream." George clipped, placing one firm hand on the box as he used the other to pull out the rolled-up green screen, but began struggling due to its weight.

"So," Dream cleared his throat and walked over to him, "You refuse to let Sapnap take that call, you sat as far away from me as possible when we were in the living room," He placed both his hands on either side of the cardboard box so George could use both of his to easily pull the screen out.

"Thank you," George muttered as he leaned the rolled-up screen against the bedframe.

"You can't even look at me in the eyes, George." Dream said.

Recognition dawned on his face, but he continued to avoid the pair of green eyes that rested on him.

"Look at me," Dream pleaded quietly.

George ground his jaw, stealthily turning his head in the opposite direction of Dream. The blonde brought a gentle hand to cradle the side of George's face, gingerly turning his head to him, but George's hand flew to his wrist as he softly pulled it away from his face.

He sucked in a sharp breath and walked towards the desk with the rolled-up screen lodged in between his arm.

"George,"

"Yeah?" George asked as he leaned the screen against the chair.

Dream's tone was regulated, but the small waver in some of the spoken syllables foreshadowed instability, "Is it because I wrote about you in my journal?"

"Yes, Dream." George finally turned around to look at him and Dream's reaction told him that it wasn't the look the blonde hoped to receive, "Yes, it's 'cause you wrote about me."

Dream's eyes bore into his, "Why?"

"Dream." George reeled a sigh as he tilted his head to the side, "You realize what you're admitting to by saying this, right?"

Dream's lips came to a close as he gave him a small nod.

There was a sudden pit in his stomach as he received the affirmation from the taller, "Dream..."

Dream swallowed, "I know."

George briefly turned his face away, "We agreed we weren't gonna let this happen."

Dream's forehead creased, "I can't control that, George."

"But," George held himself back, re-formulating his words as he knew speaking his direct thoughts would cause a lot more damage, "But why didn't you say anything?"

Dream's eyebrows shot up, "To yo—to *you*? Are you being serious, right now?"

"What do you mean by that?" George could feel himself losing control over his temper, but he knew better than to just lash out so easily, so he repressed the impulse.

"George, you never wanna fucking talk about anything. How am I supposed to bring that up to you? When have you ever given me an opening?" Dream talked with his hands, the fervency at the rate at which his spoken words were picking up volume foreshadowed the direction this conversation was gonna take.

George feigned a smile, a sardonic motif behind the curve at the corner of his lips, "An opening? I wasn't even presented the idea, Dream. You're the one who stayed silent,"

"You're telling me you had *no* idea how I felt this *entire* time?"

A small silence rolled in as the realization settled within them following Dream's confession. Though it should've been obvious, maybe even expected, it had taken the both of them by surprise; for different reasons.

"Wha—for how long, Dream?" George squinted his eyes at him.

Dream lowered his chin, "It doesn't matter—"

"How *long*, Dream?"

"The night we were in the water when we almost kissed." Dream struggled to keep his eyes steady on him.

George's jaw went slack as he punched out a breath, his eyes breaking from Dream's own.

Dream shook his head, "Don't make me seem like the crazy one here, George."

"No?" George snapped his head in his direction, "Why not?"

"Why *not*?" *There it was*, Dream at his near breaking point as his brash voice broke through his threshold, "What the *fuck* goes through your head when I'm saying shit to you that friends don't normally say to each other?"

Though he couldn't quite bring himself to speak at the tone Dream had just used, George's words were spoken through the baring of his teeth, "What we do isn't what friends normally do with each other, Dream. We've *been* over this."

"Yes, and I agree that I said I could do this. That we could play this game and not catch feelings, but things change. Now look me in the fucking eyes and tell me you had no idea how I felt about you," He took a step forward, George stood his ground, "How I *felt* when we held hands in secret," Their eyes danced in a pit of their growing fire, "Or how you held mine in the car after I told you the moon stood no fucking chance against you. Or when I told you that it was impossible for me to be sad as long as you're around. Or—"

"—I get it—"

"*Yes*, I should have brought it up, but you were so obviously against it, George. You were so against this happening," He motioned to the space between them with his hands.

George had now fallen into the impulse of levelling the tone of his voice to Dream's, "I was against it because we weren't *meant* to *fall* in *love*, Dream—"

"Can you *blame* me?" Dream's voice boomed against the walls, the sound striking George's core causing him to straighten his posture at the mere surprise, "You made it so hard not to because you played into this just as much as I have. You're so fucking cryptic with your feelings, even you've lost your bearings on how to decipher them."

Dream's chest rose and fell as he silently re-gained his breath, but the embers that circled their alit space continued to grow. Every word from that point on—through the pure spite that ran through the stream of fury that connected their joined glare—was projected with their chest.

"No, Dream. I know how to handle my fucking feelings. You're the one who's lost your bearings. We *agreed* not to let this get to the point that it now clearly has because you couldn't—"

"Because I couldn't what, huh? Because I couldn't look past the way you make rules that would stop us from getting to this point, only for you to break them? Only for us to kiss, constantly, like we're fucking boyfriends—"

"Stop—"

"No. You keep rejecting that word, but that's exactly what we've been doing, George. We've been acting like we're dating this entire fucking time. You've just decided to look past it until my ex comes along. You know *exactly* why you get jealous—"

"It's not jealousy, Dream. It's—"

"I swear to *god*, George," Dream inhaled deeply for the first time since his fuse exploded in their makeshift, hellish fire, "If you say concern..." He trailed off through gritted teeth.

"That's because it is a concern, Dream. It's always *been* that. I was never *genuinely* jealous. I was never worried about you falling in love with her again," George glowered, "It's how you have once loved her and then fell out of love with her."

Dream's tone regained its volume, "She *cheated* on me, George—"

"But what if she hadn't—" George croaked as he recaptured his breath.

"*Why* does that matter—"

He had avoided this upcoming confession, but the tone of their voices that ascended into borderline yelling drowned out the unfiltered declarations; he felt he could openly get it out without instant regret.

"Because I don't want that to happen to *me*, Dream." His voice resonated through the four walls that barricade them in, "I told you that when it came to us, we had to be wary. I don't want a relationship with you because it's not worth risking our friendship."

Dream lolled his head back, "We're not risking anything, George—"

"Do you know how long it took to build this? How much we have to lose? Do you not *realize* that?"

"Of course I realize it—"

"You *don't*. You don't fucking think, you just blindly go into things. You're obsessive. You like an idea, you get bored, you move on the next. This," He used his pointed finger to motion in between their range, "This is so fucking fragile, Dream."

"I *know* it is. Which is why I would never do anything to lose that—"

"You can't promise that—"

"I can—"

"Well, I can't," George released a toiled breath, "I can't be fucking sure of that."

In a cursed halo of melancholia and ire, a dark copper pair of eyes torched the feline emerald ones. They paused, and a wildfire occurred in their junction.

"You're gonna project your trust issues onto what we could be and then blame my obsessiveness for it not possibly working out? How does that even make sense—"

Their brief pause that could have been a warning to stop their train of proclamations from derailing any further was defective; Dream's previous statement and the way in which it exploded through his voice with zeal prompted George to reply with the same amount of energy.

"My trust issues? What about how fucking intense you are? I've never had to deal with that shit before, Dream. You're a *lot*."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" Dream spat.

"It *means* I don't want to be the reason behind your hurt—"

"Why would it *ever* get to that point?" Dream nearly whined from his ever-growing frustration.

"Because it *can*, Dream. It just can. You're too trusting," A crushed sigh escaped past his lips, "You literally welcomed your ex-girlfriend with open arms. You don't know why you keep helping the people who've wronged you, you said that yourself. If I end up hurting you...I don't want you to just accept that because you think you can't hate me. Or because you can't...quit me."

"Are you planning on leaving me?" Dream asked.

"What? No—"

"And if we were dating, would you cheat on me?"

"What the fuck? *No*, Dream."

"Then what could you *possibly* do that would fuck this up?"

George rolled his eyes back, his shoulders slumped, "I don't know—"

"George," Dream cut him off, "You're telling me I don't think—I'm telling you there's no fucking point. Love isn't something you can prepare for. It's something entirely out of your control, that's why you go blindly into it. That's why you fall in love with people that you trust. Because you're willing to trust them with your heart."

George shook his head defiantly.

"You can't prepare yourself for love, George. It just *happens*. You *have* to let it happen—"

"I can't—"

"Why not—"

"Because I've never been in love, Dream." He painfully exclaimed.

Dream matched his tone, "Then let me teach you,"

"I don't wanna learn it from you,"

"Why—"

George took a step forward as the words flew out of his mouth, "Because there's a possibility that I'll have to unlearn it and that's gonna hurt. And I don't wanna get hurt—"

Dream jammed his fingertips against his own chest as he leaned into George's step, "*I* was willing to hurt, why can't *you*?"

Though their voices had been raised that entire exchange, that was the loudest Dream had gotten and it snapped George out of the heated trance they'd lost themselves into. As if on cue, Sapnap swung the door open, concern laced with a slight bit of anger etched on his face. George flickered his gaze to him only to feel the tears prickling at the corner of his eyes, which caused him to blink them back as he half-turned from both Dream and Sapnap to recollect himself.

"What the fuck happened?" Sapnap's voice was careful, measured, but it danced dangerously close to his unprovoked temper.

"Sapnap, please leave—"

"No." Sapnap cut Dream off without taking a beat, "I don't care about what's going on between you two, but this is not how you're gonna talk shit out. I had to end my phone call 'cause I could hear you guys from the front lawn, that's how fucking loud you were being."

"I love you, Nick, but this actually doesn't fucking concern you in the slightest bit."

"Bullshit it doesn't concern me. At the end of the day, we're all friends here—or did you forget that?"

So much had just happened that George found himself zoning them out as he entered his own personal hell. Before this conversation, George was living in a constant mental state of being pulled in different directions. And he hadn't expected to feel any relief after their conversation, but he also hadn't expected to feel ten times worse than he had before they set off into it.

He slowly turned to face the two men who stood a few feet from him, engaged in a heated argument; an argument he felt responsible for. They were good. Before he and Dream went at it, Sapnap and Dream were on good terms. And *he* fucked it up.

"Stop," George said, his voice hoarse after having lost its hinges when speaking to Dream, "Stop!" He yelled, rendering them momentarily mute.

George couldn't bear to look at Dream; if he had, he was sure he was going to shatter into pieces, so he looked at Sapnap with the sorriest expression he could muster without encouraging his threatening tears.

Sapnap's features softened as he took in George's countenance, but spoke to Dream, "Clay?"

"George?" Dream's voice was weak, the dehydration clear in the way the last syllable fell flat.

"Dude," Sapnap turned to Dream, "Go see her."

George winced and fully turned around as he pretended to busy himself with the green screen that laid against the chair.

"Go, I got it," Sapnap said to Dream.

George could hear shuffling behind him and he waited a few more seconds before turning around, only to catch Sapnap on his way out—until the younger turned on his heel.

"Karl's live already, by the way. They're waiting on us, but," Sapnap read his face before he sighed quietly, "I can tell him you're not up for it--"

"I am. I already told him I'd do it." George nodded affirmatively.

Sapnap did a once-over before exiting the room and closing the door behind him.

George placed his palms on the headrest of the swivel chair and leaned his weight into the support provided as he recollected himself. Approximately fifteen minutes ago, he thought he'd only have about that much time to get himself in the mood for a stream, but those supposed calming fifteen minutes were filled and poisoned with the absolute trainwreck that consisted of their confrontation.

So as he sat in the swivel chair, headphones clamped on and fingers shakily hovering over the keyboard, George joined the VC; with the issues that remained unresolved fifteen minutes ago mingling with the newborn ones, George wasn't sure if he could last a minute, let alone the duration of two consecutive streams without thinking of *him*.

In a debate of picking between thinking about him and not thinking about him; he chose the latter. But as if he unintentionally tied "love" and "Dream" into one unit in his brain since that conversation, George found that his choice didn't count, because, in the end, he had no control over how he felt for either of the aforementioned.

Chapter End Notes

oop, a day late what do you know
ok so if u didnt hate george before im sure u do now. maybe it's main character curse.
im sorry for the pain, and for making you wait this long for literally not a crumb of
comfort, but it'll come. it'll come and it'll hit like a semi-truck in the best way possible.
maybe more like a wave of cool water on a sunny day idk lol

on the goood side, sapnap our beloved heart eyes. how ive missed him. he's about to
cleanse this entire fucking household, as he should.

there's only gonna be one more chapter of angst. i pinky promise.
im gonna head out
im tired (:

thank you for the nice. i appreciate you guys endlessly, always. x
ps. blame harry styles for the intensity of their emotions, this mf had me in my feels
when i was writing this. fine line will continue to wreck me into pieces till the day i
perish

oh and of course, happy pride month xx (:

Warning Sign

Chapter Summary

George is essentially going through it. And through Sapnap's and Quackity's help, as well as a few secret findings, George eventually comes to a liberating realization.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title Song: Warning Sign by Coldplay

& the playlist, since i never previously linked it lol

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/412SpmZaT1ZG75QmxkmiRD?si=fb17a609ab394142>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Even with a handful of distractions at his disposal, George was still thinking about the words that coursed through Dream's harsh tone. Or the way his eyes welled up with tears as he emptied the feelings he was clearly holding back. Or the way he was visibly full of rage as he saw George through red.

"I was willing to hurt,"

Dream had been hurting for so long and had stayed silent despite the crushing weight of his growing feelings. Feelings that he kept locked up out of fear.

Fear.

He was scared. This entire time, he had been scared to freely express himself.

"I was willing to hurt,"

Willing?

He was willing, *but for what?* George wondered. Was it hope that fuelled his will to secretly suffer through the hurt and fear? Had he been hopeful that things could change?

You just go blindly into things.

Dream had justified his blindness to the matter due to the inability to control oneself when falling for someone. George still refused to believe that one could so easily dismiss all the possibilities in which that could turn out to be a recipe for disaster.

How could Dream trust that this would work out so well that he was willing to submit to the fear and pain?

"Because it's you, it's us."

George squeezed his eyes shut, *not this again, please.*

The reappearance of the puppets: the one rejecting the thoughts by pulling him to the cautious end, and the other, justifying Dream's words by drawing him into submission.

He was willing to hurt because he knows us.

He trusted this.

"You fall in love with people that you trust,"

George's jaw tensed as the familiar voice in his head became clearer.

"Because you're willing to trust them with your heart,"

His fingernails scraped the keys as he fisted his hand, *I can't do that.*

But what was most damaging, from that whole argument, was how it had ended. It was how Dream was still worried, for having pushed too far. How, after having exposed his feelings that were still being debated by George, Dream *still* asked for him.

George was sure he'd never be able to rid of the sound of Dream's beaten down voice as he uttered, *"George?"*

Still asking for him. Still checking on him.

Sitting here, knowing it was too late and beyond him to turn back time, George so desperately wished he could've turned around to look at him. Called out for him, too.

"George?"

"George?"

"Turn George up? I don't think he's saying anything, chat."

"Is he AFK?" Quackity's voice seeped through his headphones.

"What?" George blinked, the question resting between his lips.

"What did you say?" Karl asked, his block character moving into George's space on the screen.

George sat up in his seat, unclenching his fist as he returned them to the TFGH keys to move his character towards Karl's.

"I didn't say anything," George said as he aimlessly jumped around the makeshift auditorium in the game.

Out of all the ideas Karl could have had for today's stream, he picked the most draining one; karaoke. And the universe was really testing George whenever Dream would get mentioned an unnecessary amount of times throughout the stream.

With Karl's stream opened on the second monitor, George could not avoid the chat if tried. And he most definitely did not fail to notice their reaction to the complete radio silence on his behalf when all of the boys were singing along to *Roadtrip*.

He wasn't *not* joining in on purpose. And certainly not out of spite. But the sheer sound of Dream's

voice coming through his headphones rendered him motionless in his seat.

"In celebration of this banger that our good friend, Dream, recently released," Karl began as the familiar melody of a guitar flowed through George's headphones, "George, would you like to do the honours?"

"No." George clipped.

He wasn't even sure what prompted him to answer so fast when he was still recovering from yet another mention of Dream, along with *that* song to accompany it.

"I mean," George forced a chuckle, "I don't know the lyrics."

He knew the lyrics like the back of his hand.

"Ooh," Karl sucked the air through his teeth, "That's kinda messed up."

Quackity snorted, "George is actually a terrible friend."

Karl paused the song before asking, "Sapnap, you know the lyrics--"

Sapnap jumped in immediately, you could almost hear him lean forward in his chair, "Hell yeah, I do."

So did George. He knew them as they were being formulated. He knew them when it was solely heard through isolated vocals. He knew them when the melody was being debated. He knew them after they'd been tweaked. He knew them in several different versions and he knew them when it was release day.

Release day. When he played it off his phone and they danced in the living room of what was soon to be their new home.

"I think George knows the lyrics," Quackity began and George's heart momentarily sunk as he was ripped away from the sweet memory, "But he's trying to bait Dream into the VC."

Quackity and Karl broke into a fit of cackles, to simply pander.

"George, George," Karl giggled, "You know you don't have to play hard to get with Dream, right?"

George was making it his mission to avoid reading Karl's chat, but he could almost just see what his silence provoked in the viewers' response.

And as if what Karl said hadn't added to the piling thoughts in his mind, a text sounded through his phone. His eyes flew to the lit-up screen and the pit in his stomach expanded.

Dream.

"I give it, like, two minutes till' Dream jumps in this call--"

Karl cut him off with a laugh, Quackity chorused in, "Just *filled* with rage that George doesn't know the lyrics--"

"You know what, since I'm clearly the better friend," Sapnap purposely raised his voice to speak over them, "I would like to volunteer to sing Dream's song."

Though he was impaired with panic from everything that was happening the moment Karl played

Dream's new song, Sapnap's clear effort to take the pressure off wasn't going unappreciated.

In the mental haze infested by his overstimulation from the events, he swiped Dream's text to the right of his screen to reveal his message: *"the green screen settings"*

The disappointment that flashed through him had him wondering what he was expecting the text to be.

Quackity's autotune flowed through his headphones, pulling George back down to earth as he relocated his eyes to the screen ahead: the block characters of his three friends on the stage as they hopped around singing Dream's new song.

Out of pure curiosity, George glanced over to Karl's chat and immediately regretted doing so. The viewers' reactions to the chaos were laced with comments regarding George's silence: *'Why is George being so quiet?'*, *'Is George ok?'*, *'Where's Dream???'--*George tore his eyes off the second monitor.

When Sapnap announced that the jet lag was finally getting to him, Karl sent his viewers to Quackity's stream. George braced himself; *just a couple more hours*. And it was almost as if he had forgotten how easy it was to let go of everything with Quackity until he found himself momentarily, and surprisingly, ridden of his worries.

Dream was still running laps around his mind, and at this point, it was a feeling that he was unfortunately accustomed to. But he'd glance at Quackity's chat on the second monitor and smiled weakly when the viewers were reassured that he was fine through the fits of laughter that both he and Quackity would break into when reading some ridiculous piece of fiction.

That felt good, while it lasted. Until realization settled in that this stream was eventually coming to an end. He could almost see the gradual declination of his fleeting happiness when he'd glance at Quackity's stream. And he couldn't do anything to change it. *Dream still wasn't here*, and he wouldn't be for however long. And though hours earlier he felt like ditching all of his streaming plans to disappear into slumber, he almost wished that this stream wouldn't end. *Dream still wasn't here*, and soon Quackity wouldn't be either.

What was he to do then?

"Did you end?" George stared blankly at the keyboard as he half-listened to Quackity's mouse clicks.

"Just did, did you not hear?" Quackity let out a feeble chuckle, "Are you deaf *and* colourblind, Georgie?"

"Shut the fuck up," George smiled as he broke his stare from the RGB lights to Quackity's face.

"You know who you remind me of right now?" Quackity's eyes were teetering over some things on his computer; George assumed he was closing all the applications he no longer needed.

"Who?" George asked, the pad of his fingers drawing lines into the mousepad.

"This guy I was talking to at the dinner table in the late AMs," Quackity began and George looked up from the mousepad with knitted brows, "He was, like, completely out of it. Didn't know what to do about a certain someone..." He trailed off, finally looking at George with a knowing smile.

George dropped his gaze back down to where his finger had stilled, "Doesn't ring a bell."

"No?" Quackity grinned, but it faltered into a smile upon no response, "Where *is* Dream, dude?"

"I don't know?" George's eyes flew to the screen, "I'm not his keeper," His tone had escalated to a harsher one.

Quackity's eyebrows shot up, his smile growing into that knowing grin once again, "You alright?"

George inhaled deeply.

"No, I'm fucking not. I just got in an argument with that *certain someone*. An argument that I didn't think we were capable of having. An argument that wouldn't have happened if I had just stopped fighting it like you had told me to. An argument that wouldn't have happened if I wasn't scared of falling in love with my best friend of *five years*, which I still think I have the right to question."

But when Quackity looked at him expectantly as he called for his attention again, George realized he hadn't actually voiced any of that out.

"George?"

George exhaled through his nostrils, "Yeah," He nodded, "I'm fine. I think I should...take a nap or something."

"Alright," Quackity sighed as he sat up in his chair, "Well, I'll let you go."

George nodded and went to leave the Discord call until his remorse surfaced, "Wait, Quackity,"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you," *For making me forget, for a while.*

Quackity beamed, almost as if he had read his silenced voice, "Yeah, man."

George sat back in his chair as he released a deep-seated sigh. He ran a hand through his hair, his other still resting over the mouse as he clicked out of Discord.

Distractions. He needed distractions. So naturally, he opened Twitter and was welcomed with Dream's timeline. *Of course*, he rolled his eyes, *couldn't escape him if you tried*. And he almost went to log out until the first tweet caught his immediate attention; the account that updated Dream's Spotify.

'Over My Head - Echosmith

4:03 EST'

George furrowed his eyebrows as his eyes read over the tweet; *don't*. He brought the cursor of the pinned app on the taskbar of Dream's desktop, *don't fucking do this*, he clicked the Spotify icon to reveal the home page of Dream's Spotify. He took his hand off the mouse and brushed his knuckles across his jawline, *it doesn't hurt to listen to it, right?*

George returned his hand to the mouse, clicked on Dream's profile, and immediately froze in his spot when his eyes landed on the familiar photo accompanying the playlist. It was *him*; laying shirtless on Dream's bed, his skin bathed in the red light that the monitors emitted.

"What," George said under his breath as he clicked on the playlist, "The fuck," He breathed out shakily until his eyes fell on the song mentioned in the tweet.

George wasted no time in pressing play as he quickly searched up the lyrics, reading along as he listened.

To say it felt like he was getting called out was an understatement. Every lyric that sounded through the speakers and passed by his eyes had him sinking further and further into his seat from shame, disgust, and guilt.

It had clicked, then. Their morning in the kitchen following the night George had woken up to Dream singing. This was the playlist he was shying away from when George had asked.

George looped the song. *Several times*. Purposely taunting himself with the lyrics.

That went on for one full hour until he ripped the headphones off his head and placed them onto the keyboard. The lyrics of the song were relentlessly playing in his head, and it had gotten to the point where George had a hard time differentiating the sung lyrics with Dream's voice.

He fell back into the mattress, his eyes flipping shut as he interlocked his fingers over his chest.

"You're gonna project your trust issues onto what we could be and then blame my obsessiveness for it not possibly working out? How does that even make sense—"

It did make sense. How was he to trust that this wasn't an idea that Dream was currently hyper fixated on? George knew Dream just as well as Dream knew him. So, what was George supposed to do when his guard went down but Dream's interest wore out?

Dream's constant reiterations on what bad could come from their supposed relationship shot back at his self-imposed doubt.

And George thought back to the song.

And *fuck*, maybe he was complicating it, but it's because it was *them*. Dream was undeniably the most important person in his life and George could simply not fathom a world without him.

The argument they had terrified him because it felt too close to what he imagined it looking like if a relationship with Dream didn't work out. And the sheer possibility that their argument was already past salvation had him numb to the core.

*Because—*George ground his jaw as he squeezed his fingers in its interlocked state—*because he fucking needed him.*

And though he wasn't open with that, he knew Dream was aware of how dependent they were on each other.

What admittance was he looking for?

For George to tell him he loved him?

Because what the fuck did that even mean?

George has had two somewhat successful relationships, but they were so—for lack of a better word—bland. He liked them, bought them things; given them the attention and affection they asked for. He'd done everything that he felt a relationship needed. But both relationships had taken no effort on his end when it came to ending it. He hadn't cried, he hadn't really thought about them afterwards. And maybe that was heartless of him, but it's not like it wasn't mutual.

That, he concluded, was not love.

He imagined love to hurt.

Like the hurt that danced in every syllable that they shouted to each other as they fought?

He imagined love to drive someone to do stupid things.

Like nearly having sex with your best friend of five years? Like making a contract to stop you from seeing that this was going in the exact direction you feared it would? Like willingly breaking all the rules in the said contract due to lack of self-control? Like sharing a bed, sleeping in each other's arms, soft kisses and heartfelt embraces?

George's eyes flew open as he sat up from his bed.

"You played into this just as much as I have."

George covered his face with the palm of his hands.

"You're so fucking cryptic with your feelings, even you've lost your bearings on how to decipher them."

George winced; it was almost as if he could hear the locks on the hidden away box coming undone in his head.

"We've been acting like we're dating this entire fucking time. You've just decided to look past it,"

And then they unshackled.

Because Dream may have started falling in love since the near kiss, but George had been actively aware of his growing feelings ever since that moment in the dressing room. And George continued to tuck every bit of growth that was fed by their innocent—and not so innocent touches—into that little box in his head because he feared the damage following the admittance of that truth.

Because George was *positive* that it was a mere phase. That it was the surge of dopamine from finally being able to break the distance. That as long as Dream didn't catch feelings and George's own went away, they could get away with their fling and still remain friends.

That's how it was supposed to go.

And it was manageable. Most of what they were doing was simply to get each other off, George could handle that. *Until the near-kiss happened.* The night he realized he was no longer in possession of the key to the door, to the firmly shut box. The night he realized the key had landed in Dream's hand, rendering him absolutely powerless over his own emotions.

And *that's* when it became a problem. It became a problem when it was so clear they were tip-toeing around each other. It became a problem when Dream was no longer his usual confrontational self. It became a problem when George began breaking their rules. It became a problem when they kissed at the beach. And again at the new house.

And again. And again. *And again.*

And it all happened so fast. It's almost as if they had both secretly known, staying silent for their own reasons, while allowing the carnality of their desire to pull them from the brackets of life. And it was hard to stop; with no anchor grounding them as they began free-falling into their unstable

heaven.

And the silence he had fallen into caused for a realization: he was struggling and then he wasn't. And when it had gotten too easy to fall, he realized he had succumbed to his feelings.

And the only thing—the sole thing that held him back from admitting to that, was when Dream had seemingly fallen too. When George had become aware of it.

Because if they were both falling, who would catch the other?

They couldn't be careless with this. They couldn't *risk* it.

Because losing Dream wasn't going to be like losing the two ex-girlfriends.

Losing Dream was going to hurt so much, George knew he wouldn't ever be able to recover.

And it brought him back to their argument and Dream's restatement of knowing how fragile their friendship was and how he was positive nothing could ruin them if they were to be together.

And how George kept shutting that hope down because he had never had someone fight so hard for something they had no control over.

He didn't know that love gave you that hope, the hope that Dream clung onto that gave him the confidence to be positive that nothing could bring them down.

"That's why you fall in love with people that you trust. Because you're willing to trust them with your heart."

And you kept rejecting that hope because you don't trust him with your heart, yet he trusts you with his.

And *God*, he was turning himself, and Dream, in circles. He dropped his hands from his face, *it's you. If this is past saving, it's on you.*

Because though he still wasn't sure how badly Dream wanted this, it was his trust issues that were going to tear them apart; friendship, or whatever they were, *he* was responsible for their downfall.

-

It was 8:09 PM when George's phone died.

It was 8:09 PM when he was halfway through the playlist for the third time since his first listen.

It was 8:09 PM when he took his earbuds out and tossed his phone to the ground beside him.

It was 8:09 PM when George realized how utterly fucked he was.

Dream's hand-picked songs, that at this point, George could safely assume was about him and their friendship, had him feeling numb to the core.

All the lyrics tangled up with Dream's voice from this morning, as well as his own thoughts that began sounding like prayers—prayers because it felt as though, in the current mental and physical state he was in—his soul was on its knees.

He was so fucking exhausted.

Every thought he had about Dream reminded him of why he repressed most of the feelings he had; so as to not feel shredded to pieces when having to defy them.

George was sat on the ground, back pressed against the bed frame with the back of his head laying against the mattress as he stared at the ceiling. He assumed Sapnap was still sleeping, which diminished his options for distractions.

Before he could fall back into his pit of despair, a light scratching noise was heard at the bedroom door.

He reluctantly got up and walked over to the door to swing it open, revealing Patches. She briefly glanced up at him before sashaying to the bed where she leaped up to lay atop the bunched-up black fabric.

"What's that?" He asked quietly as he noticed how fast she'd taken refuge in that precise spot.

George crouched down to level his eyes with hers before they fell onto the bunched-up hoodie. *Oh*, his eyes fluttered as the pad of his fingers brushed the cottoned fabric, *his hoodie*.

A 'meow' emitted Patches and George momentarily broke his gaze from the hoodie.

"He must've taken it off when he came to check on me this morning," George said to her, almost to not seem as if he was vocally talking to himself.

George was sure he'd officially lost it when Patches sprung on her four paws and moved away from Dream's hoodie, sort of like she could tell he wanted to wear it.

He picked up the hoodie from where it laid. His eyes scanned the material, his hands slowly fisting the fabric as he had done when Dream pulled him in that emotionally weighted embrace.

"I don't wanna let go,"

Why did you, George shut his eyes as his fingers dug into the hoodie before he brought it up to his face.

George was hesitant in his movements, letting the fabric rest at the tip of his nose; he inhaled the citrusy scent, his eyes squeezing shut as his shoulders tensed. He exhaled deeply, his shoulders coming down with the breath he released as he held back the reaction provoked by the ache in his chest.

This was so pathetic, George thought as he pulled the hoodie away, yet still grasping onto it, *but what was he supposed to do?* His lips quivered, *at this point*, he pulled the hoodie over his shirt, allowing Dream's ghosted warmth and scent to envelope his small frame, *Dream was under his skin*.

He stood up from his crouched position, walked to the light switch to embed the room in darkness before climbing into bed. Patches curled herself up onto Dream's pillow and George laid his head onto his. He slowly wrapped his arms around himself, and in the back of his mind, he knew exactly whose arms he pretended his own to be.

-

Sleep was attempted but failed several times. So, George moved back to the desk and lurked Dream's Spotify once more. Something that proved itself to be a mistake when he eventually gravitated to Dream's favourite Coldplay album.

George wasn't sure if it was his hoodie, his room, his things, or his looming presence, but he could envision himself and Dream in every song. And it was such a weird feeling because not once in his lifetime had George listened to a song and thought of someone. Not once had lyrics made him *feel*. He liked music, but for the melody and the beat.

Until he stumbled across *that* song. The one song out of all the ones he heard today that didn't make him feel like complete shit about himself. It was as if the lyrics spoke for him. And for someone who had a hard time speaking his truth, it felt relieving.

Because he *was* looking for excuses; he *was* excavating every possible reason for it *not* working out well for them.

So, he sat at that desk listening to yet another song on repeat for the second time that day. With his arms wrapped tightly around himself and his feet propped up on the chair; he sat, and he listened and he thought.

And George missed him. *Fucking hell*, did he miss Dream.

-

After spending hours in a whirlwind of psychological torture, George left the dark bedroom and stepped out into the dimly lit hallway. The living room was pitch black; the moon mustn't have been out tonight because there was close to no light shining through the area.

George trudged past the living room with his head slightly hung, massaging his temples from the headache that began to grow due to the lack of sleep. He walked past the columns that separated the living room from the kitchen, his hand flying to the handle of the cupboard to retrieve a glass.

With his surroundings still immensely deafened by the ongoing thoughts in his mind, the voice that called out to him from the dining table caused him to jump out of his skin.

He vastly turned around, catching Sapnap sat at the table; his head peeking above a cereal box.

"What is your problem?" George seethed.

It was hard to make out his expression in the dark, but Sapnap visibly nudged the cereal box forward, "Comfort cereal?" He offered.

"I'm...alright, thanks." George quietly said, earning a shrug from Sapnap before the younger returned his attention to his cereal bowl.

George furrowed his brows at him before turning around to fill his glass with water. He joined Sapnap at the table, taking a seat across from him before placing his glass onto the wooden surface.

"You usually do this?" George asked, an amused smile growing on his lips as he watched Sapnap devour his bowl of Reese's Puffs.

"What?" Sapnap asked with his mouth full.

George nodded to the bowl of cereal, "Eating cereal in complete darkness?"

"Fuck yeah? You sure you don't want some?" He pointed his spoon to the inside of his bowl.

George waved him off, "I'm sure."

"Your loss," Sapnap took another spoonful to his mouth before rolling his eyes to the back of his head, "This shit *bussin'*."

George snorted, breaking his eyes from him, "Okay, Sapnap."

They remained in a somewhat comfortable silence: George drained his glass of water while Sapnap finished up his bowl of cereal. A silenced '*thank you*' emitted George's soft smile to Sapnap when the younger offered to bring his glass to the sink with the box of cereal balancing atop his empty bowl. George remained seated, letting his head roll back so it could rest against the top rail of the chair.

"You need an Advil or something?" Sapnap asked as he switched the tap off.

George, briefly confused, turned in his chair to look at him, "What?"

"Do you not have a headache?" Sapnap opened a drawer that issued the sound of rattling pills.

How had he known? "Yeah—"

"Can you dry swallow or do you need more water?" Sapnap emptied a pill onto his palm before looking over at him.

George's hands grasped the top rail of the chair, "I'm good to dry swallow."

Sapnap gave him a curt nod before he returned to his side, transferring the pill from his palm to George's.

"Thank you," George quietly said before knocking back the Advil, the minuscule pill feeling a tad bit weird going down his throat before it disappeared into his system.

Sapnap sat back in his seat as George turned around in his chair to face him.

Sapnap eyed George's hoodie, "Is that Dream's?"

George looked down to the hoodie he sported before shyly returning his gaze to him, "I think so."

Sapnap cocked an eyebrow at him, a sly smirk forming on his lips, "You *think* so? Well, it's not mine and it's too big to be yours, so—"

"Then it's obviously Dream's, Sapnap." George couldn't help the exhaustion in his tone, or the eye roll that followed.

In Sapnap's sudden silence, George knew the younger understood that now probably wasn't the best time to be coy on the topic of Dream.

"Have you slept at all, dude?"

George kept his eyes on the table, "Nah."

"You gotta be a little tired after streaming for four hours." Sapnap continued, his tone caring and docile.

George pocketed his hands and interlocked his fingers in the warmth of the pouch, "A bit."

Tired from streaming? No. Tired because he couldn't get Dream's voice out of his head? Yes.

Sapnap sighed, "Why did you even go on those streams?"

George looked up from the table and shrugged, "I guess I was feeling a little sorry for myself."

To compensate for being shitty to the one person who deserved it the least.

Sapnap was unsure of what he meant, looking at him quizzically until his features relaxed the longer they held each other's gaze. George was the first to look away, out of slight shame.

"I'm sorry," George murmured.

"What?" Sapnap quickly asked, earning his attention, "For what?"

George bit the corner of his bottom lip before answering, "You guys argued because of me."

Sapnap broke into a tiny laugh, "George," He shook his head, "Dream and I argue over the *dumbest* shit, you know that. That's never on you."

George feigned a smile as he concurred.

"But you and him, like..." Sapnap started and George's eyes faintly flickered at him, "You guys argue from time to time, but—that was—that sounded—I mean," He cleared his throat as he readjusted himself in his seat, "How do you feel?"

George's eyes darted from Sapnap to the table, "Better than I deserve."

Another silence settled between them; George kept his eyes fixed on the table but he noticed Sapnap lean forward, his chair creaking underneath him.

"Look, dude, I don't wanna make you feel shittier than you clearly already do..." His voice died down when he caught George's eyes.

George raised an eyebrow, "But?"

Sapnap halted, eyes dancing between George's own as he contemplated a thought he was visibly hesitant to express, "Um," He dismissed his pending thought, "You know what, you got a raging headache. We can have this conversation later—"

"Just say it," George necessitated.

"Okay," Sapnap sniffled, briefly looking around the room, "I'm gonna be brutally honest, only because I know you can handle it," He returned his gaze to George with a lot more certainty than he had before, "But he's *been* hurting, George. For a fucking minute now."

George reeled his eyes on him as he braced himself for what was to come next. He wanted to ask; *how do you know? Has he spoken to you about it?*

But in the end, it didn't matter how Sapnap knew. It was more so that Dream *was* and has been hurting so much that he could no longer be silent about it.

"And if you don't feel the same way about him...or...like, if you don't want the same things he does," Sapnap's eyebrows netted as he tried to formulate the words in his head, "Can you at least let him know? Like anything?" He shot a small glare his way and George almost cowered in his seat, but he *could* take it, he *should* be able to take it, "Like an explanation or something. Just so he knows if he should hold on, or...let go."

George gradually drew his bottom lip in, almost as if he was biting back the words that rested at the tip of his tongue.

"Because," Sapnap sat up slightly, slicking his lips as his eyes oscillated across George's face, "Because honestly dude, you have him so fucked up."

George immediately deflected his gaze, "I know." His voice was quiet, dancing in the space between his lips.

"I'm saying this because I care about him," Sapnap said, his voice had suddenly gone soft, which caused George to look up at him through a lowered gaze, "And I don't know why the *fuck* he's out with his ex right now," He flailed his hand at the front door, briefly looking at the entrance before looking back at George, "But I have a feeling he wouldn't be if...if you guys hadn't gotten in that argument."

George's eyes danced on the wooden surface as he unshackled his interlocked fingers to grip the fabric of the hoodie.

"And look," Sapnap leaned forward, his forearm digging into the table as he tried to search for George's eyes, "I know that's not on you, right? That part, that's not on you," George flickered his eyes up to meet his, "And if you can't reciprocate his feelings, that's also not on you. But you're still his fucking best friend," He said through slightly gritted teeth, "So sort your shit out, George," He lowered his tone once more, not wanting to push it too far, "Give him a definite answer. I think he's given you enough time to have one."

A short silence followed.

"And if you *do* feel the same way," Sapnap began, a coy smile grew on his face when he caught the speed at which George's eyes flew to his attention, "Then what the *hell* are you waiting for?"

"Sapnap..." George shook his head, his train of thought getting lost with the million other ones that suddenly began to pile on since their conversation started.

"No, I'm serious, dude," Sapnap leaned back into his chair, "Dream has known you for five years," Their eyes lingered on each other's for a moment, "If there's something that's holding you back, just remember that."

George furrowed his eyebrows, a small confusion began writing itself in his expression.

"If Dream was ever bored or tired of your shit, he would've dipped by now," Sapnap smiled when George's features relaxed, "*Five years*, George. You can build and solidify *a lot* of shit in five years."

As Sapnap began getting up from the table, George had disappeared into his own mind.

Do you know how long it took to build this? How much we have to lose? Do you not realize that? This is so fucking fragile, Dream.

"I know it is. Which is why I would never do anything to lose that."

And suddenly, he started seeing it in a whole new light. *Five years*. Dream knew that. *Five years*. Yes, *they were riding on so much*, but maybe that was exactly what was to hold them together—the one thing he feared losing was actually the one thing that would keep them together.

"Hey," Sapnap broke him away from his thought as he reached his side, George looked up at him,

"He'll be back soon," He ruffled George's hair, a slight grin forming on his face before he began walking to his wing of the house, "I actually think this distance is good for you guys," He rose his voice as if it would've been hard to distinguish in their silent space.

George sighed, his body relaxing into the chair.

Sapnap turned on his heel, "And 'ey," He called out once more and George glanced at him, "Get some fucking sleep, you crackhead."

-

George had been up for approximately thirty hours; he was running on a single glass of water, an apple, and an Advil. To say he was losing his sanity would be an understatement, but how could he worry about that when there were a million other things running through his mind.

"What are you doing?" Sapnap rasped as he entered the living room.

George blinked his eyes away from the TV that was playing something he most definitely was not paying attention to. His hands slowly slipped from Patches who rose from her relaxed position as soon as Sapnap's voice was heard.

"Did I not tell you to sleep?" Sapnap asked before plopping down on the couch beside him.

"I did," George said before catching Sapnap's knowing glare, "Sleep."

George had in fact, not slept.

"Doesn't look like it." Sapnap sassily remarked before looking ahead, "You're watching a cooking show?" He bit back a laugh.

George could see him staring in the corner of his eyes, but his attention went back to where it had partially been; Patches.

Sapnap tapped his hands on the couch, "Well, now I'm hungry. Let's get something to eat."

"What?" George asked, his eyes following the younger as he stood up from the couch, "I'm not really hungry."

"No?" Sapnap glanced back at him, "Okay, so what have you had to eat?"

"Huh?"

"As far as I'm aware, you didn't eat shit yesterday," Sapnap briefly looked over at the kitchen, "And I'm ready to bet that if I checked the sink for dirty dishes, there would be none. So, what have you had to eat?"

George staggered his eyes on him, "Nothing, I guess."

"You guess?" Sapnap chuckled half-heartedly, "Go get ready. We're grabbing food."

"Sapnap, I'm not—"

"I'm not repeating myself, Georgie," Sapnap sang-sung as he made his way to his room.

You technically already did repeat yourself, George shot daggers his way and was somewhat thankful that Sapnap had his back to him.

-

It was around 5:12 PM when George and Sappnap were sat in a booth of a Mexican restaurant situated off the walkway of the beach.

The beach littered with the vivid memories of their first kiss.

George nearly rolled his eyes. It had gotten to the point where he was convinced the Dream that lived inside his head was purposely taunting him. *This had to be a joke*—every place he's turned to for a distraction held a trace of Dream.

At this rate, George was exhausted from having to outrun him.

"See, actually, what you're meant to do with these..." Sappnap trailed off as he picked a nacho drenched in Queso, "...you bring them here," He held them up to George's mouth and the brunet purposely pressed his lips together, "And you put them in your mouth," He waited patiently, holding the nacho steadily at George's closed mouth, "Open your fucking mouth—"

George propped his elbow onto the table as he rested his chin in his palm and smirked winningly at him, "Mm," He shook his head.

"I will open it with my bare hands if I have to." Sappnap threatened.

George's eyebrows shot up before they scrunched; the boys fell into a small silence which was soon broken when Sappnap erupted into a light laugh causing George to join in. He immediately got cut off when Sappnap took that opportunity to shove the nacho in his mouth. George had no choice but to chew on it, but not without glaring at Sappnap as he did so.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," Sappnap nodded as smiled victoriously, "Swallow it, bitch."

George grimaced at his words before reluctantly swallowing, "Yeah, wow. Congrats. You got me to eat one single chip."

"Listen, buddy," Sappnap threw his hands in the air, "I'm not a miracle worker. I don't know what you want from me."

"Do better, maybe," George muttered playfully before reaching for another chip.

Sappnap scoffed as he reached for another as well, "You're literally going in for more, so shut your mouth."

And George did go in for more. And George asked for a burrito. And then some loaded fries, which he grudgingly shared with Sappnap. They finished up their meal, their stomachs filled to the brim.

"Can we go home now?" George asked as they stepped out of the quaint building.

They both shielded the beaming sunlight as their hands flew to their eyes to use them as shades. George was aware that his choice of keeping Dream's hoodie on wasn't helping the heat that encased him, but for a reason known to him that he quickly dismissed due to his inability of admittance, George kept it on.

"It's so nice out, though," Sappnap said as he scanned the beach.

George found himself looking up at the cliff upon which Dream had lurched the both of them off.

And the small chaos that followed shortly after George realized all his clothes were soaked as Dream cackled at his slight discomfort. And everything that followed that was still engraved in his memory: from every word leading up to that kiss, from every simple touch and heartfelt look.

George sighed defeatedly, "I honestly just wanna go home."

Sapnap dropped his hand from where they arched over his eyes to properly look at George.

"Thank you," George squeezed his forearm indolently, "For feeding me," He chuckled lightly before retrieving his hand, "I just wanna lay down. I'm not really in the mood to do things."

Sapnap pursed his lips as he went into a small thought, "Dude," He broke into a grin, "I know *exactly* what you need."

For it being something he needed, George had no clue what Sapnap was on about, but he allowed the younger to walk them back to his car because, at that point, his energy was entirely depleted. With the sun blaring down on him and the memories of the beach resurfacing his weak mind, George had no choice but to abide.

They stopped at a gas station; Sapnap filled up while ordering George to fetch them a litre of coke. If George's mind wasn't entirely deteriorated from the past events, he would have made an effort to figure out why exactly Sapnap so badly needed to get his hands on a litre of coke.

When they arrived home, George took refuge on the couch. The Air-Conditioned home was so relieving, he was thankful that he no longer had to physically suffer in Dream's hoodie. Patches wasted no time in joining him on the couch and shortly after, Sapnap's footsteps sounded through the room.

George had his face planted into one of the cushions; he had hoped that maybe the food coma or the heat he'd been languishing would knock him out cold, but sleep was still out of his grasp. He turned his head so he could look at Sapnap and the mere fraction of a second in which he took notice of the Ciroc bottle in his hand caused him to sit up from where he laid.

"What—"

"We're getting fucked up tonight, George." Sapnap calmly stated as he placed the bottle of Ciroc onto the coffee table.

George smiled uneasily, "Sapnap—"

"Look, I'm not saying the answer is to drown your feelings—"

George sneered, "My *feelings*—"

"Whatever the fuck it is you're going through," Sapnap cut him off indefinitely, "Sometimes the answer *is* alcohol."

George flickered his gaze from Sapnap to the bottle. *It couldn't hurt.* He knew it wouldn't solve all of his problems, and the bit of morale that was being crushed by his poisoned thoughts—warning him this would actually cause more problems—stood no chance against the impulse that grew within him.

The corner of his lips curved and Sapnap chuckled before exploding into a cheer, "That's my boy! Let's go," He grabbed George's shoulder and shook him, earning soft giggles from the brunet.

"How am I letting the underaged one sway me?" George shook his head and reached for the bottle.

"Speaking of, Dream cannot know about this." Sapnap shot him a warning glare.

George scoffed and shrugged, "He's not gonna hear it from me."

Thus began their night of letting go.

Sapnap played songs off the Bluetooth speakers; George was thankful that they shared a similar taste in music. And he was also thankful that the songs busying his mind since last night were slowly being overwritten.

They were headbanging to Travis Scott when the alcohol began settling in their system. They had shifted positions from sitting on the couch to borderline standing on it as they progressed from gently vibing to shouting the lyrics atop their lungs.

"Wait, wait, wait," George shouted over the blaring volume of a Trippie Red song, "Do you want to shotgun a beer?"

Sapnap looked at him with wide-glossed-over eyes before breaking into a laugh, "Dude, yes. I literally have some in my mini-fridge."

"Let's go!" George cheered as they both ran, and stumbled a tad bit, to Sapnap's room.

They decided on executing their plan in the backyard to avoid creating a mess inside. They weren't sure when Dream was to come back and they were trying to be as stealthy as possible.

"Oh shit," Sapnap giggled, cheeks flushed as he turned around to look at George, "That's why we only had, like, two dining chairs inside," He juttied his thumb to the makeshift fort.

George's drunken smile faded away in an instant as his drooped eyes followed the direction in which Sapnap was pointing to. *They never got a chance to take it down.*

He wanted to be mad at him—at Dream, for having left a piece of himself everywhere George went, but this *was* his house. This was *his* state. No matter where George went, Dream would be there. Every place he'd been to since having landed, Dream was at his side. And now he wasn't.

George could feel the liquor slipping from the meek ignorance it offered him, so he tore his gaze off the fort and placed it on Sapnap.

"You went all out, dude." Sapnap said as he walked over to it, "This is kinda..." He stifled a laugh, clearly holding back a comment he wasn't sure he should make, and the uncertainty in his expression was justified when he caught George's blank stare, "...it's cool."

"It was nothing," George averted his gaze from him, "Do you have the beers?"

"Yeah," Sapnap tossed the can to George, who hadn't been paying attention, "Catch," He quickly added, but the beer can had already collided against the brunet's hip.

George clutched his hip and bent over as he grimaced, "You're a fucking idiot," He half-whined and half-slurred.

Sapnap burst out laughing but quickly caught himself when George sent him a playful glare, "I said catch, dumbass—"

"Yeah, *after* you threw it." George's voice was hoarse due to all the scream-shouting they did when they were rapping along to the songs.

The marginally opened sliding door allowed them to still be able to hear the sound of a Drake song nearing its end. George bent down to pick up the can that he had been previously attacked with and his eyes instantly caught Patches', who had been sat under one of the chairs used for the makeshift fort.

"Hello," He baby-voiced her.

"Is that Patches?" Sarnap crouched down to get a peek at her, "Hey, beautiful."

"She's definitely judging us." George bit back a smile.

"You're not gonna tell Dream about this right? I'll give you catnip." Sarnap wiggled his eyebrows.

"Okay, okay. You ready?" George said as he stood back up.

"You wanna go first?" Sarnap asked as he fished into his back pocket for his keys.

Before George could answer, however, a familiar song sounded through the speakers. *That song—their song.*

'...you come around. You ease my mind, you make everything feel fine,'

"George?" Sarnap asked, breaking him away from his thoughts, "Wanna go first?"

"Huh?" George blinked at him before nodding, "Yeah."

"You good?" Sarnap laughed hesitantly before his eyes shifted to the speaker that rested on the coffee table, almost as if he was piecing it together before he sympathetically looked back at George, "Alright, show me what you can do, roadman."

George shot him a playful glare at the derogatory term before effortlessly piercing the tilted beer can in his hand with the pointy end of the keys. There was a small spray of beer that spewed out, but it wasn't too messy.

Sarnap took the keys from him and followed his actions, but something had most definitely gone wrong in the process as the liquid sprayed out onto his face. George stepped back to shield himself from the accident but laughed mockingly when he noticed that Sarnap's beard was peppered in small drops of the beer.

The small scream that erupted from Sarnap's mouth when it had sprayed onto him caused Patches to move from where she comfortably rested as she zoomed back inside, disappearing from their sight.

"Okay, go," George said through laughs before bringing the slit of the can to his lips.

The both of them downed their drinks at an impressive rate. Sarnap let out a burp and gently tapped his fist against his chest. George's burp was a lot quieter, which Sarnap made sure to tease him about as if it were a competition of sorts.

"Another one?" Sarnap smiled devilishly.

"Dumb question." George nodded, "Try not to paralyze me this time," He shot him a look as his hand massaged his hip.

And they went again. This time, no mess took place. As they reached for the last two cans in the pack of six, the speakers blared Trippie Red's voice. Three words left the artist's mouth and Sapnap and George looked at each other with wide eyes.

'Oh my god,'

"Oh my god," They simultaneously said,

George exploded in a short laugh, "Sapnap, Dark Knight Dummo—"

"I'm turning this shit up," Sapnap increased the volume onto his phone and the voice became clearer from where they stood.

"All these racks bomin' in, they bomin' in," They simultaneously break into grins as they shouted the lyrics, *"Count my guap, count my guap,"*

Sapnap placed both his hands onto George's shoulders and the brunet mirrored his actions onto the younger as they prepared for the drop. As soon as the beat dropped, Sapnap slung his arm around George and they began jumping and screaming to the song lyrics like drunk idiots.

If anyone looked into their backyard, they would look absolutely ridiculous.

When the song came to its end, George and Sapnap downed the last of the beers and returned inside. Patches was nowhere to be seen, but they just assumed that she must've disappeared into a room.

The music had been dialled down a tad bit; a Jack Harlow song playing softly through as they sat recollecting their breaths.

Sapnap was manspreading, his arm lazily hanging off the couch, "You know what I'm craving right now, dude?"

"Hm?" George looked at him through drunken eyes as he turned his head against the headrest.

"Brownies." Sapnap sighed, an endearing smile forming on his face as his eyes fluttered shut.

"Dream's mum bought some stuff while she was here, we could probably make it." George smiled as he watched Sapnap's eyes fly open.

"You're fucking kidding—"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure I saw cocoa powder or some shit." George nodded as he motioned his head to the kitchen.

"Dude, wait, get this," Sapnap sat up and leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees.

George raised an expectant eyebrow at him, "What?"

"Baking brownies while baked."

-

"You f—fucking idiot," George clutched his aching stomach as he struggled to catch his breath.

Their heavy-lidded red-rimmed eyes and endless laughing fits that escaped their dry throats stated the peaking point of their high.

"I swear," Sapnap hiccuped causing the both of them to laugh even harder, his sentence remaining unfinished.

It started with soft giggling, audible cackles that lasted longer than it should have for a joke that wouldn't have even gotten a reaction out of them if they were sober, to the state they were in now. No noise coming out as they struggled to breathe.

"Shut—stop, please stop." George gasped as he slid his back down the bottom cabinet and plopped onto the floor, "I'm gonna pass out."

"I swear I didn't know it was salt, though," Sapnap whined as he wiped the tear that rolled down his cheek.

"We did *everything* right," George heaved lightly before swallowing to speak again, "We got so far —"

"We almost had it, dude—"

"One full fucking cup of salt, Sapnap—"

Sapnap bit back a laugh, "I actually added a little bit more—"

George snorted, "You're so stupid."

"We don't have anything labelled here, bro. Dream just empties shit in little fucking containers and doesn't label them 'cause he's insane—"

"Don't blame him for this. You're meant to do a taste test if you're not sure—"

"I was *high as fuck*, asshole. I wasn't thinking all that," Sapnap flailed his arms.

"I turned my back for one second." George shook his head as he weakly stood up from where he sat.

"Fuck this." Sapnap sighed defeatedly, "I saw some snacks in the pantry—which is surprising 'cause, again, Dream's a fucking nerd."

George thought back to their small grocery trip when Dream was craving ice cream—the memory of them digging into the vanilla labelled tub as they laughed at things solely understood through their shared sense of humour.

George placed his hands on his hip, "I'm gonna have a shower, I think. I feel disgusting."

Sapnap began clearing the counter, "Wanna watch a movie after you get out?"

George chuckled softly, "Sure."

George had taken off Dream's hoodie for the first time since having put it on last night. He didn't fail to notice the small void that pitched itself in his chest, where it continued to grow as he discarded his sweats and socks.

He welcomed the warm cascading water which complemented his high nicely. His eyes fell on the 2-in-1 shower gel and shampoo bottle that held Dream's scent. He wasn't sure what prompted his next move, or maybe he was and it was one of the other things he refused to admit, but he reached for the bottle.

While lathering on the shampoo, his hands momentarily stilled in his hair; the fragrance Dream always sported filled his nostrils.

George re-entered their bedroom to fetch a pair of clean sweats before pulling on Dream's hoodie. He pocketed his head in the pouch, dipping his head to briefly analyze the fitting; oversized, but it suited him.

"What do you feel like?" Sapnap asked once George joined him on the couch.

George plopped down beside him, bringing his legs to his knees, "Don't know," He shrugged, "Just not anything sad, please." He added with a small laugh, but his tone was serious.

Sapnap clicked his tongue, sending him a sly wink, "Got it. You like Better Call Saul—"

"No." George clipped and earned a confused look from the younger, "I mean, I do. It's not a movie, though." He quickly added.

Sapnap jutted his bottom lip as his eyes fell to the space between them, "Yeah," He nodded before fixating them back onto the screen ahead, "Uh, rom-com?"

"Oh God," George giggled, but nodded, "Alright, go on then."

As the movie played, George began drifting off to the memory of when he and Dream were sat here watching the aforementioned series. He lingered in the thought of Dream in between his legs, his head resting against his chest as George threaded his fingers through his blonde locks. He wished to feel that warmth again, the softness of his hair in between his fingers, and his steady breathing as Dream continued to lay calmly against him.

Halfway through the movie, George looked over at Sapnap who had his eyes shut and his lips slightly parted. He smiled fondly; reached for the remote and shut the TV off. He noticed that Sapnap had his arms wrapped around himself, and though he couldn't possibly carry him to bed, he did what he could do best. He went to Sapnap's room, pulled the blanket off and draped it over the sleeping boy's body once he'd returned to his side. Sapnap immediately tugged it onto himself and snuggled further into the newly-felt comfort.

When George turned on his heel to make his way back to his bedroom, his eyes gravitated towards the small box that contained Sapnap's weed. He slicked his lips as a thought overcame him and he slowly glanced over his shoulder to look at Sapnap, who now had his blanketed back to him.

He looked back at the taunting box and slowly drew his bottom lip between his teeth; the effects of the joint they smoked earlier had completely left his system. Sapnap was no longer awake to distract him from his thoughts. He wasn't sure he could be left alone once again without spiralling.

George took the box from the table and disappeared to Dream's bedroom. Closing the door behind him, he let out a deep breath. He looked down at the box, flipping it right-side up before snapping it open.

You're joking.

There were no pre-rolled joints, just all the materials to roll one himself. He hadn't done this in so long; and as he hesitated on whether or not to proceed, his eyes danced around his surroundings. *Dream*. This room was littered with memories of him, of them, and if he spent another second just lingering in this space, he was most definitely going to hit his breaking point.

We're really doing this right now, he glanced down at the box and rolled his eyes.

George had situated himself at Dream's desk and halfway through grinding the weed nugs, his eyes flitted up to the screens situated in front of him; the Spotify was still opened on that Coldplay album. He mentally cursed himself as he reached for the mouse and clicked play on the song that hadn't stopped pestering him all day. And he couldn't help but wonder *why* he looped the song.

George sat back in the chair, his hands twisting the top of the grinder as his eyes stared blankly ahead and the melody of the guitar rolled through the speakers. As he filed the loose bits into the rolling paper, his eyes searched frantically for the poker.

"Oh for fuck sakes, Sapnap," He sighed exasperatedly.

Of course, he didn't have one in the box.

George began frantically moving things around Dream's desk in hopes to find an alternative but to no avail. He gently placed the loose joint onto the box and began to open drawers in the desk, but again, to no avail. Until his hand reached the top right drawer that refused to budge when he tugged onto the handle.

"What?" He asked himself and tugged at it again, this time a little harsher than before.

And he wasn't sure what pushed him to continue his attempts; was it the desperation to finish rolling the joint so he could sooner escape his mind?

On his last attempt, with all the force he could muster, the drawer flew open with a concerning sound. He jumped back when the drawer slipped out of its frame and fell onto the ground, all of the things that it supported came flying out.

George sighed before crouching down to gather the things that had fallen out; his hands slid the pens and other trinkets into one pile, his eyes lazily following his hands until they caught the familiar handwriting: *Dream's handwriting*.

And these papers, George slid his fingers under the small stack of papers that had been clearly ripped out from their source, *these were from his journal*.

George brought his free hand to his mouth as his eyes already began scanning some of the words. It took a nanosecond for him to catch his messily written name. He tore his eyes off the paper and took in a deep breath.

They already covered that Dream wrote about him, and his feelings had already been expressed, but as George held the small stack of papers in his hands, he knew there was nothing that could stop the urge to read them.

Knowing about them was one thing, but *reading* Dream's thoughts...that was gonna fuck him up on a whole other level.

And he weighed his options. For a solid ten minutes, he sat there. He sat there, still clutching onto the papers, his eyes fixed on the wall ahead as he thought of all of the reasons not to proceed. *But God*, after every thought he's had for the past thirty-sum hours, he just could not stop himself.

And fuck, maybe the song playing in the back wasn't going to help the way in which he was to absorb each word, but he was so immobile where he sat that he did nothing to change it.

So, he proceeded;

I'm writing this to you simply because I know you'll never see it. And because you're the only

person I want to talk to when my thoughts get this unbearable. But these thoughts are about you, so I'm a bit fucked with this one, aren't I? I was overthinking that whole day. Mostly about how I didn't want to ruin the dynamic of the friend group by being too obvious. My feelings about you, I didn't want to project that onto Karl and Quackity (Nick sort of knows now, just as he's about to leave too). And it was fine, I think we both managed just fine. Then we went to the park, and we were in the water, just you and me. That's when the overthinking got progressively worse. When we almost kissed. I wanted to kiss you so bad, George. I wanted to feel your lips on mine. I think that's when I realized that this was no longer a game to me. And then my thoughts got louder, I felt like I could barely breathe. I don't even know how we got from the water to the car. Until you held my hand. I'm assuming I was tapping my fingers because you know I hate that I unknowingly do that,

"Because it messes with your thought process," George mumbled under his breath.

'Cause it messes with my head when I'm trying to think. I'm sorry I didn't thank you, but the second I felt you hold my hand, I realized how royally fucked I was. How did you understand everything, yet nothing at the same time? The overthinking was about you, George. It's always been about you. I'm just waiting on you to realize that because I have no fucking idea how you feel half of the time, and the last thing I want to do is ruin this by being the only one who caught feelings in the process. I know we both agreed we wouldn't, but I really don't think I can stop this. I can't stop thinking about you. It's ruining me, but I can't stop. And I know I should. But fuck, I almost don't want to.

George lifted his head as his eyes left the handwritten words. *Holy shit*, he breathed out shakily, *this was a fucking mistake*. He knew he shouldn't be doing this. The right thing to do was to shove the papers back where he found them and move on, but this hurt in the best way possible. It's like everything he doubted, everything that he, himself, wondered on that day at the park, were being answered and justified by *him*. Him. His words. These were his words.

And they were they written so messily, almost as if they were composed through blurry eyes.

George sucked in a sharp breath as he tucked that page behind the one in between. His eyes scanned over the new format; he had written something in the middle, circled it, and drew lines that led to quotations—his eyes squinted at the words in the quotation marks—*lyrics*.

Oh, George leaned back as the realization settled in, *lyrics from the playlist*.

His eyes fell back to the middle of the page:

It's come to a point where I see him everywhere I go: I try to sleep him off, but he's in every dream. I try to drown him out, but he's in every song. And I hate that I love the way he's all I think about. And I hate that I love the way there's a song for every thought I have about him. And how dangerous that can be when music is my only escape from reality.

And though he listened to every song on that playlist enough times to know where each lyric could be sourced from, these were hand-picked ones. These were specific words that Dream felt closely about; lyrics that described how he felt about him.

George knew that if he was to read all three excerpts, that he should at least take a break in-between them, but through an unstoppable need to hear more from him, he proceeded to the next page.

His heart did an immediate leap into his throat as he failed to brace himself for the last of Dream's spilled thoughts.

When I think about the moon, I think about how there are approximately 7 billion people in the

world, with opinions and judgments of their own, likes and dislikes. Approximately 7 billion different personalities, some fully flourished, some in the process, some on the brink of it. 7 billion people in the world who enter endless debates over ketchup or mustard, cereal or milk first, cats or dogs, etc. And then the moon comes out. The moon comes out and suddenly everyone's in agreement; her beauty isn't subjective. And I think that's why the sun died every night to let her breathe. The sun knew how beautiful the moon was, how everyone had to witness the power of her light in the darkness. And instead of keeping all parts of the earth to himself, he introduced her to some of the places that she could shed light on while he shone somewhere else. Even if that meant they couldn't be together, at least he knew her beauty was being appreciated by many. Because that's the attention she deserved. And because that's how much he loved her. And because God, what a shame it would be—to rid the world of such beauty. When I think about the moon, I think about George. I could spend hours admiring him, as you would the moon. I could spend hours looking into his eyes; how bright things reflect onto them, causing the prettiest glare. His skin's as pale as moonlight and I am positive my hands have never touched anything so soft. Soft like his hands which almost always feel cold; but not as harsh as ice, rather as cool as the comforting breeze that rolls through the window on a calming night drive. And it drives me insane how I'm only scratching the mere surface of his beauty. I am so glad I'm not one to sleep through the night and I feel for those who do; because there's an unknown depth to the moon's beauty; and if you blink, you might miss it. If I went to sleep tonight, I would miss this. He's asleep next to me and god, he is so fucking beautiful. How can someone be so endearing yet so unaware of it? And I am looking at him, and I realize how fucking lucky I am to be awake because I get to witness his beauty when he's so unknowingly himself. And because I get to admire him whenever I want. And because I would lose sleep if it meant that I get to bathe in his light. And because just like the sun, I am in love with the moon.

Through each word that passed his eyes, the pad of his fingers dug into the skin on his face as he clamped his hand over his mouth, his lips quivering ever so slightly as each word sunk in.

He fervently stood up from the ground and gently tossed the papers onto the desk. His hands flew to his hair as he threaded his fingers through them. He shut his eyes, took in a deep breath, and exhaled shakily. *Don't*, he squeezed his eyes, *you dare*, he fisted hair gently, *cry*. He continued to mentally coax himself as he paced aimlessly around the room.

How exactly was he meant to react to his best friend of five years comparing his beauty to that of the moon's? How he admired him when he slept? How beautiful he thought he was?

What the fuck, George wasn't even sure who he was angry at, or how the wave of guilt and sadness had shifted into anger. But with his thoughts out of order and any sense of control out the window, he reached for his phone, pulling up his texts with Dream.

His facial features scrunched as he chewed on his bottom lip, seeing the text box through red as he began typing:

'what the fuck is wrong with you? why'

He tapped the backspace key.

'why do you love me? all i've done is hurt you. can't you see how messed up that is'

He deleted the words once again.

'you can't feel all these things and not tell me. why didn't you fucking say anything? who cares how i felt? why didn't you just say it anyway'

He backspaced again, not realizing that the reason behind his indecision meant that he shouldn't be thinking of texting him in the state he was in.

'you had faith in us like we were meant to be together and fuck idk maybe we are meant to be together but we did it wrong'

He blinked at the word vomit and he nearly felt nauseous as he went over them. *What the hell are you doing*, he rolled his head back and released a strained breath. He looked back at the text box, erasing his words once again.

'i'm sorry. i fucked up. i miss you, dream'

I can't lose you, George said as swallowed the ache that coursed through his throat, blinking back the tears that threatened to come out.

Just as he went to press the blue arrow pointing upwards, his screen flickered to display an incoming discord call.

He froze in spot, his lips parting as he was suddenly ripped from his frazzled state. The corners of his lips turned, a sardonic smile forming on his face before he broke into the most ingenuine laugh.

He was fucking losing it.

He continued to laugh quietly—almost as if he were in disbelief—before he answered the call, bringing the phone to his ear thereafter.

"Hello?" Quackity asked before giggling himself, "What?" George laughed noiselessly, his unmeasured breathing encouraging a confused laugh out of the younger, "What's so funny?"

How did Quackity know to call at that exact moment? George knew he wasn't genuinely laughing at anything funny in particular, but the whirlwind of emotions he just suffered through had rid him of all his sanity.

What world was he living in? His best friend of five years just wrote three love letters, only three that he was aware of, at least. And just as he was about to send him unplanned and furious texts, his other best friend calls him almost as if to stop him from following through with his blatant irrational ideas.

George felt like his brain was floating through space while his physical being was still planted on earth.

"Nothing," George's smile faded as his eyes stared blankly at the desk, "What you calling me for?"

"I don't know," Quackity sighed, "I was up late working on lore, felt a little overworked so I gave it a rest. Decided to call you, of all people."

"That's 'cause you knew I'd be up," George plopped down on the swivel chair, "Good timing, actually." He hadn't realized those words were openly spoken until Quackity replied.

"Wait, really?"

"I don't know, yeah." George's eyes fell onto three loose papers and he immediately flipped them over.

Though he was still very much aware of their existence—and the words were still slowly seeping into his brain like wet cement—he had an opportunity to not feel the urge of driving himself over the edge of a cliff, so he was taking it. For however long this call was to last.

"Why?" Quackity pressed.

George took a pause as he seriously began to contemplating letting it all out. If anyone had even a tad bit of an idea of what was going through his mind, it was him. Sapnap, to a certain extent, but he was passed out cold.

Before he could say anything else, Quackity spoke up again, "What are you listening to? Is that Coldplay?"

George's eyes flew to the screen before they fell to the speakers, "Um, yeah."

Quackity feigned a gasp, "Dude, I thought you were just, like, in a bad mood yesterday, but you've actually just become a whole new person."

George furrowed his eyebrows, "What do you mean?"

"You were *so* off in yesterday's stream, dude. Both mine and Karl's," Quackity admitted, "I'm not saying it's a bad thing, just...something I noticed."

"Something's changed in you."

George's eyes bore into the flipped-over papers: *it's because of him.*

"And now you're listening to Coldplay and shit," Quackity laughed.

"And then my thoughts got louder, I felt like I could barely breathe."

George shut his eyes, leaning his head into his phone; *I feel like I can barely breathe, too, Dream.*

"You okay, though?" Quackity asked, his voice going quiet.

George readjusted his phone in his hand.

"The overthinking was about you, George."

And now you've got me overthinking about you, Dream.

"George, seriously man, you good?" Quackity repeated, this time his voice gaining a lot more volume.

George kept his eyes shut, almost as if he allowed himself to go into a mentally fabricated world where he was open with his feelings. A world where he wasn't repressing his emotions to the point of sleep deprivation.

"I'm so tired, Quackity." George spoke slowly and through a whisper, his voice, as well as everything else, giving up on him as he envisioned himself raising the white flag.

A small silence followed on the other end of the line; George wasn't worried. In this world, nothing bad could happen from being open, nothing bad could come from being vulnerable.

The concern was clear in his tone as Quackity asked, "When was the last time you slept?"

"I've been up for nearly forty hours." George deadpanned.

"What the hell is wrong with you, go to—"

"It's okay. I've done this before, I'm fine—"

Quackity derided, "Just 'cause you've done it before, doesn't mean it's *okay*, George."

George's eyes flew open as he let out a bitter chuckle, "Oh, what? You gonna go soft on me, Quackity? Gonna tell me about how we all need our eight hours of sleep—"

"Man, you're really out of it, aren't you?" Quackity stated, no bitter remarks to follow, with his voice still laced with concern and atonement.

"I'm sorry," George sighed, "You don't need to be hearing any of this—"

"Stop, stop, stop," Quackity cut him off, George could almost see him shaking his head, "I was the one who called you. You said earlier that it was good timing, but I actually called you 'cause I was worried. And clearly, I had the right to be," He said the last bit quietly, "So, just lay it on me."

"Quackity—"

"Dude," Quackity chuckled softly, "Talking about your feelings isn't a fucking crime. It's not gonna hurt you, but you know what will? All that repressed shit."

George poked his tongue out to lick his bottom lip, "I just...can't stop thinking."

"About him?"

George winced; the fabricated world where he was freely expressive closed in on him upon hearing those words leave Quackity's mouth. Maybe because it made it feel real. When it was just him and Dream, the issue would remain in their proximity. It wasn't that it didn't feel real—because god, it felt so real with Dream—but when talking about it with their friends, that made it known. It made it public. It became real outside of their world.

And that terrified him.

"Did you guys fight or something?" Quackity asked, breaking him from his thoughts.

George straightened in his seat, "What? Why would you...did Sapnap tell you something?"

"Well," Quackity spoke through an audible smile, "I just don't think I'd be talking to you right now if you guys were on good terms. Like, you'd probably be with him—excluding Sapnap and shit," He added with a weak laugh, but it grew when he heard George breath through his nose as a smile grew on the brunet's face.

George ran a hand down his face, "F—I...I fucked up, Quackity."

"What happened?"

"I'm just so bad at...letting myself, like," He motioned to the air around him with his hand as if Quackity could see.

"I know."

And suddenly the song became a lot more apparent to him as he tried to formulate his words.

Instead of zoning it out this time, he listened. Listened because it almost helped him in figuring out how to express how he was feeling about all of it.

"And," George swallowed to ease the ache that began to grow in his throat, "And he was scared to talk to me because...I wasn't being open, I guess? I don't know," He shook his head defeatedly.

"Yeah,"

'I started looking and the bubble burst'

"And I guess," George hollowed his cheeks before releasing a heavy breath, "Fuck, I guess...I'm, like, realizing things? And it's driving me a little bit insane, not gonna lie," He chuckled sadly, "Because this entire time I was just...finding reasons not to fall into it, you know?"

And he continued, even if Quackity wasn't saying anything, yet still humming in response to show that he was listening. And he continued because it *did* feel good getting it off his chest.

'You came back to haunt me, and I realized'

"And then he just," George paused, shifting uneasily in his seat as he tightened his grip around his phone, "Fuck man, he just...told me how he felt. Remember when I told you I didn't know how he felt? Well, now I fucking do. Very clearly," He glanced at the papers he had flipped over.

'That you were an island, and I passed you by'

"...He's," George placed his free hand on the side of his face, "He's so...he's a lot. In...like, weirdly, in a good way? Like, I didn't use to think that because—because...I thought that it was stupid of him, almost? Sort of like, he was just obsessed with the idea of me. Because he has a tendency to go into things with everything he has, without thinking," He slid his hand from his face to his hair before running his fingers through his locks, "And it's so fucking scary. He's so...intense. And sometimes, I feel like...I almost can't offer him what...what he...deserves?"

"And I am looking at him, and I realize how fucking lucky I am to be awake because I get to witness his beauty when he's so unknowingly himself."

"But...his words keep haunting me," George cleared his throat, his eyes nictating at the ground.

"Sometimes I wonder if he didn't want a son. Or if he did and I wasn't what he expected. And he couldn't bear to look at his failed project, so he just left."

George winced at the return of Dream's voice from *that* night, "And I guess I just don't want to be another person that failed him."

A small silence overlapped the conversation that ended shortly after George's discourse.

"I know this is gonna sound unhelpful as fuck, but," Quackity spoke, for the first time in a solid minute, "Don't fail him, George. He didn't give up on you when you weren't open with how you felt, so don't give up on him."

George's eyebrows knitted as his pressed lips twisted into a grimace.

"If you're losing sleep over him and contemplating this situation hard enough that it's got you this fucked up—it's because you care about him. It's 'cause..." Quackity paused and George bolstered himself for what he *knew* was to come next, "It's because you love him, dude."

A frustrated sigh escaped past his lips.

"And isn't that worth fighting for?" Quackity continued, "Isn't that worth giving it your all, despite the hurt?"

George dropped his hand from his hair and placed it over his mouth.

"Good outweighs the bad, right?" Quackity concluded.

George took his hand off his mouth and inhaled, "Thank you."

"You gonna go to talk to him?" Quackity asked.

George nodded, "Yeah," He kept his words short, the tears prickling the corner of his eyes dangerously close to their release, "I'm gonna let you go. If that's alright."

"More than alright, man." Quackity chuckled, "You gonna be alright?"

George broke into a sad smile, "Yeah,"

"You gonna sleep after?" Quackity half-jokingly asked.

George rolled his eyes, but his smile grew, "Maybe."

"George, I swear—"

"Hey, Quackity?" George cut him off, the conversation furnishing a thought he felt he had to get out.

Quackity laughed lightly, "Yeah?"

George shook his head as he beamed, "You're a lot smarter than people give you credit for, you know?"

"I'm a Law student, write *impeccable* lore, stream frequently, and I still have time for my friends," Quackity boasted, "Fuck yeah, I'm a lot smarter than people think I am."

George chuckled quietly, "Yeah."

"Thank you," Quackity giggled, "I appreciate that."

"Mhm," George hummed.

"As much as I like this open George, I understand why he doesn't come out often."

"Why?" George asked through a quiet laugh.

"You made a motherfucker emotional, you asshole." Quackity laughed softly.

"Okay, well, go have yourself a cry then." George bantered.

"You know what, I will," Quackity jokingly replied before he softened his tone, "Alright, peace man."

George ended the call as he sat back in his seat with a huff. His eyes gravitated towards the loose pages of Dream's spilled ink. He placed his phone on his lap before reaching over to grab one from the stack; his heart immediately sunk as the messily written words met his eyes:

It's always been about you. I'm just waiting on you to realize that because I have no fucking idea how you feel half of the time, and the last thing I want to do is ruin this by being the only one who caught feelings in the process.

"You're not the only one," George whispered under his breath, his tears welled up in his eyes, but he bit them back.

George placed the loose paper onto his lap as he picked up his phone to call him. But when it went to voicemail after the fourth ring, George knew Dream had purposely declined his call. His eyes fluttered shut as he bowed his head; *he deserved that.*

"Hello!" Dream's pre-recorded voice boomed through the other line, nearly catching George by surprise as he was about to end the call.

George sat up in his seat, his heart racing at the sound of Dream's voice; he hadn't heard him in what felt like ages. The tears that he had blinked back returned in a harsh wave as they danced around the rim of his eyes.

"This is Clay, or *Dream*," He giggled gingerly, "Leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I can. Have a good one!"

George tightened his grip around his phone as the beep sounded through the line; he froze for a moment, his words had left him entirely. And as he continued to wait, the ache in his throat continued to pain him.

"Dream," His voice had gone down to a barely audible whisper, his tone shaky and unstable, "I..." He bit his lip and rested his forehead onto his palm, "I need to talk to you," He pressed his quivering lips together and moved the receiver away from his lips as a tear rolled down his cheek.

George directed the receiver back to him as he strenuously spoke through gritted teeth, "I miss you."

And with that, he hung up.

Chapter End Notes

yooo this took a fucking minute that's my bad lol

so SNF and QNF thrived in this lowkey. that was the last chapter of constant angst!
next one is gonna be relieving, or at least, end on a relieving note so we're solid yeah?
and goes without saying that dream, our beloved, will return in the next chapter.

i have no thoughts; head empty.
if u saw any typos, no u didn't. (:

thank you for the nice, as always. i appreciate yous. see u soon x

For Every Question "why", You Were My "because"

Chapter Summary

George decides to unveil the reasons behind his reluctance, freeing both him and Dream from their own personal hell.

Chapter Notes

26 chapters in and i still don't know how tf to write a good summary.

Chapter Title Song: Walls by Louis Tomlinson (:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The last time George had stayed up past 40 hours was four years ago when he was at UNI. Even then, 60 hours was his ultimate limit. George had made an effort to not repeat that same mistake—not for him, but for the sake of his roommate that had to suffer the sight of something that was probably alarming from their perspective.

That time was different. That time, he was willingly doing it to himself. He felt that he needed to stay up for his revisions and so he pushed himself; thinking he could withstand that sort of stress on his body. This time, however, he had no control over it. He wanted to sleep *so fucking bad*.

All he could manage was small drifts into temporary darkness until he was pulled right from it.

George turned his head to the side, the pillow belonging to the devil in his mind teasing him. He lifted his eyes from the linen and caught the bright skies peeking by the slitted blinds; the daylight urged him to check the time: 9 AM.

"You're joking," He grumbled.

Running a hand through his hair, he swung his legs over the edge of the bed before planting his feet onto the ground. With his head slightly hung, his eyes were met with the printed smile on his hoodie, almost as if it were taunting him.

George stood up from the mattress to make his way out the door. He wasn't sure if it was the sleep deprivation, or the tiring thoughts that had turned his brain into mush, but he could barely feel the steps he took towards the kitchen.

He caught sight of the now vacant spot that Sapnap had previously occupied. *He must've moved sometime during the night.*

George flipped the tap open shortly after retrieving a glass of water. While filling it up, his eyes scanned the living area: *it was a fucking mess*. Memories of last night resurfaced—at least the good ones, causing a meek smile on his face.

As he went to close the tap, he could feel an unusual, but not unfamiliar, heat rise to the top of his

head. His features scrunched at the feeling that felt as though his body was sending him a signal. One he quickly moved from as he leaned his hip into the counter.

Was the lack of sleep causing the natural light peeking through the windows to seem a bit brighter than they actually were? George wondered as he deflected his gaze to the tiled floor.

When disposing of his empty glass in the sink, the locks on the front door turned. George's attention perked slightly as he took a couple of steps back to glance at the entrance; he didn't fail to notice the way he almost tripped in his step. *So, he might a little lightheaded*, George concluded as his hand flew to the edge of the counter for support.

"Sapnap?" He asked, eyes leaving where his hand kept a firm grip on the granite surface.

"Guess again." George looked up to catch the face that matched the familiar voice; *Dream*.

George had been involuntarily swaying when trying to steady his stance, but the moment the pair of emerald green eyes peered softly into his umber ones, he stilled in his spot.

Dream's tone was distant; it was also confirmed in the look his eyes held when they flitted across George's features.

He blinked and a part of him almost wish he didn't; the one person he wanted to see this entire time was standing right in front of him. An arms reach away. The one person whose touch he craved, whose voice he yearned to hear—if he blinked—*well*, George's breath hitched as the blonde's inked words sounded through his head, *if he blinked, he might miss it*.

And George couldn't miss this. Not after his soul was encased in Dream's splintering silence.

"Dream," His voice caused Dream's brows to furrow slightly—and if George was able to dismiss the weird sensation that had begun overtaking him moments ago—he would notice that it was the first bit of emotion Dream expressed since having looked at him.

"Your eyes." Dream flickered his gaze from the brunet's fluttering eyelids to the grip he had on the counter.

"Just really bright." George weakly lifted his finger to the saucer light above them; the one that was shut off, as were all the other lights in the space they occupied.

This was what would happen when he'd stay looking at a screen for too long or facing bright lights in general. This was part of his condition, nothing else.

"There aren't any lights on." Dream said as he took a hesitant step towards him.

The room had then begun to spin; George, for the first time in forty-sum hours, began to feel consciousness leave him.

Defeatedly, as George started to lose his bearings on his surroundings, as well as the feelings in his limbs, he confessed, "I don't feel good."

And George wasn't sure if he dreamed the next bit; he just knew he must have woken up some time between when he had passed out and before he had fallen into a deep sleep; but if he wasn't mistaken—through a blurry haze—Dream had carried him to bed.

"You're good," Only Dream's voice was distinctive as he draped the covers over George, "You just need to sleep," And George assumed that he must've protested because he remembered Dream

gently holding his shoulders down as he exasperatingly said, "I'll be here when you wake up."

When George woke up, his eyes slowly adjusted to his surroundings before they landed atop a mop of blonde hair pressed into the side of the mattress. He propped himself up on his elbows and craned his neck to intake Dream's position as the younger sat on the floor: legs folded, arms hanging off his knees as he held onto something that he was reading; something George familiarized himself with after having his eyes glued to the inked words for hours.

"Dream?" George groggily asked.

Dream's head snapped in his direction, slightly alarmed at first but having relaxed once they met each other's gaze, "You're up." He calmly stated.

The covers slipped from George's body as he slowly sat up from where he laid, Dream kept his eyes on him as he moved from the floor to sit at the edge of the bed. George's head stayed put in Dream's direction, though his eyes danced between the taller's clothed torso with occasional faltering glances into his reserved green eyes.

As Dream looked around his room, George took that time to look at him; his sleep-ridden eyes and the paleness in his cheek. *Had he also not slept?*

Surely Dream must've been awake to decline his call.

"You've made quite a mess." Dream returned his eyes to him, his expression told George nothing on how he should answer.

George placed his hands in his lap, "I'll clean up."

If it wasn't for the unreadable expression he previously held, George would've have noticed the corner of his mouth twitch into a weak smile as Dream's eyes softened on him, "Don't worry about it. It's looked worse."

George held his gaze for a moment before giving him a quick nod, his eyes deflecting his hands. After not seeing Dream for the most painful forty hours of his life, George wanted nothing more than to relish in his features; absorbing every inch of his skin and engraving into his memory just in case he were to leave again.

But the journal excerpts that Dream held in his hands had him at the edge of his seat as he wondered when it would eventually get brought up into their conversation.

He couldn't tell *what* Dream was feeling at the moment. He supposed that should be a good thing, given that he's been faced to deal with his feelings so much so it brought him to his breaking point. But as he stared into Dream's eyes, the blank stare he got in return only expanded the void that had pitched itself in his soul the moment Dream had left.

"Thank you," George murmured, taking a small pause when he began to lose himself in the emerald pool staring back, "For bringing me to bed."

He just wanted to avoid the topic of the journal for a little longer. Though he wasn't getting the warmth he'd been missing from Dream, he was still here. And God forbid he allowed his natural self-destructive ways to ruin this undetermined moment between them with another argument.

Dream flickered his eyes to the duvet covers, licking his bottom lip before taking a breath and voicing out the briefly formulated thought, "George?"

Their voices were so quiet, fallen to murmurs that could only be heard in their proximity. No effort on either end, yet both present in the conversation nonetheless.

Fuck, George's lips parted slightly as a toiled breath escaped past them, *his name has never sounded so lovely*.

George watched the flutter of Dream's wispy eyelashes before he was met with his eyes once again. He almost leaned back at the regard he was met with; *undecipherable*, but surely laced with a tad bit of concern in the way his brows momentarily knitted before he opened his mouth to speak.

"How long were you awake for this time?" *Quiet*, his voice was, but accusatory in the most rigorous sense.

This time.

George bit his lip, his eyes deflecting to the covers where Dream previously had his settled. A juvenile game of tag, but with two pairs of heartsick eyes.

The brunet shrugged lightly, interlocking his fingers as he pressed the pad of his thumb into the other, "Forty hours, or something," the last bit came out quiet, but when the blonde released a disappointed sigh, George knew he'd heard it.

"Jesus Christ, George." Dream's words fell to a whisper as he turned his head away from him.

Out of shame and unwillingness to ruin the moment, George remained silent. *What was he supposed to say when he couldn't sound the reason behind his sleep deprivation?*

In the corner of his eyes, he noticed that the blonde returned his gaze to him and he subtly stiffened in his seat. George bore into the motion of his thumb against the other.

"I don't know if I should be worried that you're not sleeping again or," Dream purposely paused and George knew that he was silently asking for his visual attention, so the brunet forcefully looked up at him, which he instantly regretted when the blonde finished his sentence, "Or that you're getting high again."

George averted his gaze, his jaw shifted as he rejected the feeling Dream's words left on him, "It was just one night."

Dream shot him a disapproving look, "Still."

George looked up at him, "You shouldn't be worried."

Though George has always been the same person, a lot of things about him had changed over the course of knowing Dream.

He remembered Dream telling him of the conversation he had with Ponk when George wasn't in the call and the younger took the opportunity to get the most dirt he could on the brunet.

It started off playful; embarrassing stories that took place at a dingy UNI party and all that. Then there was the more concerning stuff: how George would lose himself in a course project, forgetting to take care of himself the way he should. How George would be high for weeks as if to compensate for the overwhelming stress from meeting deadlines.

Dream wasn't going to be that friend; to shut him down for getting high or drinking, that wasn't his place. The concern came from a place of trial, however, and George knew that. And

George *knew* he was taking all the wrong approaches to UNI. After knowing Dream, and after attempting to listen to his advice, George found he liked this version of himself a lot better than he did the old one.

So, he understood why Dream was currently sat in front of him; appalled by the state of his room, by how George collapsed into his arms, and how he—for the first time in a year or so—had somewhat of a relapse.

Dream's eyes fell to the papers in his hand, George watched for his reaction carefully: *was he angry that he'd gone through his things? That he obviously read them?*

Dream drew a breath before he glanced at George through a lowered gaze, "Was it before or after you read these?"

The pit in his stomach grew the moment he'd realized that Dream was finally going to address it.

His eyes oscillated onto Dream's hardened features, "Before," He answered, his voice coming out in a near whisper.

For the first time, Dream's expression hadn't softened at the beaten-down volume.

The ball of Dream's jawbone accentuated itself as he kept his glare fixed on George, "And when you called?" Despite his deceiving calm tone, the brunet unknowingly and unnoticeably cowered in his spot as he struggled to keep his eyes on Dream, "Was that before too?"

George sucked in the roof of his mouth as he bit back the truth that threatened a reaction he most definitely did not want on display.

"Yes." He susurrated.

Dream's eyelids flapped, his chest fell with an exhale through his parted lips, and his features softened—but in a way that displayed his defeat, "Why do I not believe you?"

George tilted his head to the side, a quivering frown growing on his lips, "Does any of this matter, Dream?"

"Yes." Dream clipped, "It does."

George blinked at how fast the tone of his voice changed from battered to harsh.

"You..." George began, without having formulated the sentence of his next statement to Dream, "You didn't answer my call."

Dream's tone had a hint of annoyance as he replied, "What?"

George's heart rate picked up; *don't pick a fight*, he told himself as he slicked his lips and re-formulated his words, "Y-you didn't answer, but you still came back—"

Dream cut him off, eyebrows furrowed, "I came back because I have to take Patches to the vet for her checkup."

They held each other's gaze for a moment; the truth resting in their proximity as they remained in painful silence.

Scared at the thought of already losing him, George unthinkingly reached for Dream's hand which laid on the small blanketed space between them.

Dream immediately retrieved his hand before George could grab it, his green eyes deflecting to the ground as George's own looked at him in small disbelief.

"Have you seen her?" Dream asked as he stood up from the bed.

George's eyes flickered to the sheets; if he looked at him for a moment longer, he might've actually lost all self-control over the emotional threshold that began to weaken the moment Dream walked into this house.

"George—"

"I haven't," George answered, shooting him an unwarranted glare.

Dream showed no sign of retaliation as he continued strongly, "She's probably with Nick. Is he still asleep or?"

George shrugged earning a sigh from the taller as he turned on his heel to exit the bedroom. The brunet returned his eyes to the white of the sheets until Dream looked over his shoulder as he called for him.

"Get some more sleep," Dream said, "God knows you fucking need it." With that, he was out of the room, leaving George as he once did a couple of days before he tumbled down into his personal fabricated hurricane.

And George sat there for a moment, re-thinking on what had just happened; he wanted to ask himself why Dream seemed so angry and tense, though he felt as if he already knew the answer. And he wanted to cuss him out for telling him to sleep when he clearly could have—if it were so attainable.

Before he could even stop himself, George threw the covers off his body and exited the room. He could hear the chatter from Sapnap's end of the hallway as he made his way towards it. He wasn't sure what exactly he was going to do once he got to his destination, but he wasn't going to just fall back asleep when Dream was back home.

"—she is? What the fuck, dude?" Dream's voice entered his range as George neared Sapnap's bedroom.

George lingered in the doorway; Dream's back was faced to him, the outline of his muscle was clear in the way he had his arms crossed over his chest as he stared down at Sapnap. Sapnap had one of his arms flattened over the covers as the other propped him up on his elbow; his eyes flickered from Dream to George as he took notice of his presence causing Dream to glance at him. The way they both quickly averted their gaze told George that he'd walked in something he probably shouldn't have.

"Didn't I tell you to go back to sleep, George?" Dream muttered as he forcefully looked over at him.

George looked from Dream and Sapnap, not taking his eyes off the younger as he ignored Dream's question, "What's happening?"

Sapnap went to answer, but Dream beat him to it, "Patches ran off somewhere and he has no clue where she is," A scowl flashed across his face as he kept his eyes on the younger.

George furrowed his eyebrows, "What? She was..." He paused as his eyes flickered to the ground when he couldn't quite remember the last time he'd seen her, "...here."

Dream scoffed earning George's attention, "You're not even sure."

Sapnap sighed, "It's not his fault, dude. Blame me, but—"

"Oh, I am blaming you," Dream's eyes glowered on Sapnap, "I mean what the *fuck*—"

"I'm sorry I don't keep an eye on her twenty-four fucking seven. She's capable of taking care of herself—"

"I *get* that. I'm not saying that you have to watch her every move, but if you two weren't fucked out of your minds, you would have noticed she was gone." Dream seethed.

Sapnap matched his expression, "Chill the fuck out—"

"Don't tell me to chill." Dream warned, his tone surprisingly maintained for someone who seemed as if they were balancing off the edge of losing their temper.

"I was tryna de-stress Geor—we were trying to loosen up a bit." Sapnap cleared his throat, having stolen a quick glance at George before looking back at Dream when he caught the way the older's eyes widened slightly at the mention of his name.

"De-stress George from what?" Dream had unfortunately caught Sapnap's slip up and George immediately quailed into the doorframe, his gaze rapidly lacerating from the scene ahead as he felt Dream's eyes see-saw between the two culprits.

The silence that George and Sapnap emitted accompanied by the way they both averted Dream's gaze only earned a sigh of annoyance from the taller.

"Well, I'm glad you guys had a fucking blast." Dream muttered before exiting the room, his arm brushing past George's shoulder on his way out.

George lifted his eyes from the ground and looked at Sapnap through a grounded gaze.

Sapnap sent him a half-smile, "You good?"

George rolled his eyes, sending him a forced smile, "Why is he so..."

"Probably in a shit mood 'cause he spent more than two minutes at a time with his ex." Sapnap half-joked.

George scoffed out a laugh and Sapnap reflected his expression as soon as he realized his attempt to lighten the mood succeeded.

"Short fuse, he's just...taking it out on us." Sapnap shrugged, his tone nonchalant.

George concurred; he knew Dream never meant to take it out on them, but he had a tendency to not think before doing or saying things when his patience was being tested.

And admittedly, he loved Patches with his entire being, so he had every right to be angry with them.

"Wasn't Patches with us in the backyard? I know we were wasted, but I vividly remember seeing her under one of the chairs." Sapnap's brows furrowed as he tried to remember last night's events.

George crossed his arms over his chest as he leaned his shoulder into the doorframe, "I know she ran back inside the house when you spilled the beer on yourself."

"Yeah, but then she was..." Sapnap trailed off as the realization dawned on him, "Oh fuck, I don't remember seeing her after that."

George's eyes flapped shut, "Shit."

"I'm sure she's just, like, at one of the neighbour's or something, right?" Sapnap mused, his eyes nictating at the covers concealing his lap.

"She's not my cat," George looked at him with a small shrug, "All I know is we never closed the door to the garden."

"Should we...help him look for her?" Sapnap grimaced.

George's eyebrows shot up as he smiled uneasily, "Probably."

Sapnap let out a deep-seated sigh before he swung his legs over the edge of the bed; George pushed himself off the doorframe as they met eyes, sending Sapnap a knowing smile before the two of them set off to the living area.

As they left the hallway, the front door slammed shut behind who they assumed was Dream.

"Well." Sapnap motioned to the door and they simultaneously sighed.

"I guess the least we could do is clean up," George scanned the mess that comprised the living room.

Sapnap huffed, "Alright, let me get the tunes."

George nodded and made his way to the coffee table to begin the clean-up process. Sapnap joined him shortly after and they were sluggish with their process at first, but after a solid ten minutes passed them, they had succeeded at making the area look spotless. The dining chairs returned to their respective spots and George couldn't help but feel an emptiness in his chest when the makeshift fort was no longer standing.

"George?" Sapnap asked from the kitchen as he paused the music off his phone.

"Huh?" George tossed the remote onto the coffee table before glancing over at Sapnap.

"Do you have my weed?" Sapnap smirked.

George stifled a laugh, "No."

"Geooooorge," Sapnap sing-sung.

George laughed lightly, "It's in Dream's room."

"Shit slapped so hard you went for more, huh?" Sapnap teased.

George turned away to look for a cushion to throw at him.

"You're back in your stoner arc, aren't you—"

George grabbed the cushion and lurched it at Sapnap with all his force, but the younger dodged it flawlessly as he grabbed it in the air before launching it back at George.

George ducked and the cushion went colliding into the bottle of Ciroc that sat atop the dining

table. And *of course*—George looked away from the shattered pieces of the glass bottle and to the front door that was now wide open—*Dream had to walk in at that exact time.*

Sapnap's hands flew to the back of his head as he glanced at George before following the brunet's eyes to meet Dream's stilled stance; he had both his arms secured around Patches as he looked at the broken pieces of glass dancing in the pool of the wasted Vodka.

It was silent for so long; George and Sapnap looked at Dream in fear and expectancy until the corner of the taller's mouth twitched into a smile, which then took the form of a grin as he burst out in a quiet laugh with a shake of his head.

Sapnap joined in, hesitantly at first until George chimed in softly. The three of them stood laughing at the stupidity of their actions for a few seconds.

"You fucking idiots." Dream smiled as he looked at Sapnap.

Sapnap's laughter died down as he frowned at Patches, "Baby, I am so sorry."

Dream shielded her away from Sapnap who walked towards them, "Get the hell away from her," He playfully said.

"Let me hold her, you asshole!" Sapnap yelled as he made grabby hands at her.

Dream chuckled lightly before turning back around to carefully transfer Patches from his hold to Sapnap's. George watched the scene ahead in adoration; it was the sudden peace that settled between the previous tension that Dream had imposed.

And Dream caught his look when they met eyes; their smiles momentarily faded until George offered a half-hearted one, which bounced onto Dream.

It was a brief moment, a simple gesture, but one that was wholeheartedly theirs.

-

"Okay, I'm gonna take Patches to the vet now." Dream stated from the couch, Patches resting comfortably in his lap, "You guys wanna tag along or?"

"I was actually gonna go to the court, shoot around for a bit," Sapnap said from George's side.

The two of them were in the kitchen, emptying the last gathered pieces of glass from the broken Ciroc bottle.

"I'll come with you," George stated causing both Sapnap's and Dream's heads to snap in his direction, almost expectantly as if they weren't sure who he was speaking with, "Dream." He finalized, hesitantly looking over at Dream.

Sapnap turned around in his spot as he pretended to busy himself with something in the sink.

Dream wavered his gaze on George before nodding slowly at him, "Cool. Yeah," He smiled weakly, "It's like a thirty-minute wait. Gets kinda boring by yourself."

George was sure he heard an unfamiliar noise emit Sapnap, but he ignored it as he kept his eyes on Dream, "Understandable."

Following an indistinctive quip from Sapnap, the boys were on the way to their locations. Dream asked George if he was fine with Patches on his lap, George undoubtedly agreed as he rested a

comforting hand on her harness.

"We'll meet you at the court after we're done," Dream said as he dabbed Sapnap up.

Sapnap clicked his tongue, sending him a small wink before entering his car, "Sounds good, baby."

They set down the road shortly after Dream embarked into his truck; Sapnap made it his mission to speed up so he could be ahead of the taller.

Dream shook his head with a fond smile as Sapnap's car passed his, "What an idiot."

They didn't say anything to each other throughout the duration of the car ride; the silence was interminable, it seemed as if they were both battling their own thoughts. No stolen glances, neither of them reaching out for the other's hand—just two tortured souls allowing the music flowing through the speakers to make things a lot less unbearable.

They went through the standard procedure shortly after arriving at the vet. A word had yet to be exchanged between the two men, most of their conversation consisting of small gestures and forced smiles.

"Alright," The vet smiled as she clicked the top of her pen, "Now that that's covered," She placed the clipboard onto the counter behind her, "I'm just going to run Patches through some more standard tests and she should be ready for you to take home in about...thirty minutes?"

Dream beamed, "Cool. We'll just wait in the car."

"Sure," She smiled sweetly at him, "You could even wait in the lobby, it's a desolate place out there."

Dream's eyebrows shot up slightly, "Yeah, I noticed that. Didn't see a single car parked out front. Business doing okay?" He joked, earning a small laugh from her.

"Business is boomin', Clay," She continued through a hearty laugh, "It's usually dead on Mondays."

Monday. George slipped into a new alarming realization; this was his third week in Florida. He was to go home in a few days to pack the rest of his things and say his goodbyes to his family. *How had the time slipped through his fingers?*

"...in the car, though. Listen to some tunes to pass the time." Dream's voice sounded through his thoughts causing George to look back at the amicable pair.

It was sort of sweet, how they knew each other well enough to be on a first-name basis. And though this was most likely a person Dream saw twice annually, they seemed fast friends. *That was his essence, though, wasn't it? It was that goddamn charming-like personality,* George thought as he watched the corner of Dream's eyes crinkle while he laughed easily with the vet for another stupid joke he made.

"Okay, see you in thirty." She waved them off.

Dream waved his fingers at Patches who sat calmly on the examination table, "Bye honey," He hushed.

They mounted the car in yet another silence; Dream wasted no time in playing a shuffled song off his playlist. A playlist of his that George was thankful he was *not* familiar with.

"You're awfully quiet." Dream stated, eyes fixed on his windshield as he stared blankly at the main entrance of the building.

"Well," George set his eyes on the dashboard, "What was I meant to say?"

"Nothing, I guess." Dream turned his head so he could look out the driver-side window.

George turned his head to look out of his own window. This was *so fucking awkward*. And painful. Possibly the most dreadful state of silence they entered out of all the other tense silences they managed to create with their time spent together.

And as if they both could no longer stand the weight it had on their chest, or the imaginable thickness of air through the small space of the car, they simultaneously spoke over each other: "How was the party last night", "Why were you angry this morning?"

They both looked away from their respective windows and an apologetic smile formed on their faces.

George nodded his head at him, "You go."

"No, um," Dream cleared his throat and shifted in his seat, "I wanted to—I gotta apologize about that. To Sapnap too, but," He sighed, "Sorry. I didn't mean to take it out on you guys."

"What happened?" George watched him carefully.

Dream rolled his eyes with a shake of his head, "My girlfriend and I got in an argument," It wasn't until a few seconds had passed that he quickly corrected himself, "My *ex*-girlfriend and I. Sorry."

George, unknowingly sporting a colder tone than he had before Dream's slip-up, replied, "You don't have to apologize to me for that."

Dream blinked at him before his lips pressed into a thin line, "Yeah. Thanks for the reminder, George." He clipped before looking away from him.

George huffed in annoyance, "I didn't...I didn't mean it to come off like that—"

Dream scoffed, "I'm sure."

"You really wanna get into this right now?" George snapped his head in his direction.

"Not really," Dream mirrored his actions, "Seeing as we can no longer have a conversation without it turning into an argument."

"Well, we've got about thirty minutes to kill, so we can either argue or sit in silence," George slicked his lip as a bitter smile formed on his face, "And quite frankly, I'd rather argue because *somehow*—fucking *somehow* the silence is a lot more unbearable."

Dream's shoulders untensed as he let the brunet's words sink in, "It's really gotten to that point, huh?" Their tired eyes fixed one another, "We've even managed to lose the one thing we were effortlessly good at."

Their comfortable silence. George wondered about the last time they shared such peace and solace.

They sunk in their seats; George hung his head as he released a toiled sigh.

"Dream—"

"Don't."

"Dream, I didn't mean to—"

"Don't, George. Please don't." Dream ushered, his hand gripping the crook of George's neck as he pulled him into a rough kiss.

Their lips moved desperately against each other; the cravings that had been subdued for days laced with a hint of anger and despondency. Dream's fingers threaded through George's hair as the brunet dug both the sets of his fingers against the taller's neck.

"Get on me," Dream demanded against their fastening lips.

George wasted no time upon hearing Dream's request; his mind had gone absolutely blank the moment he'd been roughly pulled into his embrace. This being the first of Dream's touch in two days of absolute drought had rendered him brainless. And when he imagined them seeing each other for the first time again, this most definitely was not what he had expected.

And as he mounted onto his lap with a lot of effort, earning a few jabs from the steering wheel and the stick shift, he wondered if this was really what he wanted to do.

But in the heat of the moment, they'd both thrown their morality out the window. They were borderline desperate to touch each other. If they had lost their ability to enter a civilized conversation and the bearings on how to sit in comfortable silence, they were left with the carnality behind their sexually driven actions.

Dream's hand left the shorter's face as they slipped under the fabric of *his* hoodie, the contact of his bare skin on George's waist almost snapped George out of his trance.

The kiss had become sinfully hungry; clashing of teeth and rough bites on the other's pouts as their lips lazily brushed. Soft grunts and breaths escaped the both of them as Dream gripped George's waist to move his lower half against him.

George then began slipping out of his trance, his fingers going limp in Dream's hair. *They had really resulted to this*, his eyes fluttered as he felt Dream relocate his working lips to his neck, *they had abandoned every moral, to end up like this*, George could feel tears brimming the corner of his eyelids as his hand dropped on either side of Dream's shoulders, *and he did this, he was responsible for all of this*.

"Dream—" George breathed out shakily as Dream sucked the skin of his neck between his teeth, "Dream," He whimpered as his temple slid against the side of the blonde's head, causing his actions to come to a slow stop.

Dream's grip around his bare waist loosened as he pulled away from George slightly, "Are you okay?"

George squeezed his eyes shut as he held back the tears that threatened to surface.

"George?" Dream panted as he tried to force the brunet to look at him, "What's—"

George reached his hand back to yank the door open; he pushed himself off Dream's lap before jumping out of the car. He could feel the tears coming through, and at this rate, he wasn't sure he could stop them.

And out of all the places that this could have happened, it had to be in the middle of a fucking parking lot.

"Are you okay?" Dream hastily asked.

George stumbled in his step, the corner of his eyes prickling with tears, "Stop."

"What the hell happened?" Dream gently grabbed for his elbow, but George immediately snatched it out of his grasp.

"Stop." He snarled and Dream immediately took a step back, George did the same.

They stared at each other for a moment; George's tears must've pooled in his eyes enough for it to have been visible because Dream's eyes widened as he took in his appearance.

"I did this to you, didn't I?" George whispered.

Dream's lips parted as confusion failed to overwrite the fear in his expression, "What?"

George's brows knitted as his lips quivered, "I've turned you into this."

"What are you talking about?" Dream spoke through a laboured exhale.

"You're willing to take anything you can get from me, despite how you feel." George sucked in a shaky breath, each second that elapsed with every word leaving his mouth brought him closer to the release of his tears.

Dream's eyes fluttered as he tilted his head to the side, "What do you *want* from me, George?" He sighed, exhausted, "Of course, I'm willing. Even if it's only a fraction of what I want from you," He shrugged defeatedly, "What am I supposed to do when I'm in love with someone who doesn't love me in the same way?"

George's breath jerked as he saw Dream through blurry eyes, "How can you say that?"

"You've said *much* worse, without saying anything at all," Dream, still taken aback by the tears that formed in George's face, spoke his next words quietly, "And because you don't hurt the people you love—and you *hurt* me, George."

George's shoulders tensed as his lips contorted, a single tear rolled down his cheek, "I also hurt," And every wall he built that encased his emotions in a private, secure spot, came crashing down around him, "I couldn't sleep for two days. *All* I could think about was *you*," Another set of tears rolled down his cheek.

Dream took a step forward and George stepped back causing the taller to look at him pleadingly, "George, please don't cry—"

"It *hurt* not seeing you in the morning, to not fall asleep next to you. It *hurt* not being able to hear your voice. It *hurt* not having you there, Dream. And I know it's all my fault," George pressed his lips into a thin line, the tears continued to roll down his cheeks, "And I'm sorry I made this hard on you. And I'm sorry I'm so fucking complicated. I didn't mean to hurt you. I'm just scared," His voice broke in the last syllable as his tears continued into a small rivulet, "Please understand that."

Through his foggy gaze, George noticed the pool of water that began to gloss over the taller's green irides, "I underst—George, please let me—"

"I'm sorry." George whimpered, shielding his tear-stained face in the crook of his elbow, "I'm so sorry—"

"*Stop*," Dream whispered, shaking his head as he stalked forward, reaching for George who instantly slung his arms around his shoulders, clinging onto him with any ounce of energy he had left, "Stop saying that."

"I'm so fucking sorry." George's voice was muffled into Dream's clothed shoulder as his body shook uncontrollably into the blonde's firm hold.

Dream tightened his arms around his small frame and George fisted the back of his hoodie, "I know you are," He hushed as he pulled him further into his chest, "I understand," His fingers threaded through the brunet's locks as he ran soothing caresses through them, a continuous current of hushes escaping his lips that were pressed softly against the shorter's ear.

The only time they moved from their spot was when Dream walked them back to the car, George's feet barely touching the ground as he despairingly held onto the blonde. He continued through sobs; all of his repressed feelings taking the form of salty droplets staining his cheeks and Dream's shoulder.

Dream leaned his back into the closed car door, arms still secured around George's frame. He would try to get George to look at him, but the brunet only buried his face further into the curve of his neck; ashamed that he was crying, but also because of the reasons behind the tears.

And they remained like this for a while until George had calmed down, making sure to press his shut eyelids into the fabric of Dream's hoodie before he pulled away from the shield his shoulder provided.

George kept his eyes fixated in the small space between them; Dream's arms were wrapped loosely around him as he dipped his head down to catch his eyes. George only looked away and Dream let out a small sigh, pulling him again, allowing the brunet to rest his head against his chest.

George looked at nothing in particular. It was the empty feeling that followed a breakdown; when you've rid yourself of all your energy and emotions that had been holding you back for so long. He wasn't numb, but he wasn't sure what to say. He wasn't sure how to act.

"I've never..." Dream began quietly as he strung his fingers through the brunet's hair, "I've never seen you cry like that before."

George gently clutched onto the fabric of Dream's sweater.

"You were," Dream cleared his throat before pressing his lips into the nest of George's hair, "You were probably holding onto that for a while, huh?"

George winced, only squeezing the material bunched up in his fists.

"Hm, you smell different," Dream had lifted his head from George's own before giggling softly; George knew this was Dream's attempt in getting his attention, "D'you use my shampoo?"

The corner of George's mouth twitched upward as he, for the first time in a couple of minutes, allowed Dream to direct his face to look at him. He still avoided straight eye contact, fixing his gaze on Dream's neck as Dream cupped his cheeks, brushing the pad of his thumbs across his tear-stained skin.

"Hey," Dream peered down slightly, George reluctantly blinked up at him until he eventually gave

in to the comforting pool of green, "It's good that you let it all out. It's okay to be vulnerable, George."

George shook his head defiantly, "It's not."

Dream nodded, "It is. It's the best fucking thing," He broke into a sad smile, "It's the most freeing thing."

"It's..." George tried to look away but Dream held his head in its spot, "Terrifying."

"Yeah, but," Dream smiled softly, brushing a loose strand of hair away from his eyelid before looking down at him, "I think you're brave enough."

George fought back an eye roll, "I haven't been."

"Good thing there's no time limit on learning how to be." Dream shrugged lightly.

A worked breath escaped past George's lips, "I don't want to hurt you in the process of learning how."

Dream tutted, "We can talk about it tonight," He pulled George back into his chest, the brunet happily surrendered, "Let's just get Patches, meet Nick, and then," His chest fell from where George had his cheek pressed as he exhaled deeply, "Then we can figure it out. Together."

Like they had once promised they'd do.

Their comfortable silence returned, though not as serene as it previously was before their relationship had gotten so messy. The two of them were thankful for the empty parking lot, allowing them to linger in their embrace while they waited for Patches' examination to end.

It seemed as though since George's outburst, Dream was hesitant in reaching over to touch him. George noticed that on their way to meet Sapnap; how Dream quickly switched his idea of reaching over and caressing George's cheek, to petting Patches who sat on the brunet's lap. Or how, when they stopped at a red light, he would debate resting his hand on the compartment between their seats because George had his resting there.

George wanted to tell him that he wasn't going to swing the door open and jump out of the moving car if Dream touched him, but he realized that a part of it was because their talk had yet to happen. So, he stopped himself from saying anything on the matter.

They always craved each other's touch; heartfelt, lust-driven, or just plain natural instinct. But maybe they needed to hold off on it for a moment.

George sat on the wooden picnic table as he did with Karl when he and Quackity came to visit; he watched Sapnap and Dream play a quick round before they agreed to return home. The sky was already shifting from dusty orange to soft blue tones when George looked up before setting his eyes back on the scene.

Dream caught his stare and smiled softly at him, George raised his eyebrows lightly before returning the smile.

They returned to the house sometime in the evening; Sapnap announced that he was gonna go for a well-deserved shower. George, who still felt estranged from himself after his breakdown, retrieved to the backyard where he sat on the ledge of the sliding door. Dream was still in the kitchen, George assumed he was feeding Patches.

George wiped his palms onto his clothed thighs; the talk he dreaded was awaiting. He wasn't entirely sure where to begin, he just knew he was tired of fighting it.

Dream joined his side and when George looked up at him, he noticed the glass of water Dream held in one hand. He smiled down at the brunet before taking a seat beside him. With the sliding door limiting the space between them, Dream propped one leg up behind George while the other was extended onto the steps.

"Water?" Dream pressed his back against the frame of the sliding door as he nudged the glass of water towards George.

George looked down at it with a faint smile, "Thanks," He took it from his grasp before propping the sole of his shoes onto the step.

"You're welcome." Dream forced a small smile before resting his forearm on his knee.

Dream being this close to him amplified George's senses; he could feel the blonde's dangling hand behind him, as well as his propped-up leg that George could lean against if he moved just a tad bit behind. He remained still though, taking a sip of his water before he brought his legs to his chest after placing the glass on the unoccupied step.

"Rhetorical question, maybe," Dream started, earning George's attention as the shorter turned his head to look at him, "But, are you okay?"

George nodded, the fabric of his sweats brushing against his cheek as he did so, "Thank you for dealing with all my...crying."

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, "You spent nearly five years of your life having to deal with my shit. This is the first time I'm on the other end of that, so please," He chuckled lightly, "Do not thank me for doing a mere fraction of what you've done for me."

A silence encompassed them; tense and worrisome. George hugged his knees before resting his chin in the crevice of his joint knees.

For as much as he waited to speak with him, George was struggling to find the words to jump-start the conversation they so desperately needed to have for the sake of their relationship.

Dream placed his hand against George's back causing a shiver to run down his spine at the minor contact, "Take your time, George."

George sighed, dropping his head onto his crossed forearms. *Why was it getting so much harder to hold back the tears*, George thought as he squeezed his eyes shut. Were it not for the sudden feel of Dream's hand gently fisting the fabric of his sweater, George would've surely started crying again.

"You're still wearing my hoodie," Only his voice was distinctive, but George could almost see the coy smile spread across his face.

And something about his tone caused the tear to slip from George's eyes, "It was the only thing that made me feel close to you." His voice was muffled, but when Dream's fist relaxed around the fabric, he knew the blonde heard it clearly.

"I wasn't...making fun of you, just," Dream cleared his throat, retracting his hand from where it laid against his back, "I just noticed that you hadn't taken it off."

"I haven't," George continued into his forearm, the cottony fabric absorbing his tears, "I haven't

since you left."

Dream was silent and George took that time to recollect himself, drying his tears as subtly as he could. He looked up and stared ahead before turning his head to look at Dream.

"Remember when I told you I'd never been in love? And how you said you could teach me?" George looked at him half-expectantly; it was clear they both remembered the argument.

Dream nodded nonetheless.

"And I said I didn't want to learn it from you because having to unlearn it would hurt like hell," George wavered his gaze on him before continuing, "Dream, I've been unknowingly allowing myself to learn from you the moment we started playing this stupid fucking game," George spoke through a strained voice, "Ever since I landed here, I was learning what it was like to be loved by you. I realized this when you left because, during those two days, I got a taste of how it would be like to unlearn it. And I was right," He paused before earnestly adding, "It fucking *hurt*. A lot."

Dream's eyes flitted down as he exhaled despairingly.

"But it's because I pushed you away," George recounted and Dream looked up at him instantly, almost as if his hope had been re-lit, "You trusted this, us," He clenched his jaw to stop the growing momentum of his tears, "And I shut down your hope. I refused to believe that it could work out because..." He dawdled, his eyes falling to Dream's lips, "Because quite frankly, I didn't have an ounce of trust in it."

Dream's shoulders slumped softly, "You don't trust me."

George captured his bottom lip between his teeth, "I *didn't*."

Dream's brows knitted, "Have I given you a reason not to?"

George immediately shook his head, "It's got nothing to do with you, Dream."

"Then..." Before Dream could continue, George dropped his arms from where they secured his legs so he could turn in his seat to face Dream.

George propped his leg up, mirroring Dream's own as they ghosted against each other; the difference in their size was apparent in the way Dream's knee peeked above his. The brunet brought his other knee to his chest before he reached over and grabbed Dream's hand, placing it in his lap.

"Remember when your mum came to visit? And I told you I understood why you were the way you were? How it was so effortless for you to love?" George's eyes shifted down to the complexion of their skin under the night sky as he wrapped his fingers around Dream's own, "You weren't the reason behind my reluctance, Dream. It was the way I was brought up."

George could feel Dream's eyes on him as he contemplated voicing out his next cognizance.

"For the longest time, I never considered the possibility that their way of dealing with emotions could reflect on the way I handled mine," George kept his eyes on the way his thumb brushed over Dream's relaxed fingers, "My parents were always so reserved with how they felt towards things, people—always telling me not to...not to be too open because..." His umber irides danced on the way he traced the lines in Dream's palm with his index finger, "...because it meant that people could use it against me, tear me down, and...make me weak," He traced Dream's heart line, "I think they failed to mention that there are people in this world that don't want to tear me down, but rather

lift me up," He finally looked up at him as if to transpire across that Dream was one of those people.

Dream blinked at him, his lips parting slightly as his eyes scanned his features. George offered him a gentle smile before his eyes retired to the tracing movements of his finger against the blonde's palm.

"Which caused me to miss out on a lot. Lots of things that could have made me happy if I had just opened myself up to it. Instead, I refuse to let myself feel things freely. I would sense this good, vulnerable thing and immediately pull away from it because it felt uncomfortable. Sort of like, I had this impulse to make it stop because of how unfamiliar it felt—this feeling of acceptance, of submission," He shook his head and pursed his lips, "So, I practiced what they taught me. And it's hard to...let go of the bad when you've been practicing it for so long, you know? Accepting the good things is gonna take just as much practice. It's...gonna take me some time."

Dream frowned, "I didn't know."

George nodded, "Course you didn't. It was a tactic they encouraged me to keep quiet about."

Dream released a punched-out breath, "George, that's so..." His brows furrowed as his silenced words rested bitterly on the tip of his tongue.

"Messed up?" George feigned a smile as he quirked an eyebrow at him.

Dream pressed his lips together, clearly not wanting to talk bad about his parents; *because that's just the sort of person he was*, George smiled fondly at him.

"I'm sorry I projected that onto you—onto us—the possibility of an 'us'," George started again and took in a deep breath, "I came across your journal entries," His eyes fell back to their hands as he gracefully interlocked their fingers, "And I realized how fucking dumb I was being," He cringed as he recounted the remorse that rose within him when Dream's handwritten words passed his eyes, "Because I was letting yet another good thing pass me by," He looked up into Dream's tear-shined eyes, "I said you were a lot. But *fucking hell*, Dream," He chuckled breathlessly, "You're a lot in the *best* way possible. In the most...healing way I've ever known. And I don't want to let that pass me by because of this stupid tactic I've been holding onto," He frowned, "Because—"

George snapped his lips shut as the words nearly slipped through his lips until he realized that he had no reason to hide them from him anymore, "Because I want to open myself to that. I was so fucked up over your words because it spun my thought process in the entirely opposite direction. It made me realize that I was poking holes into this amazing thing that we could have," His chest fell with the weight that began to gradually liftoff, "I remember you saying that something changed in me—it was you. Every time I asked myself why, you were my reason." He felt the squeeze in Dream's hand and he returned it wholeheartedly, "I trust you, Dream. And how fucking stupid would I be not to open myself up to the one person I trust the most in this world?"

Dream beamed at him as his eyes welled up with tears, George hadn't realized that he had a similar reaction until the blonde's expression blurred through his vision.

"I'm sorry it took me so long to realize that," George sighed exasperatingly, "I'm sorry I didn't act on the fact that I *knew* you were starting to have feelings for me," He caught the way Dream's eyes widened slightly, "I did know," He admitted through a frown, "I did know, Dream, I was just fucking scared to act on it because if I could keep pretending that I didn't feel the same way, then we wouldn't have to address it. I wouldn't have to...to face the feelings I kept tucked away for so long. And if we were both against this happening, I wouldn't have to risk losing you."

Dream sniffled before sighing exasperatingly, "You always say that—that you're scared to lose me. What makes you so sure that you can?"

"I'm not scared to lose you in the sense that I would no longer physically have you in my life, more so that I would no longer have this person who's so *full* of love. And light. I don't want you to become the person whose eyes I looked into when I left that car today, Dream," George breathed out, "You were so sad, yet so willing to continue fighting for me because you couldn't let me go. And that's not the sort of love you deserve," He shook his head, "Someone like you shouldn't have to *settle*; not for someone who would go look for somebody else when they have you right in front of them, not for someone who would send you a half-arse text regarding a song you worked so hard on."

"George, what are you—"

"I don't want to be your third mistake, Dream." George firmly said, "I don't want to be the third person to disappoint you. The third person you settle for because you think you're not worthy of more. And I refuse to be another one of your weak points."

"You aren't—"

"I could be," George cut him off, "I could very well be. But I'm not gonna let that happen," The corner of his mouth twitched upwards as he dropped Dream's hand to cradle his cheek, "Because I *want* to love you, Dream," His eyes filled with endearment as he watched Dream falter in his touch, "And loving you scares the shit out of me and it'll take time, but *not* because you are hard to love. But because I think you are the closest thing to perfect I've ever had the opportunity to witness."

Dream hung his head following a bashful smile, as a tear snuck past his eyes; his hand reached for the one George had lovingly against his cheek before he nuzzled the side of his face into his touch.

"And I don't want to mess that up. I don't want to ruin you because you are so fucking brilliant, Dream. You are so lovely and kind, and if I were good with words, I could throw a whole lexicon of them to describe how it feels like to be around you." The tears welled up in both their eyes as they stared at each other through a hazy, loving gaze, "How you make me feel *so fucking safe*. Every worry and concern that I have goes straight out the window the second you look at me. And it's so overwhelming but in the best way possible," He brought his free hand to cradle the other side of Dream's face, "I never want to stop waking up next to you, I never want to stop kissing you, to stop feeling you under my skin, you...you make me feel so fucking good. And I want that for you too," Dream's eyes fluttered shut, the tears falling past his lashes and in the space of George's caressing thumbs on his cheek, "Because that's how you deserve to be loved, Dream. You deserve that and more," George allowed the tears that escaped past his own eyes, "You deserve the type of love that someone would proudly shout on rooftops, with every bit of air in their lungs until they can't shout anymore—"

"George—" Dream choked, his own hand flying to his mouth as the tears rolled down his face.

"And I *want* to be that person for you, Dream. I want to be responsible for that," George felt Dream's free hand on his shoulder which the blonde gripped tightly as he lamented quietly into the palm of his free hand, "It took me stupidly long to realize that because of the way that I am, but if you're patient with me..." George wiped the tears that began staining Dream's rosy cheeks, "I'd really, *really* like to love you the way you deserve to be loved."

Dream wrapped his arms around the brunet's small frame, pulling him in the space between his

legs as he hid his face in the crook of his neck. George wasted no time in wrapping his arms tightly around Dream's shoulders.

It was the second embrace they shared that day, *but this one—God*, George was positive he had never felt so loved. And as Dream sobbed quietly into his arms, he felt he could assume he felt just as loved.

"Y—you are g—good with w—words, you idiot." Dream tightened his hold around him as his warm breath hit George's tear-stained neck.

George giggled, his fingers threading through Dream's hair as he placed a gentle kiss on his temple, "Only when I mean them."

Dream breathed out shakily, burying his face further into the curve of his neck, "I love you so much."

Sapnap's footsteps sounded through the room, but neither of them moved from their spot, almost as if they had shut out the world entirely. It wasn't until Sapnap spoke that George looked behind Dream to spot the younger one standing still in his spot.

The elation burst through Sapnap's expression and George smiled against Dream's hair as he looked up at Sapnap.

"Was I not invited to this cuddle session—what the hell?" Sapnap feigned his offence.

Dream chuckled against George's neck, keeping his face shielded in the security it offered; the way George could still feel streaks of tears rolling down the warmth their pressed skin created told him that Dream wasn't ready to pull away just yet.

Sapnap, after realizing that he'd already made his presence known, crouched down to their level and wrapped his arms around the both of them. Dream's body shook gently as a nasally and breathy laugh escaped him.

And they remained locked in each other's embrace. Their moment wasn't ruined with the addition of Sapnap, if anything, George felt as if it really made the moment that much better. That much more heartfelt. They were all involved in this painful string of events, each suffering in their own way and to their own extent.

For the first time, in what felt like ages, George felt whole. And as they pulled away after moments passed them, they caught the genuine smiles dancing on their faces. And through a shared laugh of half-embarrassment for the number of emotions coursing through the air, they were all in silent agreement that they needed this moment more than they'd realize.

"Patches is probably so pissed we've excluded her from this." Dream joked as he wiped the last of his tears.

George and Sapnap simultaneously looked at the couch where Patches rested; staring at them. The two of them looked at each other and broke into a loud laugh, causing a slight confusion in Dream.

Sapnap snorted, "She's plotting for sure,"

Dream craned his neck to look at her, "Oh my *God*, if looks could kill—"

"We'd be dead in an instant." George chuckled.

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When Sapnap announced that he was starving, Dream immediately agreed and ordered food to the house. They sat around the coffee table and ate through their take-away; the conversation Dream and George had wasn't brought up once by Sapnap, and though they hadn't expected him to, they were glad that he hadn't. They were just allowing themselves to sit in the genuine relief from the air that surrounded them.

They talked, bantered, and laughed—George was almost sure he was imagining all of it, but he didn't think too much about how overwhelming all this felt. He had mentally promised himself to no longer feed into the need to poke holes through their glistening bubble.

Sapnap laid on the couch after having entered a food coma, Patches was comfortably resting in between the space of his arm and his torso. Dream and George were at the sink, doing the dishes as they had the very first day he had landed here.

The thought prompted him to speak up as he passed the soaped-up dish to Dream, "Headed back to London soon."

Dream's movements came to a halt as he gawked at George, "Holy *shit*."

"What?" Sapnap shouted from the living room.

"Dude," Dream lightly shoved George with his elbow before glancing at Sapnap, "George's flight is this Friday."

"Oh—*oh*," Sapnap sat up from his seat, "I forgot you're going back for a week before you actually move here."

"Yeah," George shrugged and reached for the next plate, "It's just a week."

"Do you *have* to go back?" Dream half-whined.

"You're so clingy," Sapnap walked over to the barstool that sat at the archway separating the kitchen from the dining table.

"Fuck you," Dream chuckled before looking back at George, "You *could* just have the rest of your stuff shipped here."

George looked up at him before laughing lightly, "I have to give my parents a proper goodbye."

"Well," Sapnap clapped his hands once, "We'll miss you *terribly*, George." He insensibly said, "But you know, you gotta go, so."

"Sapnap, remember when you went away for a week?" George asked and before Sapnap could answer, he quickly added, "Best week of my life, honestly."

Sapnap scoffed, "Sure, buddy. Dream literally said you missed me, I ain't forget—"

"*Dream*." George shot him a playful glare and Dream quickly directed his attention to the plates as he stifled a laugh.

Sapnap flipped George off, "Caught in 4K, asshole."

-

Sapnap dismissed himself to his room after announcing that he was going to do a quick stream before heading off to bed. Dream and George returned to their bedroom, the events of the day had clearly worn down on them. The only reason for them still standing strong was the obvious high they were riding on.

Dream rid himself of his white shirt as he fished for a clean one in his closet; George sat in the middle of the bed, his attention that had been focused on his Twitter timeline was soon broken when Dream called upon him.

"Here," He tossed his shirt to George, the shorter caught it in the air before looking at it with confusion written on his face, "Since you like wearing my clothes so much."

George rolled his eyes at him but wasted no time in pulling the hoodie off him. Before he could pull his own shirt off, he noticed the pompous smile Dream sported.

He looked over at him with a scoff, "Only because it's hot and I don't want to sleep in a hoodie."

"Oh, I'm sure," Dream teased as he pulled a black shirt over his head.

George mirrored his action with the shirt Dream had ditched and his eyes fell down to the white fabric that draped over his small frame. His collarbones poked through the neckline because of the loose fit, but since he recently found that this size suited him best, a smile grew on his face.

"Can't blame you," Dream said, breaking him from his thoughts, "You make my clothes look good."

"Wasn't it you that said I could make anything look good?" George broke into a grin when he saw the memory surface Dream's mind through his expression.

Dream snapped his fingers at him, "See?" He pointed at him, "It still stands."

George shook his head with a fond smile before his eyes returned to the shirt he sported; there was something different about *wearing* Dream's hoodie to Dream *handing* him his shirt because *he*—admittedly—wanted George to wear it. It added to the sudden shift in their shared space.

Dream broke him from his thoughts again, this time by pressing his palms on either side of George, the mattress dipping underneath his shared weight. George looked up at him and his breath hitched as he hadn't imagined Dream to have been so close. George's eyes indolently found their way to Dream's lips, admiring the way natural pink tint they held.

"I don't want you to go," Dream whispered as he leaned in slightly, brushing his lips against George's.

Usually, this type of clinginess would've thrown George off, but there was something about *Dream* asking him that made the difference. And he understood him, too, because things had just started getting better for them. And they were now going to be separated again. And though it was just one week, George recently found that two days without Dream felt like a fucking year.

"Then come with me." George found himself saying before he looked up into his eyes to see the dazed-over look switch to a slight surprise.

"What?" Dream breathlessly asked.

George smirked, "Come with me."

Dream's smile faded as he began pulling away from him, "You're funny."

George was momentarily confused by the sudden shift in his mood until realization hit; was he not convinced that it was a genuine invitation?

George reached out for him, clasping his fingers at the back of Dream's neck as he pulled him in again.

"Come with me," George said assuringly, "You wanted to meet my parents. This is your chance."

Dream searched his eyes, "Really?"

"Yes—"

A toothy grin flashed across his face, "You're being serious?"

"Yes, you idiot." George's laugh was cut off by Dream's lips capturing his as he nudged his body against George.

George's back fell into the mattress, Dream hovered over him as he shifted his weight on his forearms. They giggled into the kiss; an embrace that reminded George of the night they laid in the middle of the street: lips locked as they shut out the world.

And though George was *terrified* of how the meeting with his parents would go, he would suggest the idea a million times just to see *that* look on Dream's face.

Chapter End Notes

goddamn dude writing facial expressions and body language is so goddamn hard sometimes. i was editing this and seeing how many times shit was getting overused and you know what, there's nothing my pea brain can do to change that so it isssss what it isssss.

anyway, george finally decided to let all that shit go--like pop off bestie, let dream in, tell him how lovely he is--pOP off.

i think i made it pretty clear that george is still kind of doubtful, but not as much as before. he's just tired of repressing shit, but it's still gonna take some time for him to like...do the loving thing.

on another note, i Could potentially just end the fic here, but i think writing dream and george in london is gonna be a fun time so might as well. fuck it.

ok see u soooooon, appreciate yous. xx

Oh My Heart, Speak Up

Chapter Summary

Though they had gotten over most of their obstacles, George decides to confront Dream about the one thing that continued to rest uneasily in his mind during the past two days spent in his personal hell.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title Song: Gap in the Clouds by Yellow Days
(soz, for the typos n shit, there's gonna be a few i feel like)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

About two days ago, everything had been out of balance. George's world had been flipped upside down. He didn't want to view it so dramatically, but when it came to Dream, he felt everything to an amplified degree.

And it was hell. Those last two days had been absolute hell and the gates to liberate him hadn't opened up until a couple of hours ago when they shared that heartfelt talk.

Now, Dream was in front of him—a few meters away as he sat at his desk and George sat at the edge of the bed—and they faced each other. With a kind smile and docile eyes. Not the pair of eyes he was harshly greeted with that morning. And certainly not the attitude, nor the tone.

No, *this time*, Dream held the look George adored with his entire being. The look that graced him with safety.

And George swam in it. He allowed his own eyes to sink deep into his welcoming and loving gaze. George could hear the words that escaped past those lips that he's missed feeling against his. And though he could somehow still keep up with what Dream was talking about, George was drowning out the world he fell from the moment Dream withheld his gaze.

It wasn't entirely resolved; their situation. But they both so unmistakably craved a break from the chaos that had ensued between that they continued to sit in their shared space—entering a conversation that fluctuated between topics unrelated to their emotional rollercoaster.

It wasn't the sort of avoidance that had led them to walk around each other like ticking time bombs. This time, it was a mutual understanding that they just wanted to enjoy each other's company for the time being.

Further assessing their status was to come, Dream and George both knew that. But as they climbed into bed later that night and slept with their limbs naturally tangled, Dream and George allowed their peace for one more day.

"You're more than welcome to tag along," George said after swallowing the spoonful of cereal he had taken.

The three of them were sat on the couch; Dream and George had just finished speaking with Sapnap regarding the fact that Dream was going to be joining George in London for a week. Sapnap, for theatrical purposes, pretended to hate the idea.

"You won't catch me dead in London." Sapnap chuckled as he placed his empty bowl on the coffee table.

Dream almost choked on his chewed food as he stifled a laugh causing the augmentation behind Sapnap's laugh.

George glanced at them with a blank look on his face, "What's so funny?"

"Imagine leaving a sunny state to walk through a rainy, miserable country—couldn't be me." Sapnap lightly threw his hands in the air.

"*Sapnap*," Dream sent him a warning glare which was quickly subsided the moment he and Sapnap fought back a smile as their eyes met.

"You can't look me in the eyes and tell me you'd choose London over Florida." Sapnap pointed at him.

George sent Dream an expectant look, "Yeah. Tell him, Dream."

Dream dropped his spoon back into his bowl before getting up from the couch, "Leave me out of it. I'm Switzerland on this."

"You are *such* a simp, bro. You *love* Florida." Sapnap argued.

"He just said he's Switzerland, which is in Europe. Know what else is in Europe, Sapnap? London. Therefore, Dream would choose London." George rambled, earning an ensemble of laughter from his friends.

George couldn't help but join in because it *was* a reach; they all knew Dream would choose Florida, and George didn't actually feel offended, but he had to defend his home country.

As Sapnap continued to playfully berate Dream for not defending Florida, George travelled off to the dangerous place in his mind that continued to resurface at the worse times. *It was something he was working on*, he'd tell himself in order to coax him out of the fall. And it was reasonable, for him to still have doubts about bringing Dream back with him.

George had gone over the pros and cons of the meeting with his parents several times since having suggested the idea to Dream. And though he was still sure that he wanted Dream there with him, the possibility that it could go wrong rested uneasily in his mind.

You shouldn't worry about things that are out of your control, he'd tell himself. And his parents' attitude towards this was going to be something entirely of his control.

And that's okay, George glanced over at Dream who came back from the kitchen, engaged in a banter with Sapnap. *It's okay because he'll be there*.

And with every second he spent looking at him, the pros would outweigh the cons. Because George would much rather suffer through the anxiety of the uncontrollable variable than to be

away from *him*.

"You down?" Dream asked as he plopped down next to George.

George noticed the way Dream had almost slung his arm around the back of his seat but stopped himself on the account of Sapnap still being in the room. They briefly smiled at each other as George's expression transpired across a sarcastic, '*Smooth*'.

Because it wasn't.

It was probably so obvious, but still considerate for the younger that sat a few meters away from them.

"For what?" George asked, tearing his eyes off Dream to look at Sapnap.

"There's this Arcade that I haven't been to in a while. Something we could do tonight, I don't know." Sapnap shrugged as his thumbs fervently tapped the digital keys on his phone.

"I feel like we haven't taken you out to see many places." Dream nudged him with his elbow.

George's eyes briefly looked down at their brushing limbs before he smiled up at him, "That's okay," He turned his attention to Sapnap, "I wasn't really expecting you guys to bring me anywhere. I know you both don't leave the house much."

"We try not to 'cause this motherfucker can't get recognized," Sapnap nodded his head at Dream who only shook his head at the younger in return, "But we scoured some places where we know we won't get recognized—the Arcade is one of them."

"Yeah, fine. I'm good with that." George nodded his head, "Tonight?"

"Or we could go right now?" Sapnap proposed.

"No chance. We have to record." Dream's eyebrows shot up as he watched the realization settle in Sapnap's expression, "*Yeah*."

"Bruh, the grind never ends, I swear," Sapnap huffed in annoyance, "Did you guys know I streamed for *five* hours yesterday?"

George feigned his surprise by jumping up in his seat, "Really?"

"Yeah, dude—"

"Wow, it's almost like no one asked." The vociferation of his tone died down when the last couple of words emerged past his lips.

George tried to keep a straight face, but couldn't maintain the facade much longer when he felt Dream suppress a laugh beside him.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you—"

George cocked his head to the side, "That's not nice seeing as I literally coded this for you—"

"Okay, *no* you didn't." Dream stepped in, causing Sapnap and George to look away from each other as they settled their attention on the blonde.

"Yes, I did."

"No, you did *not*."

"You literally *asked* for my OP help."

"Yeah, but I coded it all on my own while you were too busy playing Sapnap's *dumb* game," Dream mimicked the words that were once spoken by the brunet.

Sapnap's voice chimed in as he asked what game, but they wholly ignored him.

George bit down on his lip to stop his smile from growing, "You weren't able to start it until I put you on the right track—"

Dream grinned, "You're such a liar—"

"And you can't code without my help—"

Dream gawked, smile still apparent as he pretended to get heated, "I literally did!"

"You didn't, though—"

Sapnap whistled as he stood up from the couch, breaking the pair from their back and forth, "Okay, you guys enjoy your *third* divorce of the month. I'm gonna go set up," As he made his way to his wing of the house, he glanced back at them, "George, you gonna join?"

George forced his attention to Sapnap, "Sure. I can be moral support, I guess."

"Moral support my ass," Sapnap muttered under his breath.

"What?" George craned his neck, raising an eyebrow at him.

Sapnap, with his back to him as he began to disappear down the hallway, shouted back, "Nothing!"

George slowly looked away from the hallway before settling his eyes back onto Dream.

"Fuck you." Dream laughed.

"D'you think Sapnap thought that because we made up, we would no longer argue?"

"No," Dream placed a hand on his shoulder, "You're one of the most annoying people to exist, he'd be dumb to think that," He lightly shoved George causing the shorter to fall back into the couch.

George quickly supported himself as he fell back onto his propped-up elbows, "Very rich coming from you, Dream."

"Takes one to know one, right?" Dream winked before giving him a light tap on his cheek.

And God, George was glad that they hadn't lost this bit of their friendship. It's one of the things he feared most. He didn't want Dream going all soft on him—though he enjoyed the moments where he had Dream wrapped around his finger—he also liked the pointless arguments they entered. The ones they couldn't help procuring because they refused to be in the wrong about something.

And mostly because George liked trolling Dream due to the amusement he got from his rebuttals.

They parted ways; George remaining in the living room as Sapnap and Dream joined the VC from their respective setups.

Shortly after Sapnap had finished recording, they lingered in the VC as if they weren't all in the same house—a room away from each other. *Literally*—George laughed to himself at one point, he was *literally* in the room separating Sapnap's and Dream's.

"Dream and I do this all the time. After spending so much time around him, you start to get tired of his shit," Sapnap jokingly said after George voiced out his notice.

"Sapnap, don't even lie. You love being around me."

"You're cutting out. I gotta go." Sapnap left the VC, leaving Dream and George in the call.

A small silence passed and George bit his lip as a wide grin formed on his face.

"Oh, hey." Dream chuckled softly.

"Hello." George giggled, "I finally have you all to myself."

"I *know*, I know," Dream continued through a small laugh, "Should I share my screen so we can watch *The Office* together?"

George snorted as he continued to play into the bit, "How about we get in bed and sleep on call instead?"

"Mm, I've got a better idea." A few shuffling noises were heard from Dream's end and George couldn't wipe the dumb smile on his face if he tried.

The sound of Dream's door opening from the hallway caused George to turn in his seat; Dream stepped out and George took out one earbud as they beamed at each other.

The fact that they were able to so easily break the distance was something they should have both been accustomed to at this point, but it never failed to amaze George that he could just pull Dream into his hold; at any given moment, he could exercise what they tried to make work over Discord calls for years of their friendship.

And that realization was reinforced when they were at the Arcade.

When they all challenged each other to a hoops game; Sapnap and George going up against each other, George miraculously getting more points than Sapnap causing Dream to burst into proud exclamations as they cheered into each other's arms. Something they would not be able to physically do if George was still in London.

Or when George was thirsty but didn't want to get up and Dream mindlessly offered to get him a drink. Something that would not be possible if there was an ocean between them.

Or when Dream's leg would bounce endlessly under the table as restlessness possessed him during dinner and George placed a soothing hand over his knee.

Or when Dream placed two comforting hands on George's waist to move past him. Something that had felt so natural and instinctive that didn't have George jumping at the touch, but rather melting into it.

Or when a million words would be spoken through a brief lock of their eyes at the red light on the way home. Something beyond their abilities if they were not physically in each other's presence.

Sapnap had taken a call from his girlfriend while they were in the car, which occupied his attention

while Dream and George would occasionally steal glances from each other through the rear-view mirror.

The ongoing call had Sapnap waving the pair off to bed as he disappeared into his side of the house. Dream and George continued down their hallway in a small silence, the sole of their shoes emitting occasional squeaks against the floorboards as they made it into Dream's bedroom.

George, having not been in the room since Dream began recording with Sapnap, was surprised to find it spotless. Dream must've noticed his examination; George could see Dream turn away from him in the corner of his eyes, followed by a small chuckle that escaped past his lips as he progressed into the room.

George lingered in the entrance and sighed, "Sorry."

Dream turned around in his spot, eyebrows slightly knitted as he looked him up and down, "What for?"

"It wasn't your mess to clean." He nodded his head to the general area of the room.

Dream scoffed lightly, "Technically, it was my mess."

George licked his lips, averting his gaze, "It's not."

"You're not the only one to blame for how things went, George." Dream's tone was so soft it caused George to look up at him from where he stood, "I, uh," He glanced at his monitor before pointing to the drawer that had now been slotted back into its frame, "Noticed a few things," George's eyes fluttered shut as he cursed himself for not clearing his traces.

George's features cringed as he breathed through his nose, "I guess we've been avoiding it long enough."

"I wouldn't say *avoiding*," Dream drawled out as he walked towards him, urging George's steps as they met each other in the middle of the room, "But, it doesn't hurt to figure some stuff out. Communication is..." He trailed off, his irides dancing over George's flushed complexion.

George tilted his chin up slightly to peer into his eyes, "...Key."

Dream snickered, "Especially for us, as we've learned."

"In the hardest way possible." George sighed exasperatedly.

Dream's features softened as a frown etched across his lips, "The entries along with the playlist must've been a lot. Fuck, I'm sorry—"

George furrowed his eyebrows, "Don't be, Dream."

Dream tilted his head to the side as he shot him a look, "Some of the songs on there were so..."

Angry. A call-out. Made him feel like absolute shit, George thought as he stared back at him.

"I needed to hear it." George quietly said.

Dream shook his head, "From me, though. Not from a playlist filled with songs I manically inputted and entries I wrote when I was way too emotional to make any sense."

George crossed his arms over his chest as he shifted on his feet, eyes flickering down to the

ground, "I did hear it from you."

When silence fell between them, George looked up to catch Dream in a brief thought; *their fight*, he had caught on.

"And I wasn't listening then," George continued, "And as much as this is *insane*," He nodded his head to the monitor before looking back at Dream, whose bashful smile tended to the ground, "I'm glad I came across it."

"Some songs were, kind of, angry." He looked up at George through a reduced gaze.

"I know." The corner of his mouth twitched upward, "I deserved it."

"*Well*," Dream dragged out the syllables, fighting back a smirk that began to grow on both their faces, "You said it."

"The playlist hurt, a bit," George took a step towards him, "But not as much as the entries did."

Confusion wrote itself in Dream's expression, "That's not what you said last night."

"I said it was a lot," George smiled lightly, "Overwhelming, almost. And it hurt because I found out how much you hurt. Hurt because of me."

They both remained silent for a moment; George allowing Dream to go into a thought of his own as he studied his features.

"It's still a lot for you to process in the span of two days," Dream mindlessly looked around the room before placing his eyes back onto George, "And that makes it my mess."

"I mean it hurt, and for the playlist and the entries, I only have myself to blame..." George's eyes distanced themselves with the tone of his voice.

Dream smiled knowingly, "...But?"

When Dream was met with George's expression, after it had lost its light and playfulness, his smile dissolved.

"But I hurt too," George puffed, "You just...*left*, Dream."

"I felt like you maybe didn't want to be around me for a bit," Dream motioned his hand to George's stance, "That you needed space."

George's tone had lost its soft edges as a small rasp enveloped his words, "What I needed was closure."

Dream's tongue clicked against the roof of his mouth, "You could have called—"

"*Oh*, so you could decline it?" George's eyes upheld a challenge that had Dream's demeanour shifting slightly.

Dream re-possessed the softness his tone had momentarily forgotten, "I declined it because I didn't think it'd be fair to you to have—whatever conversation we were gonna have—over the phone."

"I was so fucked up I was ready to have that conversation in whichever way possible," George's lips slapped shut before he re-opened them, rejecting the shield that tried to reinforce itself around his emotions, "So fucked up that I was willing to call again and have you decline, just to hear your

voicemail message. That's how much I missed you, Dream."

"I missed you too, George," The urgency in Dream's voice fueled the step he took towards him, "I know I said I came back because of Patches, but that's...that was a blatant fucking lie. The appointment could've waited. I just felt like you didn't want this—us, so I shied away from my feelings. I was angry. I shouldn't have taken it out on you and for that, I'm so fucking sorry. But I obviously came back for you. Every hour I spent with her, you were the one thing on my mind."

"*How* was I meant to know all this?" The desperation leaked through his voice as George continued, "You didn't call, text," He numbered his words on his fingers, eyes still fixated on Dream, "You just left without saying anything—left me with your journal entries, a playlist... left me with Sapnap calling me out for treating you badly. And I could do absolutely nothing about it. All I could do was sit there—wearing your hoodie like some pathetic idiot."

Dream went to say something, but he held George's gaze for a second longer and his lips slapped shut.

"I'm *not* taking back anything I said yesterday. It was an explanation as to why I unintentionally ended up hurting you. An explanation as to why I am the way that I am," George stepped back, taking in a small breath as he recollected himself, "I still think you deserve all the love in the world, but I can't give you that if I'm gonna have to worry about you going back to your ex to '*give me space*',"

"Woah wait," Dream immediately jumped in, drawing an imaginary flat line with his hand, "Who the fu—who said I was going back to her?"

George ground his jaw as he veered his eyes to the ground, "You told me you weren't sure if you ever stopped loving her, Dream. And then you go and spend two whole days with her. What am I supposed to think?"

Dream's confusion was shown in the way his hand turned over, "You said you understood why I needed to help her—"

"Help her, yes. But you shared a bed with her the night you were meant to come back to me. And I have no right to get worked up on this because we don't owe each other anything, but—"

"Wait, *what*?" Dream cut him off, his tone riddled with confusion, "I never shared a bed with her."

George was suddenly dumbfounded, "What?"

"The night she stayed? I slept on the armchair. She took the bed." Dream's eyes teetered over George's new-imposed puzzlement.

As Dream's words began sinking into his mind, George stood bewildered. Part of him wanted to be relieved, but the other wanted to fight his point. He wasn't the slightest bit suspicious of Dream's determination in denying the accusation as he also felt Sapnap would've reacted a whole lot differently if he had caught them sharing a bed.

And Dream wouldn't lie knowing Sapnap was right there for George to consult if he had even a tad bit of doubt, which he didn't.

"But I *am* sorry I didn't come back to bed. We were just talking about her dad and she eventually tired herself out. I decided to stay there because...part of me was scared to confront you about my feelings...especially after you found my journal."

And having broken down the threshold over his emotions, George was entirely unhinged when he proceeded to ask, "What about when you were away with her for two days?"

"I slept on her couch, George. I know we don't *owe* each other anything, but I wouldn't sleep in the same bed as her."

George suddenly faltered in his spot; he was just assuming. Point blank. He didn't have actual proof. He had just grilled Dream with no leverage.

And though he felt bad for being even the slightest bit vulnerable, "Sorry," He had at least gotten that concern off his chest.

"Don't be," Dream said softly, "I get why you would think that, but I would never even think of doing it myself. Not with you constantly running through my mind. It felt...wrong to do that to you. Even if...you and I aren't together."

His tactic screamed at him to stop speaking, but George found himself saying, "I'm sure she asked you, though."

"Yeah," Dream effortlessly confessed, "Yeah, she did. On the last night. That's why we got into an argument. It was over you."

George's breath hitched, "What?"

"She obviously knew something was up between us when she came to the house. So, when I didn't wanna go to bed with her, she asked if you were the reason I said no."

George's features softened as he relaxed in his spot. *He was Dream's reason just as much as Dream was his.*

Dream suspired, "Because you *are* the reason. You were the reason I shut down all of her suggestive approaches. Not even a *piece* of me wanted to yield to her. All I wanted was to be back home with you."

George blinked back his tears, "Why didn't you come back, then?"

Dream stilled in his spot, lips parting slightly as he looked over at George, their eyes analyzing each other's features for a brief moment before the blonde let out a quiet sigh.

"Helping her, these past two days? It helped me," Dream began and George tore his gaze from him as he mindlessly stared at the bed, "It helped me because I felt like I was going to explode if I had to spend one more second around you without being able to express how I really felt. It helped me because we were moving stuff into her new place, so busying myself with that took my mind off things. Off you. Helped me understand why it never worked out between me and her. And I hate admitting that it took seeing her again to realize that, but...sometimes people come back into your life to remind you of how well you were doing without them," Dream seemed to have hesitated when choosing to step towards George, unsure of how the brunet was feeling because he was now staring blankly back at him, "It was never gonna work out, between me and her," He reiterated, "Regardless of the fact that she cheated—we just weren't meant to be, I'm *sure* of that."

George continued to stare back at him; using every fibre in his being to connect with the tactic that continued to pester his mind: *because God forbid he fucking cried again.*

"George," Dream searched for his eyes and George blinked down at the movement that occurred between them; Dream's hand was slowly reaching out to him, "I need you to listen very carefully

when I say what I'm about to say next."

George slowly placed his hand into his before Dream gently pulled him into his space; his hand leaving George's as it joined the other in cradling George's face. George sighed at the touch, his eyes fluttering shut as he refrained himself from giving in to the tears that began to well up in his eyes.

"Hey," Dream brushed the pad of his thumbs across his cheekbones causing George's eyes to dubiously blink open, "You listening?"

George sucked the roof of his mouth as *that* goddamn vulnerable feeling overtook him. And he nodded, slowly, but certainly.

"I *don't* love her anymore." Dream spoke each word in interims, emphasized on purpose to get through the brunet's head, "Because I love *you*, George."

George's jaw shifted as he sucked in a sharp breath past his parted lips. And though Dream said it often, it never lost its weight. Not when it was dripped in rigorous ardour.

"Nothing—" Dream gently inclined his head as George began to weakly look down,"—And absolutely no one in the world—will ever change how I feel about you."

A single tear rolled past his eyes, slipping down to meet the end of Dream's thumb. George saw that Dream had taken notice of it in the way his expression softened.

"You kept apologizing yesterday—now it's my turn." Dream acknowledged, "I'm *sorry* that I left you without anything to hold on to. I'm sorry for declining your call. I'm sorry for leaving with my ex when you were obviously not okay with it. And I know you think you deserved to hear that playlist, to read the entries, but I'm still sorry that they hurt you. And I know I already apologized for this, but I am sorry that I came back to you in such a shitty mood. That wasn't...it's never my intention to hurt you, George."

"It hurt so much thinking that I lost you," George's voice susurrated as he smoothly knocked his forehead against Dream's chest.

Dream wrapped his arms around his shoulders in an instant, "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

"Just don't...leave again." George released a toiled breath into the taller's clothed chest.

"I promise you," Dream brought one comforting hand to the back of his head, "I promise you I'll never leave."

-

Later that night, a small drift coursed through the ajar window of Dream's bedroom; it woke George up from the brief sleep he'd slip into, one he assumed lasted at least a couple of hours. A bit of warmth had pitched itself in between their resting limbs; his arm and leg draped over Dream's own outstretched limbs.

George tried to look up at him but failed to do so when Dream's head weighed down on his. This caused him to nuzzle the side of his cheek against Dream's clothed chest as he welcomed the glow that expanded in his stomach; *he had woken up*, and for the first time in a couple of days, *Dream was next to him*.

And it felt good, George smiled against Dream's chest as he gently squeezed Dream's body into his

hold, *it felt good to have him here.*

Dream's arm that was indolently wrapped around George's shoulders shifted slightly as he brought his hand to the brunet's shoulder, applying a feather-light squeeze.

"I need to go to the bathroom," George whispered, his lips moving against the fabric of Dream's shirt.

Dream only mumbled in response before slowly lifting his arm off his shoulders. George untangled himself from his hold with extra care, as if Dream wasn't already semi-awake.

As he returned from the bathroom, George decided he wasn't as tired as he thought himself to be. He glanced at Dream who had turned onto his side, his shoulder rising and falling with every slow breath he took.

He looked peaceful, George admired the way Dream's lips were slightly parted, the way his fringe rested messily over his eyes, and the outline of the muscle in his arm as it laid atop the covers; *he looked free of all his worries*. George saw that in the way there wasn't a crease in his forehead or a wrinkle in his eyebrows.

George snapped himself out of his trance; since their talk on the steps to the garden, he realized he'd have a few more solid chances to admire his beauty.

His eyes caught the familiar stack of papers that laid on his nightstand; the ones he hadn't realized Dream left untouched before heading to Sapnap's room earlier that morning. He grabbed them from the wooden surface and sat at the edge of the bed, sifting through as he did when he had first found them.

Until he settled for his favourite one; though it had shredded his soul into million little pieces, he was now able to consume it with a different state of mind.

They had their talk—and it was refreshing for the both of them, for the sanity of their relationship—but what was done in the past was cemented in their heads. The feeling of guilt and remorse still inhabited George's mind. It wasn't something he was going to forget, and he assumed Dream wouldn't either. At least not instantly due to the strain it momentarily had on their friendship.

However, with their main concerns out of the way—the ones that had them feeling like they couldn't face each other—they were able to get to the stage of getting better for and with each other. They had something to hold onto now. A newfound hope they were unsure of prior to their talk.

It made dealing with the prison in their minds a lot easier.

"George?" Dream's groggily called.

George felt the bed dip underneath him; he merely looked over his shoulder just as Dream wrapped a careful arm around his shoulders, resting his forehead against George's shoulder blade.

"What are you doing?" Dream asked quietly, voice muffled against George's clothed back.

George felt a small tingle run down his spine as the warmth of the blonde's mouth expanded through his shirt and onto his skin.

"Can I keep this one?" George's eyes scanned over the inked words as he awaited Dream's answer.

The blonde lifted his head slightly before resting his chin atop George's shoulder, "Mhm."

George barely had to turn his head to catch his eyes; they stared at each other for a moment before offering the other a small smile: Dream's laced with sleep, George's affected by the weight of Dream's spilled ink.

George looked back down at the paper resting feebly in between his fingers, "You write beautifully."

Dream turned his head, his cheek now resting where his chin was, "It's all thanks to my muse."

George fought back an eye roll as he smiled to himself, eyes still fixed on the paper. Dream chuckled softly and pressed a lazy kiss onto his shoulder.

"No one's ever spoken about me like this," George said in a near whisper, "I'm still trying to comprehend how someone could...feel this way about somebody else."

"How I could feel this strongly about you," Dream said, almost as if he was correcting him.

George quirked an eyebrow at him.

Dream smiled languidly, "You're still trying to wrap your head around how I feel about you."

George exhaled quietly, distancing off into his own thoughts as he processed Dream's words while mindlessly circling the blonde's features with his eyes.

Realizing his struggle, Dream spoke up, "You don't have to justify anything to me, George," He lifted his hand off George's chest to place it on his shoulder, "I know you fear possible loss and this danger of...feeling too much."

George drew a small breath, the truth of the blonde's statement settling in his mind.

Dream readjusted himself so he was sat criss-cross behind George before wrapping both his arms his shoulders. He placed his chin back onto his shoulder and George craned his neck slightly to allow him more space, "I still mean every word, you know?" He wrapped his hands around his own forearms, caging George in as he pulled the shorter's back into his chest, "And I always will."

George relaxed in his hold, hooking his chin over Dream's forearm as he looked at the inked page once more, "I'm gonna sort it out, Dream."

"We're gonna sort it out," Dream whispered, his eyes lifting from George's lips to his eyes when the brunet turned his head to look at him, "One day at a time."

"I keep asking you to wait on me—"

"And?" Dream cocked his head to the side, a small smile etched itself across his lips, "I'll wait. Take your time, George," His gaze fell back down to George's pink-tinted lips, "I'm not going anywhere."

I'm not going anywhere. George realized Dream said that a lot. And it was just now starting to clock in his mind; *he said it to reassure him*. He knew George was scared of loss, so he would assure him, without being asked to.

And as that realization settled into his mind, George broke the space between them as he pressed their lips into a supple kiss. Their lips remained locked for a brief second; the both of them

savouring the feeling that had formed and continued to grow in their shared space. Dream was the first to move his lips against his; soft and deeply engaged caresses. It was all so gentle and careful, emotionally fueled but in the most calming sense.

George slowly brought his hand to Dream's forearm, wrapping his fingers gently around the warm skin. Dream brought one of his hands to cradle George's cheek, momentarily breaking away from the kiss as his eyes washed over George's dazed-over expression before re-connecting their lips into a delicate kiss.

George sighed into the space of their parted lips before tilting his head away from Dream. Their lips detached from the embrace as George shyly looked up into his green eyes. Dream brushed the pad of his thumb across George's bottom lip causing the shorter to press a kiss against his skin.

Dream lovingly gazed at George as he caressed his fair skin when gently cradling the brunet's cheek. George fell into his touch as he wrapped his fingers around Dream's hand. He slowly pulled it away from his face as brushed his lips onto Dream's palm to whisper, "Every kiss with you feels like the first," before placing a soft kiss onto his skin.

-

They both knew it was a learning curve and that seemed to prove itself in the way they continued to enter small talks from the night after Arcade to now; the night before their flight.

And though it was going to be a "one day at a time" learning process, he was thankful that all of their talks carried a lighter tone than their past conversations did; conversations that had solely become arguments. They had finally seemed to understand that it wasn't going to help either of them; this lack of honesty and candidness.

George also noticed how much more docile they were with each other; soft touches that were simple but effective, even in secrecy when Sapnap would join them for movie nights.

And every now and then, George would feel that uncomfortable feeling rise in his chest—mostly when Dream would say and do things that would melt his insides; Dream's angelic touches resembling holy water as it burned George's hellish tactic.

They returned to their bedroom after one of the movie nights; Sapnap and Dream entering a small conversation about when they were to be dropped off at the airport.

George discarded his hoodie, keeping one hand tugging down the hem of his shirt. He followed the feeling of eyes on him and met *his*.

"Dream," George smiled sweetly.

"George." Dream mirrored his smile as he sat against his desk, the sole of his shoes still planted on the ground as he lightly gripped the edge of the desk.

"You excited for London?"

"I actually am," Dream grinned as he brought a hand to run through his hair, "Gonna be good to get out of here for a while. With you."

George pressed his lips together in a tight smile as he briefly looked down at the ground.

"And meeting your parents—"

George winced as he rolled his head back earning a laugh from Dream.

"God, I just hope they don't scare you off." George placed his face in his hands.

"I can handle it, I think." Dream lifted his chin proudly, "How hard can they really be on me?"

George crossed his arms as he jokingly said, "They could hate you."

Dream feigned slight offence before breaking into an arrogant smile, "Well, that's just impossible."

George rolled his eyes playfully, "Mhm."

Dream reached over for George's wrist that remained tucked into the crease of his elbow and from his crossed arms that came undone when he allowed Dream to pull him in between his spread legs. George slid his forearms over Dream's shoulders before interlocking his fingers behind his neck, smiling softly down at him when he felt Dream's hands on his waist.

Brown and green swirling in a pool of contentment with a slight bit of fervour as they stared for a brief moment.

George was the first to break eye contact when he burst into a soft smile, looking down at the space between their bodies.

"What?" Dream asked, his voice emitting from the deep chambers of his throat.

George slowly looked up from his slightly hung head, "...What are we doing, Dream?"

A slight confusion arose in his features, "Hm?"

"What is this?" George's knuckles brushed against the nape of the blonde's neck as the muscles of his forearm shifted against his clothed shoulder.

Dream fought back a cheeky smile and George could almost feel the eye roll begging to surface his own expression, "Are you pulling a '*What are we?*' on me right now?"

"I'm going to strangle you." George shot him a playful glare.

"Mm," Dream tugged on his waist slightly, "Yes, please."

"*Dream.*" George nudged his forearms against Dream's shoulders earning a small laugh from the taller.

Dream nodded his head at him, "What do you want this to be?"

A brief silence overtook them as George formulated the words in his head.

"When we got in that first argument..." George cleared his throat, "You mentioned...being, like...boyfriends," The word tasted sour on his tongue, but he powered through it, "But I..." He trailed off as he tried to find the words to proceed but nothing seemed to come out.

Dream's playful demeanour had diminished slightly, "You're still not sure?"

"I don't know," George said defeatedly.

"Do you *want* to be together?"

"I do," George frowned and closed a few inches between them, "Whatever that fucking means for us, I do."

"Then...?"

George flickered his eyes to the space above Dream's ahead as he entered a small thought, "I'm not sure if this is gonna make any sense, but," He swallowed before looking down into his eyes again, "The term '*boyfriends*' is so weird to me—and not in a messed up way," He quickly added when he saw the slight confusion in the expression of Dream's eyebrows, "Sort of, like, it doesn't fit us? It sounds so temporary, fleeting. Like it has an expiration date, like—"

Dream sighed and looked to the side, "—Like a label."

George's lips flapped shut as he nodded lightly.

"George, when we got in that argument..." Dream drew his bottom lip between his teeth as his eyes fell to the brunet's lips, "...I didn't want us to solidify anything. Well, I did, but," He shook his head lightly, "I just wanted you to be honest. With me. With...yourself."

"And I'm working on that now," George said assuringly, "I am. But...that term—I don't know, Dream. I feel, like, maybe it'll grow on me, but for now...I just...I don't know."

"Yeah, I get it," Dream gently squeezed his waist, "I agree if anything."

George scrutinized his features, "...you're not just saying that, are you?"

Dream shook his head definitively, "You're not the only one that has to work on being honest. I have to be honest with myself, so this isn't me *settling*. I genuinely agree with you, on the label thing."

Throughout the entirety of their friendship, one thing George was sure Dream absolutely despised was being labelled or people labelling him, so George gave him an understanding nod.

"I think you feel that way because of how long we've known each other," Dream started, "Because of how we met."

"It feels like we're just a little more than...that term, you know? You're my best friend, Dream. We just happen to...also be attracted to each other." George said, a slight smirk forming on his face.

"Yeah," Dream quirked an eyebrow as they shared a flustered laugh.

"And we both know how much we want this," George motioned to the space between them with his free hand, "...us. But I feel like we don't really have to put a label on us."

"We're just," Dream jutted his bottom lip as he briefly looked to the side, "...us," He smiled endearingly.

"Is that okay?"

"I am more than okay with that, George." Dream concurred, "I never expected to call us boyfriends. I just wanted you to want me in the same way that I want you."

George raked his fingers through his blonde hair as he confidently said, "I do."

"We can just exist together like we always have. Nothing *really* has to change when you think about it. And nothing will, online, either. We can still pander," He chuckled, earning a similar

reaction from George, "If anything it'll be easier. And everyone already third-wheels when we're in a call together—we're solely responsible for that without even trying. We can spare them the couple-y Instagram photos and all that showy shit."

"This is why you're my best friend." George breathed out as he gently knocked his forehead against Dream's, his eyelids fluttering shut as an inexplicable wave of relief washed over him.

Dream giggled inwardly as he bumped the tip of their noses together, "Don't people always say you gotta marry your best friend, anyway?"

George scoffed lightly, "Fuck sakes, you *would* already be thinking about marriage, wouldn't you?"

"Everyone says we act like an old married couple, can you blame me?"

"Maybe we'll eventually grow to like it," George whispered against the warmth of their inch-apart lips, "That term."

"Yeah maybe," Dream shrugged lightly before placing a soft kiss on his cheek, "Until we're comfortable calling each other that, we'll just be us. Like it has been before and after you got here."

"Minus all the drama, please." George huffed despairingly.

Dream sniggered, "You got it. Honest communication. From the both of us."

"Teamwork makes the *dream* work." George lightly joked.

"Maybe minus the shitty jokes as well." Dream quipped.

George scoffed, "You laugh at all my jokes."

"It's 'cause I'm in love with you, you idiot." Dream chuckled softly against his ear.

George felt a slight tingle rush down his back and his body fluidly snaked into Dream's touch as a small giggle escaped past his lips.

George kissed his temple before whispering under his breath, "Simp."

Dream tightened his grip around his waist, lifting him off the ground earning a curt cackle from George as he instinctively jumped up into his hold. Dream carried them to the edge of the bed, George kept his face hidden in the crook of Dream's neck as they brainlessly giggled in their space.

Dream sprightly tossed him onto the bed, George's frame was momentarily engulfed in the duvet covers. Before George could adjust himself to the vast movements, Dream's knee wedged itself between his legs and his fingers dug into George's sides.

George began squirming into the sheets as Dream continued to tickle him; breathless laughter and gasps emitted George's lips as he failed to push Dream's hands off him.

And almost as if the frequency of their giggles and laughs could mend broken pieces; their solace was slowly piecing itself back around their entwined souls.

"Okay! S-s-stop!" George yelled and Dream's fingers came to a slow stop.

George tried to regain his breath and Dream sat back on his ankles with a smile so big it reached

his eyes.

And when George looked up at him, Dream's voice wavered as he uttered, "Your laugh makes my head spin."

And George could almost feel the puncture in his heart and chest as a breath was slightly knocked out of him.

Dream dug his palms into the mattress as he caged George in. George's hands found their way to his face in an instant, his chocolate brown eyes circling the blonde's features.

Dream sighed, almost as if he had come down from a brief ill-affecting memory, "I hate seeing you cry."

"You won't have to," George spoke under his breath, his eyes fixing themselves onto Dream's complexion, "So as long as I have you."

"You do," Dream's shoulder relaxed as he faltered into the softness of George's palms, "You have all of me, George."

-

"How did Sapnap know?" George asked as Dream slipped into bed next to him that night.

The linen crowned Dream's blonde locks before he turned to lay on his side to face George, "I told him, obviously."

"*Obviously*," George mimicked Dream's accent before mirroring his actions, their eyes now levelled, "But when? When did this talk happen?"

Dream re-adjusted his head on his pillow, "You were asleep. I think it was the day I was on Train's podcast."

"Well...what did he say?" George pressed.

"You guys haven't talked about this?" Dream quirked an eyebrow.

"Why would we? I think the last time Sapnap and I properly talked about *us*," George nodded his head to Dream, "He said he was gonna need some time to adjust to it—like us possibly being together."

Dream inhaled, "Can't imagine it won't be a little weird for him. He took it well, though, when I told him I was starting to..." He trailed off, his eyes dancing between George's, "Starting to fall for you."

George pursed his lips as his eyes darted to the white of the sheets their bodies didn't cover, "...You haven't told him about..."

Dream raised his eyebrows slightly as he looked at him expectantly until he caught on and his eyes widened, "Oh my *God*, no. It would break him."

"He'd be paralyzed with fear." George giggled.

"Yeah," Dream wheezed lightly before shaking his head, "No, he doesn't ever have to know *that*. I know he makes jokes about it—who doesn't, but still," He yawned soundlessly before speaking

again, "Remember when he and I got in that argument about how he was going away on vacation? And he mentioned that my fly was down?" He shot a playful glare George's way, earning a small laugh from the brunet, "I'm more than a hundred percent sure he didn't actually think you were, like—"

"Going down on you?" George smirked, causing a faint blush to creep up the blonde's cheeks, "Little does he know, huh?"

"It's for his own sanity, honestly," Dream yawned again, his eyelids fluttering shut momentarily before they lazily opened up to look over at George.

"You tired?" George's tone had gone soft as the volume of the question rested in their space.

"A little," Dream mumbled, "Why do you ask?"

"You just yawned—"

"No," Dream laughed lightly, "Why did you ask about Nick?"

"Just wondering what we're gonna tell people if they ask," George muttered as his eyes left Dream's own.

"We tell them the truth," Dream stated and regained the pair of brown eyes that left his countenance, "That we're just figuring it out as we go along. And that's *if* they ask," He quickly added with a small shrug, "Most of them, like Karl or Quackity, wouldn't care to ask, I feel like."

George was usually good at putting up a poker face, but he found himself failing miserably; more than often, when he was around Dream, which caused the blonde to look at him, slightly confused.

Because Quackity did ask. And he did know.

Dream hid his smile, "What, George?"

George captured his bottom lip between his teeth, "Quackity may know a little."

"*What?*" Dream nearly exclaimed, earning a small chuckle from George, "What the fuck do you mean Quackity *may know a little?*"

"In my defence—in my defence, right? You had Sapnap to talk to. So I turned to Quackity. Only because he noticed some things," George's laughter died down as the words progressed past his lips, "It was after the night in the forest."

Dream listened; attentive and calm as sleep was slowly beginning to overtake him, though the news of Quackity's knowledge had briefly alarmed him.

"It was, like, three in the morning or something. We just had a talk. And another when you weren't...here," George cleared his throat and Dream's eyes softened on him, "He was actually the reason I called you."

"Oh," Dream smiled softly.

"Yeah, so don't go sending him death threats or whatever." George's hand crept up the blankets as he lightly shoved the blonde's shoulder.

Dream giggled softly, "Wasn't going to," He shut his eyes, but a cheeky smile grew on his lips.

George smiled fondly back at him, "Mhm."

"So Karl's the only one who doesn't know, then, huh?" Dream asked.

"Well, him and everyone else. Other than Sapnap and Quackity." George said, his eyelids slowly fluttering shut.

"We'll tell them," Dream said after silence had settled between them, "If they ask. I've got no reason to hide it."

"Neither do I," Their voices were slightly stifled through their barely opened lips as sleep began overtaking them.

Dream draped an arm around George's waist and George shuffled into his chest, his folded arms being the only thing separating their chests. George lifted his head off the pillow slightly as Dream wedged his arm underneath so he could lay his temple against Dream's bicep. The muscle shifted against his head as Dream wrapped that arm securely around his shoulders.

"Remember when I said our story was written in the stars?" Dream whispered against his forehead.

"Mhm," George hummed against his neck.

"This wasn't planned, George. We weren't looking when we found each other. That's the best part."

George nuzzled his head further into him, one of his arms draping itself over Dream's own.

"You said our story being written in the stars was the worst part."

"That's before I knew it could exist on earth, instead of just up there," The soft of Dream's lips brushed against George's forehead, causing the brunet to slightly tighten his arm around Dream, "What we have can't be planned, it'll happen on its own. So, we'll figure it out. As we go along."

"One day at a time."

Dream sleepily hummed in agreement, "For as long as it takes."

Chapter End Notes

for this chapter taking the amount of time it did, it sure is short as fuck.
next chapter is gonna be about their time in London.
i think it'll end there, quite frankly.

i just wanted to add, though; this fanfic is written from george's pov. that's it. that's all i wanted to put out there as a reminder, take it as you will (:
anyway, sorry for how long this took--admittedly, this was a filler, almost. but needed, nonetheless. that being said, since this chapter was supposed to go in an entirely opposite direction, I've already the next chapter panned out, so it won't take as long to get up. (it's also gonna be a thiccy one, deffo 10k+ words)

no more angst, really, from this point on. there wasn't much angst in this one, honestly I've lost grasp on what angst means in this fanfiction at this point.

im fucking drained (((:

alright, see you guys very soon.

i appreciate your love from last chapter, as well always. you mfs are fuckin brilliant
xx.

Taken, Pt. 1

Chapter Summary

Dream and George in London.

Chapter Notes

that's it. that's the summary.

also, this is 20k words, you Gotta expect typos. i know i say that every chapter, but i read through it once (to edit) and u best believe my hyperactive ass isn't gonna read through it a second time. maybe later.

ok enjoy u cheeky bastards x (:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Now, go, go—oh my God, Nick." Dream let out a tired laugh as he placed his forehead into his palm.

Sapnap huffed as he used his free hand to run his fingers through his hair, "I'm trying my fucking best, dude. Look at how many cars are trying to get into this lane—"

Dream gave him a light tap on his shoulder, keeping his eyes ahead, "I know, I know."

Dream and George had slept in that morning, hence the current rush they were in, and the undeserving stress they were putting on Sapnap to get to the terminal quicker.

George leaned back into his seat after having his shoulders framed in the space between Dream's and Sapnap's seat when he, too, was immersed in the chaos ahead.

After having managed to get to the curbside, Sapnap helped them unload their duffel bags, as well as the one luggage they agreed to share because they didn't need that much more space.

George had a small rush of déjà-vu from when they dropped Sapnap off before he went onto his vacation. The week that had begun Dream's and George's temporary hell.

"Fuck man, this sucks." Sapnap puffed as he leaned against the passenger door.

Someone behind his car honked at him and Sapnap whipped his head in their direction.

"Go around!" Sapnap twirled his finger in the air as he signalled his suggestion to the angered driver.

George stifled a laugh and Dream turned his face away from the stranger that shot Sapnap the dirtiest look. Sapnap slowly brought his eyes back to his friends but not before matching the likewise irritable expression from the agitated stranger.

"We're gonna be gone for a *week*, Sap." Dream said through a soft smile.

"Stop being so needy," George quipped.

The younger crossed his arms over his chest, fighting back a smile as he tore his gaze from George, "But you never leave me," He pouted, looking over at Dream.

"*You left me* for a week when you went on that vacation with your girlfriend." Dream playfully fought back.

"Yeah, but you had George." Sapnap rolled his eyes.

George burst out into a curt cackle, "You had your *girlfriend*."

"Same thing," Sapnap's smirk widened as he watched his two friends become flustered, "We both had our beloveds," He casually said, earning a nervous giggle from George, "But we didn't have *each other*, Dream."

And though Sapnap had meant it as a joke from how casually he had said it, it didn't help that a piece of him knew he wasn't too far off from the truth.

"Dude," Dream walked over to him and Sapnap straightened his back against his car, "You are gonna have the whole place to yourself," He placed two firm hands on his shoulders as he levelled their eyes, George watched them in amusement, "Imagine all the loud sex you can have with your girlfriend while we're gone."

Sapnap laughed inwardly, his eyes momentarily deflecting to their shoes before he looked back up at him, "True."

"I feel bad for her, you know?" George chimed in, catching his mates' eyes, "She has to look at your face while you guys are going at it."

Dream's eyes flapped shut as a defeated smile formed on his face, "Here we go—"

"Fuck you," Sapnap feigned the edge in his tone, Dream's hands had left his shoulders as the younger took a step towards George, "And she's not always looking at my face, not when I'm hitting it from behind—"

"Oh my *God*," Dream choked as he turned on his heel, his back to Sapnap as he joined George's side.

George's features cringed, "What is your problem?"

"We didn't need to know that." Dream said through a discomposed giggle as he shook his head.

George simulated disgust as he looked Sapnap up and down, "On that note, we're gonna head out."

"Okay, enjoy the shitty weather and the fucking..." Sapnap trailed off as he began walking towards the driver's seat.

"*The fucking*—spit it out," George playfully rolled his eyes.

"There are so many things wrong with that place, I don't even know *where* to begin—"

"For sure, yeah. I hope the heat melts you into a puddle by the time we get back—"

"Yeah? Well, I hope you choke on your fish and chips, or your t—"

"*Tea*, yeah good one, nimrod—"

"Okay, okay," Dream stepped in, still carrying a humorous tone, "You guys are embarrassing," He merely looked around the busy curb-side before glancing back at Sapnap, "I'll text you when we land."

Sapnap poked his head back up from where he had ducked to get in his car and shot him a grin, "Have a safe flight you two," The banter had completely left his system as he waved at the both of them, "I'm gonna miss you assholes."

"Drive safe, idiot." George waved at him as Sapnap flipped him off, upholding his grin.

They offered each other one last wave before Dream and George were left with their trolley and a current of people flooding in and out of the automatic doors.

Dream pushed the trolley as the sliding doors opened for them; George kept a mindless grip on the metal bar, not offering as much help to the taller—not like he needed it, anyway.

A '*ding*' erupted from Dream's back pocket causing a momentary halt in their step. George took that time to read the large screen a few meters ahead that displayed the flight times.

A small fond scoff from Dream broke George's attention away from the retina display as he glanced over his shoulder to look at the blonde.

"*Love you, brother*," Dream said as his eyes scanned the text he received before signalling his phone to George, "From Nick."

George peered over, "He's texting and driving?"

"Nah," Dream snorted as he began typing a reply to Sapnap, "He's probably still in the line to purposely piss off the people that are egging him on to move."

After checking in their bags and going through TSA, and having had not enough time to make or eat breakfast, Dream and George were headed to the cafeteria.

As they walked towards a Starbucks, George's phone went off. He quickly reached into his back pocket as Dream turned on his heel to face him, slightly inquisitive.

His father was calling him, George's brows drew together as he read the contact name before swiping his phone screen to answer the call.

"Hello?" George's voice was bound with confusion.

Dream quirked an eyebrow and George offered him a light shrug; the blonde jerked his thumb to the Starbucks and George gave him an understanding nod.

"You alright?" George didn't really have to adjust himself to hearing his father's voice, but it had been a while since having heard and he somehow failed to respond, "You must be at the airport by now, yeah?"

"Yeah, what's happening?" George's eyes mindlessly travelled over to Dream, who situated himself in the line-up at the Starbucks that retired a few meters from where he stood.

"Your mother and I are headed to meet your sister at your grandad's," Slight shuffling was heard

from his end.

That information had him slightly alarmed as his eyes veered to the ground, "What? You not gonna be here when we land?"

"We're gonna leave the morning after, instead. We've got to say goodbye to you," His dad reasoned.

"Okay, so what's...?" George trailed off, not understanding the reason behind his father's need to call.

"Don't know. Your mum thought you should know since we'll be down in Wales for a while—we won't be making it back before your flight to Los Angeles."

George suppressed a smile as he hung his head, "Florida, dad."

A '*tsk*' emitted from the other end before the man replied, "Someplace in America, same shit."

George snickered, "Right. Yeah, that's fine. As long as we get to...say goodbye."

His dad hummed in response; George could just tell he was distracted by something else. And the announcer on the TV at the end of the line had justified his assumption.

"...Okay, well, see you soon." As George went to hang up, his dad's voice flowed through, halting his actions.

"Your mate's with you, no?"

George lifted his eyes from the ground as he looked over at Dream who—as if on cue—looked over at him, "Yeah, he is."

They nodded at each other, a small smile forming on their faces before George looked away.

"Your mum said he wanted to visit London. You planning on showing him around or sommat?"

George bit back a laugh; even if Dream wanted to visit another country, it wasn't the principal reason he was coming back to London with George, but neither his mother nor his father needed to know that bit, "Yeah."

The information he chose not to provide had saved him from having to explain things to his father, which would eventually reach his mother, that they didn't need to know just yet.

"Alright,"

"Alright," George waited, the announcer from his dad's TV going on a rampage filling in their silence, "Okay, bye Da—"

"You need a lift?"

Only a tad bit annoyed from his dad's quirk, one he was accustomed to—George shut his eyes, a small sigh escaping his lips, "Huh?"

His dad had a habit of not being the most engaging in conversations over the phone; taking immensely long pauses that wore George's patience thin. This quirk had George unsure of ending the call at least three times in each telephonic conversation he shared with his dad, and though it was a mild inconvenience, it sure did grind George's gears a little.

"From the airport? D'you need me to—"

"We'll get a taxi or something. No worries."

"Okay then. See you, mate." George caught someone approaching him in the corner of his eyes.

"See you," George mindlessly said as he met eyes with a pair of familiar green ones.

George ended the call and pocketed his phone before taking the cup of coffee that rested in Dream's tending hand.

"It's, like, scorching hot. Careful." Dream warned before lifting two white paper bags sporting the Starbucks logo, "Egg bites," He announced, eyes full of wonder, "I didn't even know they had these," He turned the bag around as he read over the label.

George puffed out a laugh, "How'd you know if they're good?"

Dream shrugged before guiding them to an empty table; the foodcourt was fairly occupied, hence the slightly elongated lines of people in the queue to get their food, all the while the tables were filling up at a rapid pace.

"We're about to find out." Dream sat across from him, disposing of the bags onto the table.

George's eyebrows shot up at Dream's statement before he coveted his cup with his hands, "Bit of a gamble given the fact that airplane food is gonna be the only thing accessible to us for the next eight hours."

"We've both gone eight hours without eating anything. We'll manage." Dream carelessly said as he pulled out the egg bite from its holder, "Who called you?"

"My dad," George popped the small lid off his coffee and blew on the steam that began to escape past the opening, "Apparently," He lifted the cup off the table and looked over at Dream, a small strip of steam travelling to his eyes, causing him to wince slightly, "They're only gonna be in London for our first night. They're leaving for my grandad's the morning after."

"Oh, shit," Dream frowned after having swallowed his food, "I'm sorry."

George's brows knitted as he unpuckered his lips from its blowing motion onto the releasing steam, "What? For what?"

Dream crumpled up the Starbucks paper bag, "Well, you won't get to spend time with them."

"And?" George faked a light laugh, "We'll get to say goodbye. That's all I really wanted, to be honest."

Dream searched his eyes, almost as if he was waiting on George to add to what he had said, but the shorter only stared back at him before deflecting his gaze to the lid of his cup; his attention set back to blowing onto the steam.

They continued to eat to the sound of chatter and rushed footsteps around their space. At some point, Dream had shifted in his seat so he was facing the bin not too far from them.

"What are you—"

"Watch." Dream muttered before flawlessly tossing the balled-up paper bag into the bin, "Let's go."

"Let's go," George chuckled as he watched a pompous smile grow onto the blonde's face, "I mean it wasn't *that* far from us—"

"You try it then, smartass." Dream challenged.

"I'm not done eating." George rolled his eyes, though he knew it was only an excuse because he was dog shit with his real-life aim.

"Oh, *sorry*," Dream idly threw his hands in the air, forearms still resting against the edge of the table, "Didn't realize you needed the paper bag by your side while finishing your food," He nodded his head to the half-eaten egg bites.

"Shut up," George bit back playfully before taking a swig of his coffee and nearly spitting it out from the temperature that most definitely burnt his tongue.

"Can't say I didn't warn you—" Dream twirled the water bottle he got for himself in his hand.

"Shut. Up." George said, his tongue curled in his mouth.

Dream smiled winningly as he unscrewed the cap of his bottle before bringing it to his lips, "Water could never."

"Oh, look at me, I'm Dream. I'm so much better than everyone else because I don't drink caffeine —"

"Sorry. It's really hard to make out what you're saying when your tongue's all fucked." Dream smirked against the plastic rim of his water bottle.

George shot him a glare as he patted his flattened tongue with his index finger before saying, "I'm glad we're not sitting next to each other on the plane."

Seeing as George was planning to return home on his own, Dream was left to take any free seat that was the closest to George as possible. Dream had offered to upgrade them both to first-class so that they didn't have to be apart, but George declined his offer.

Dream laughed to himself before sliding his water bottle across the table. His brown eyes swerved to the plastic bottle before he delicately took it from his grasp.

"Thank you," George's tone sounded childish with his tongue imperceptibly poked out flat past his lips.

There was an imaginable glint in Dream's eye that matched his endearing smile as he tilted his head to the side, "Mhm."

-

George had reclined in his seat shortly after settling his backpack between his legs; there was a middle-aged businessman occupying the seat beside him. George sort of envied him for having the windows' seat, but he didn't really mind the aisle seat because three rows down, he could spot the mop of blonde hair that belonged to his best friend.

Dream turned around in his seat shortly after the stewardess told him off for not having fastened his seatbelt. Once she passed by George, the two men caught each other's eyes. George shook his head at him as if to display his feigned disappointment and Dream's nose scrunched when a bright smile flashed across his face, presenting his infirm embarrassment.

George noticed that Dream had pulled his laptop out to reply to some emails. George admired his work ethic because though the brunet had work of his own to do, he would continue to avoid it until it really had to get done; were he to pull his laptop out, it would be to watch Netflix, quite simply.

And so he did, and not even ten minutes into the episode he was watching, George drifted off to sleep. He was thankful that he didn't board a plane with crying babies on it, and even more thankful that the indistinctive chatter of other passengers that occupied seats around him was inaudible past his headphones.

The screen situated on the wall at the end of the cabin they were in told George that he had been asleep for at least three hours. And as soon as his eyes left the illuminated wall, he was met with a pair of green eyes. Dream lifted his phone in the air slightly and George gave him a nod, understanding that he wanted to text.

Dream

First of all, you're gonna refuse my offer of first-class seats where we could've slept together unnoticed. Secondly, you're gonna SLEEP for THREE FUCKING HOURS.

George snorted as his eyes reached the end of Dream's text before he looked over at him; Dream playfully flipped him off, but not before looking at the row of occupied seats to his right so he wouldn't get caught.

George:

YOU COULD HAVE ALSO SLEPT

DUMBASS

Three dark grey dots in a grey bubble immediately popped up.

Dream

You know I can't nap :(

George

sounds like a you problem, honestly

Dream

Play me in 8 ball

George

no (:

Dream

Is it cause you're scared to lose be honest

George

i actually wanted to save you the embarrassment

Dream

Alright if you're so sure let's place a bet

George

go on

Dream

How about you suck my dick when I win?

George's fingers twitched over the digital keys of his phone before he looked over where Dream sat. Dream, having felt his eyes on him, turned in his seat, clearly holding in his laugh. George bit his bottom lip as a grin began forming on his face before he looked back down at his phone.

George

what if i win?

Dream

You won't

Now play me

And seconds after, the request for the game came through. George let out a sigh and it caught Dream's attention. George shot him a capricious glare before he tapped on the icon of the game request.

Their messages consisted of back and forth requests as they took turns. It was such a dumb game, but George felt he couldn't focus on it in the slightest bit because his mind kept circling back to *that* text.

They would always flirt in that sense before he'd come down to Florida, and since having landed, they had executed those bold claims. However, things like this would still take him by surprise.

And he most definitely had not forgotten the night he went down on Dream. Those desirous and sinful images were engraved in his mind. But George also realized that that was the last time they'd been sexually intimate with each other; George was *not* counting their moment in the parking lot.

The black ball. Dream had gotten all of his balls in and so had George. They shared a brief look and simultaneously broke into a light laugh before returning their attention to their individual phones.

Dream

Oh Geoooooorgeee

George

shut the fuck up

take your turn

And George's hand slapped over his mouth when Dream jerked in his seat as he *clearly* missed the

black ball.

George suppressed a laugh as he quickly tapped the automated request for him to play his turn; taking all his time before successfully getting the 8-ball in. He giggled inwardly as he leaned back in his seat, head pushed back against the headrest as he smirked at Dream through somewhat lidded eyes.

Dream glanced over his shoulder, a smile apparent but contrasting the eye-roll accompanying it, before he returned his attention to his phone.

Dream

Wipe that fucking smile off your face

George giggled breathlessly, stealing a quick look at the businessman sat next to him as he was scared to have woken him up, but the stranger seemed passed out cold. He returned his eyes to the message before typing a reply.

George

throwback to when you said i wouldn't win

Dream

I'm blocking your number

George

how about you suck my dick instead?

Three dark grey dots popped in the grey bubble before they ceased and disappeared. George looked at Dream through a lowered gaze, but the blonde remained fixed in his seat. George furrowed his eyebrows slightly, unknowingly scared that he had maybe overstepped, which was ridiculous of him to think given their relationship. His concern vanished in an instant when the typing bubble reappeared in the corner of his eyes.

Dream

Okay

Before George could type a reply, he saw Dream rise from his seat. George froze in his own. The blonde stood tall and almost intimidating-like--George had gotten accustomed to his height over the weeks spent with him, but it somehow affected him differently at that moment; he was sure it was because of their texts.

Dream patted down his shirt before looking over the dimly-lit cabin, George did the same; their eyes took in the sight of sleeping heads and others that were engrossed in their electronics. George took off his headphones, eyes still scanning the area as he welcomed the silence of the passengers further subdued by the engine of the airplane.

Dream reaching his side broke George's eyes off of the setting as he looked up from where he sat. George withheld eye contact as he slowly rose from his seat, nearly levelling their eyes were it not for the slight height difference. They took one last glance at their surroundings before continuing down the aisle; Dream ahead, George following close behind.

George kept scanning the cabin, in fear that someone would catch them going into the bathroom together but to no avail. A small wave of relief washed over him, but the anxiety of getting caught still sat uneasily on his chest. Adding that to the thought of Dream going down on him, cold sweats were essentially forming down George's spine.

Dream's hand reached for the handle of the bathroom door, subtly swinging it open, his eyes scanning the cabin that the bathroom separated from theirs. He motioned for George to go in and George sucked in a sharp breath before following through with his request.

This place was so fucking small, George began calculating how this would work out, but as he barely registered the clicking noise that followed Dream's action of shutting the door behind them, the blonde's hand gripped his waist, snapping him out of his thoughts in an instant.

George was roughly shoved against the wall of the tiny bathroom as Dream's hands left his waist to grab his dainty hands. He pinned them above George's head in one fluid movement, his knee wedging itself between George's legs as he separated them slightly. George tilted his chin as he allowed Dream's eyes to encapture his umber ones.

Their breathing mingled in with the sound of the plane's engine; about the only thing that could be heard between their cramped bodies. And their eyes danced on the other's features for a few seconds before both pairs were focused on opposite sets of lips; *they had both been craving this and they hadn't even realized.*

Ever since their talk, they've only been cuddling and making out, at best. They hadn't realized that they had even been suppressing anything, and maybe they hadn't, but it was building up inside of them unknowingly.

And it showed in the way George gently bucked his hip against Dream's, his lower half brushing against his thigh as a breath was restrained in the chambers of his throat. Dream drew in his bottom lip with his teeth as he pressed his thigh against the shorter's growing hard-on.

George's lips twitched up into a smirk, "Kiss me already."

"It's *your* prize to collect." Dream said under his breath as he dipped his head without much effort because the bathroom was already vexing his height.

"Yeah?" George leaned forward, but the moment Dream's lips went for his, the brunet diverted his lips to Dream's ear, brushing them against the warm skin, "Get on your knees, then."

Dream's hand loosened around George's as he pulled his head away from him, a beckoning smile forming on his lips as he whispered, "Make me."

George hummed as he rolled his hip once more, a worked breath emitting the both of them, "Your wish is my command, Dream." He slipped his hand from the taller's before placing them on his shoulders, nudging him down.

Dream kept his eyes on George, allowing the brunet to lower him onto his knees while also luring George to fixate his eyes on his; a persuasiveness only Dream could manage as they kept their gaze locked.

A breathy laugh escaped George's curved lips when he felt Dream grip the back of his thighs. Dream kneaded the clothed skin as he ghosted his lips over George's crotch.

George's cocky smirk remained as he looked down at him; he lifted one hand off Dream's shoulder and brought it to the top of his head, his fingers curling itself around the patch of hair he tenderly

fisted.

Dream pressed wet kisses against the clothed skin, the brunet's bulge forming itself through the fabric of his jeans as he began to keen at the thought of Dream's lips around his cock—*especially when he looked this good on his knees*, George thought as his smirk disappeared, his lips parting slightly as Dream continued with his taunting kisses.

Dream harshly squeezed the back of George's thighs causing the brunet to buck his hips forward. Dream smirked winningly in-between a kiss before his hands left his thighs and applied themselves to undoing George's fly.

George's chest fell with a sigh, his eyes fluttering as he allowed the cold air to welcome his bare thighs when his jeans pooled at his ankles. Dream wasted no time in returning his hand to where they previously were—the contact of Dream's palms against the back of his bare thighs caused George to draw his bottom lip between his teeth as he floundered into the feeling.

Dream slicked his lips before placing a wet kiss against his inner thigh, George slowly spread his leg to allow him more space; the way the ends of his blonde strands tickled his skin almost added to the cravings that began to grow within him.

George tugged onto his fisted hair and almost as if Dream understood, he looked up at him through his wispy lashes while keeping his lips in motion against his skin.

"You like this?" Dream whispered hoarsely in-between a kiss, giving George's thighs another tight squeeze.

George nodded and exhaled through his nose as he squeezed Dream's shoulder when the blonde brought his lips closer to the hem of his briefs.

"What else do you like?" Dream continued, his tone dripping in carnality fed the warmth that began to grow in the pit of George's stomach.

"Hand," George muttered shakily as he pushed his thigh into Dream's hand, mentally asking him to knead his skin again.

Dream complied earning an internal moan from George.

"Harder," George said through slightly gritted teeth.

Dream withdrew his lips from George's inner thigh as he tilted his chin to look up at George who looked down at him through drooped eyes. He didn't make a comment. Instead, Dream brought his lips to ghost them over his bulge shortly before squeezing the back of his thighs so hard George lightly stumbled into him.

"Shit," George cursed under his breath as his hands felt weak on Dream's shoulder, his free hand momentarily loosening around his blonde strands.

Dream licked a wet stripe, one that lined George's bulge until the tip of his tongue flicked a damp spot that had stained the brunet's briefs.

George's breath hitched as he pulled on Dream's hair, some blonde strands sticking through the space of his pressed digits.

Dream continued with his trail of kisses and George couldn't even wrap his head around what was happening to realize that this wasn't something they normally did. It should have been obvious;

Dream on his knees, eyes gently shut as he pleased him effortlessly, but George was so lost in his lust-filled daze, he was almost blind to the actions unravelling.

And maybe it was because his eyes were closed, but he was so far gone to recognize his own voice or actions.

George was only momentarily brought back down to earth when Dream's hand left the back of his thighs again; a near-whine escaped past his lips as he missed the feeling of the blonde catering to the spot he didn't realize craved *his* attention.

Dream hooked his fingers to the band of George's briefs before sliding them down. Amongst many other aspects that George had failed to take into account, the way he was already leaking pre-cum took him by surprise.

And when Dream seemed slightly unfazed—not so much by the length, but rather the fact that George was already wet at the work of his tongue against him—George realized that Dream knew exactly what he was doing.

Dream's eyes lined George's size, the yen-filled wonder blatant in his glossed-over eyes. He brought one hand to hold his base weight; George was already wriggling in his touch.

"Fuck," George hung his head, barely looking at Dream through the ends of his own fringe.

"Pretty from your face down to your dick," Dream rasped as he flattened his tongue against his bottom lip, licking a wet stripe alongside George's cock, and chasing a breathy moan from the brunet, "How is that even possible," It was more of a carnality fucked thought than it was a question as Dream wasted no time in closing his lips around George's tip.

George pulled onto his hair while his free hand slipped into the neckline of Dream's shirt, his fingernails implanting crescent shapes into his skin. Dream swirled his tongue around George's tip, his fist beginning its pumping process; George bit his bottom lip as he suppressed his moans that began to take the sound of shallow and accelerated breathing through his nostrils.

Dream's free hand went back to the back of his thigh, but it was placed slightly higher—the crevice of his thumb and index cupping the curve of George's ass. He continued to knead the skin, much to George's liking, while the other continued in its rhythmic motion.

Dream was inching his lips down, taking in more and more of George as his pumps began to slow down. George couldn't care less if Dream took him entirely, he was already nearing his end and was only holding on for a little longer because this felt way too good for it to end now. He wanted to relish in this sight, his touch, and this feeling for as long as he could.

"Oh my god, please—" George's voice split through a breathless whine as his hand in the blonde's hair slipped to the back of his head where he unthinkably nudged Dream's head forward.

A small gagging sound left the chambers of Dream's throat causing the blonde's lips to slide off George's cock entirely—a string of spit mixed with George's pre-cum linking the bottom of his lip to George's tip.

Dream shot him a sly glare, "You're not rushing me, are you?"

George was so mind-fucked, Dream's voice almost sounded alien-like. He looked at him through a blurry gaze as he regained his breathing.

Dream quirked an eyebrow at him as he expected an answer, but George forgot what words even

meant as he continued to relish in the sight of Dream's pink-tinted cheeks and lips slathered in spit and cum.

Before George could even begin to think of a reply, the sound and feel of Dream's palm semi-harshly connecting against the bare skin of his thigh as he placed a gentle slap onto the previously kneaded area stole all the sense from George's head once more.

A gasp escaped past his lips as he was sure to have accumulated a similar rosy tint in his cheeks; the stinging feeling on his back thigh progressively rendering him brainless.

"Again." George had said, but as Dream failed to comply, he tightened his grip on his hair, "Do that again."

There was a new-imposed and mutual understanding in the way they were going about this engagement--neither of them seemed to have a problem with the ardour of their actions, which caused the germination in the embers sparkling around them.

"Why?" Dream leaned forward, teasing George's cock as he kissed the tip before licking the spit-riddled skin, "Huh?"

"My prize..." George took in a shallow breath as he blinked down at Dream, "...to collect."

Dream smirked and nodded, "Good. Started to think that you forgot who was in charge."

"Then why'd you stop?" George hadn't meant to welcome the rasp in his voice, but when he saw the growth in the smirk Dream's lips sported, he figured he wouldn't bid it goodbye just yet.

"You let me," Dream nonchalantly said, his fingers wrapping themselves ever so lightly around George's cock as his eyes remained fixed on the lustrous brown pair, "So," He flicked his tongue over the slit of his tip, causing George's breath to hitch, "Next time I purposely tease you, don't just stand and stare. Tell me to suck it harder."

At that statement, George realized the power they actually shared, as well as granted each other. And that though they had stopped playing their childish game of turning each other on, they were still always gonna tease each other. And in teasing, there were kinks involved, and George realized that Dream might like being told what to do after all.

So, George readjusted his grip on his hair forcefully causing Dream to offer an open-mouthed impish smile at him as he let out a breathy chuckle. George matched his smile before nudging his head forward and Dream wasted no time in warming his lips around George's throbbing skin.

This time, instead of falling back into his strokes, Dream brought that hand to the back of George's touch-starved thigh, resting vis-a-vis the other hand. George could no longer suppress his moans as his mouth fell open with the gasp that followed the harsh squeeze Dream's hand executed around his grappled skin.

There were only a few inches of his cock that were amiss the warmth of Dream's bobbing mouth, but George couldn't care less—he hadn't realized how much he thrived off of guiding Dream's mouth up and down his cock.

And he watched, though it was hard to keep his eyes opened because the sight of Dream on his knees in front of him would send him into overdrive, he watched. Watched how Dream's eyelashes would flutter as he breathed through his nose, how his eyes looked up into George's—heavy-lidded but lust-hungry. And George was absolutely gone, over and over again until he was reaching his climax.

The sound of the accumulating saliva and pre-cum mingled with the motion of Dream's lips filled George's mind; he was sure to never forget how fucking good this sounded.

"I'm close," George admitted through a moan, his hips involuntarily bucking into Dream's mouth.

A gag resting within Dream's throat resonated onto George's cock in the most satisfying sense, causing the brunet to tighten his grip around Dream's fisted hair.

Before he could reach his end, Dream shifted his hand upward so they cupped George's ass firmly; he kneaded the skin shortly after receiving a gasp from him. George was borderline panting as he threw his head back, letting it hit harshly against the wall.

Dream allowed George to quicken the assisted strokes of his lips around his dick, occasional gags emitting his throat when George would nudge a little too hard unintentionally due to his lechery-filled blindness. Dream squeezed his skin, almost as if he chased the suffocating feeling that would provoke the gags because, with every squeeze, George would thrust his hip forward—and Dream *knew* that.

"Dream, I—" George's breath caught in his throat as Dream's hands laid a harsh slap against his ass before they returned to gripping the now stinging and reddened skin.

And George's mind went deafeningly blank as he came undone in the space of Dream's mouth. Dream continued to knead the fisted fat in his grip as he swallowed the spewing warmth.

George's hand left the back of Dream's head before it joined the other on Dream's untouched shoulder; he charged his upper weight onto them as he released a throaty moan, head hung as his eyes flapped shut and his knees nearly gave out from under him.

Dream's lips came off him with a '*pop*' and the both of them remained in their fucked-out daze for a moment: panting and catching their breaths the best they could—George leaning into his hands positioned onto Dream's shoulders for support whilst Dream's own hands pressed firmly against the wall behind George as he rolled his head back, leaning it against the edge of the sink.

After a few more moments passed them, Dream was the first to break their recollecting process.

"Pain, huh?" He grinned as he lazily looked up into George's eyes.

Head still hung, George looked at him through his fringe, "Don't."

"Spanking, even—"

George blushed as he shook his head, taking his hands off from Dream's shoulders, "Shut the fuck up."

Dream fiddled with George's briefs that pooled at his ankles along with his jeans before pulling them onto George. The brunet's hand met Dream's own halfway up to pull it over himself; a flustered smile was shared between them as George zipped up his jeans.

Dream brought the back of his hands to his own face, but George stopped him by catching his wrist. He lowered the Dream's hand onto his lap before bringing his free hand up to Dream's face, using the pad of his thumb to wipe the tears that had begun their drying process onto his flushed complexion.

"I wouldn't have been so rough if you didn't—"

"I wanted you to," Dream said assertively as he kept his eyes fixed on George's, "You always seem to give up self-control in overwhelming situations. I know you're capable of more, so."

And in the current context, this should have been funny, but George knew he meant it for other things as well. George did have a tendency to entirely give up all footing when he was under duress even though he most definitely had it in him to proceed, and Dream knew George would be more satisfied with himself if he did power through.

So, George brought his hand to cradle the side of Dream's face as he brought his lips to his other cheek, pressing a soft kiss onto his skin—amassing a faint taste of his dried tears against his lower lip.

-

It was around 7:15 in the evening when Dream and George loaded their bags into the trunk of the cab. George was the first to enter, quickly giving his address to the driver before Dream filed in after him.

Halfway through the cab ride, Dream had fallen asleep. George was surprised, given the fact that he wasn't one for naps, meaning that Dream must've been exhausted. Dream had naturally fallen into his side, his head resting comfortably against George's shoulder. He noticed that Dream's hand laid open, and George slowly slid his own hand into his before he interlocked their fingers. Dream nuzzled his head further into his shoulder, the ends of his hair tickling the crook of George's neck.

George brushed over Dream's thumb with his own, receiving no response from him as the blonde continued to breathe in slow intervals; sleep having engulfed his system entirely.

"How long have you and your boyfriend been together?" The cab driver had spoken for the first time since having asked for the address, and the question alone had taken George by surprise as he whipped his head up to look at her in the rear-view mirror.

"Sorry? Uh, no, he's--" *And God, it was so fucking embarrassing to deny it;* because she obviously would assume they were together what with the hand-holding and Dream resting comfortably against his shoulder; George found himself in the same predicament he was faced with his father on the phone when the elder had wondered about Dream's plans in London, so he settled for, "Not long."

"Ah," She beamed keeping her tone at a whisper so as to not wake Dream, "Honeymoon phase."

George appreciated her efforts; he forced a smile. George wasn't sure if this new thing they were figuring out was to be measured in phases, but he offered her a curt nod before breaking eye contact.

When they neared the house, George looked down at Dream who was still sound asleep. He glanced over at the cab driver, but she had her eyes set on the road. He brought his free hand to Dream's shoulder—the shoulder that wasn't pressed up against his arm—and gently cupped it.

Dream squirmed against him before his eyes slowly blinked open.

George smiled down at him, "We're here."

Seeing as the cab ride was a solid forty-five minutes, Dream had managed a power nap. But it didn't seem to have sufficed when he looked up at George, slightly annoyed—not at him, but at the fact that he had to be awake.

This is why he hated naps—he would just never wake up unless his body naturally got him to that point—so, George chuckled softly as he nodded at him, "I know."

Thanking the cab driver before exiting the vehicle, George reached Dream's side; they helped each other with the bags and walked towards the red bricks that framed the black gate.

"This is the most British house I've ever seen." Dream laughed as he took in his surroundings.

"You *are* in England, so." George jeered before rolling the suitcase with him as he went past the gate.

Upon not hearing footsteps or any noise following close behind, George stopped in his tracks and turned around to look at Dream: stood still as he eyed the house ahead. The taller's eyes fell onto George and he broke into a timid smile.

George snickered lightly, "What's wrong?"

"I'm..." Dream inhaled slowly as his shoulders tensed, "Nervous."

George's expression displayed a slight confusion, "Dream," His tone was soft, immediately taking refuge in catering to his mate's discomfort.

"It all just hit me," Dream puffed as he brought a hand to the side of his face, "Like, meeting them."

"Don't be nervous," George let go of the luggage handle and walked towards him; the two of them stood on the wet sidewalk, "It's gonna be awkward, at most. Nothing too bad."

Dream's eyes nictated George's countenance, "What if they hate me though?"

George choked on a curt laugh, "They're not gonna *hate* you—"

"How do you know?" Dream frowned.

George raised an eyebrow at him, "They're my parents, Dream. I think I know them pretty well."

"Yeah," Dream sighed before a small laugh escaped past his lips, "Sorry, I just—"

"Dream," George reached for his hand that had been resting against the nape of his neck, "You," He lifted it off the taller's skin before bringing the hand in the space between their chests, "Are gonna do great," He brought the hand up to his lips and looked up into Dream's eyes, "And you have nothing to worry about," He pressed his lips against the top of his hand, Dream blushed at the contact as he graciously ducked his head, eyes still focused on George's face, "I'm gonna be here," He pressed another kiss onto his hand, this time his eyes fluttered shut before he pulled his lips from his warm skin, "Right by your side."

Dream brought his free hand to cup George's jaw gently, "Thank you."

George simpered at the touch, "They're not difficult people to please, they're just not very expressive."

Dream rolled his eyes as he dropped his hand, "Sounds familiar."

George dropped Dream's hand from his, shooting him a cheeky smile, "Working on it."

"I know," Dream playfully shoved his shoulder earning a quick rebuttal from George.

As George slowly began realizing that his father's car wasn't parked on the side of the road where it usually resided, his engagement in playfully shoving each other came to a slow stop.

"What's up?" Dream asked, following his eyes.

"I don't think they're home," George looked behind him before returning his eyes to Dream, "I guess they must be out getting stuff for their trip tomorrow, or something."

"They didn't, like, text you?" Dream asked as he followed behind George who already began making his way back to the suitcase he'd ditched on the cobbled pathway to the front door, "Like, to tell you they'd be out?"

"I mean," George shrugged as climbed up the steps, Dream in tow, "I have my own place upstairs, right?" He didn't have to turn around to get his answer, he knew that Dream knew, "And they live downstairs, so they usually don't notify me whenever they leave for the shops, or whatever."

George, back to Dream, bent down to the flowerpot where his parents always kept a spare key. He lifted the plant pot and revealed the silver housekey, smiling to himself as he snatched it from the ceramic bowl.

"That's...how you get robbed in the States." Dream commented from behind him.

George giggled as he fitted the key into the lock shortly before swinging the front door open. They moved the bags into the foyer after George closed the door behind them, shielding the area from any natural light. The door to their right led to his parent's place and just up the carpeted steps that they were faced with when opening the door was George's place.

George welcomed the familiar scent that filled his nostrils. The airport was one of his realizations, but *this* genuinely offered him a warmth that made him feel comfortable, at peace. Being a homebody, he couldn't think of a better place to be than his bedroom.

Dream's wheeze broke him out of his trance and George joined his side from where the taller stood to look at the family pictures hung up on the wall.

"You look so dumb in this one, George," Dream, though mocking him slightly, still held his soft and endearing tone.

George nudged him with his elbow, "Fuck off. Let's get the--" Before he could return to the bags, Dream broke into another loud laugh.

"Is that a fucking--"

"*Dream*," George whined as he wrapped his fingers around his wrist, "Stop--"

"Your *hair*, oh my God," Dream cackled as he allowed George to tug on his wrists because he knew damn well George wouldn't be able to make him budge from his spot if he tried.

"Let's go upstairs, please," George tugged harshly again.

Dream recollected his breath as he wiped the single tear that had formed in the corner of his eye, "I can't wait to ask your mom for baby pictures of you--"

"I'll fucking kill you--"

"I'd *love* to see you try, George." Dream ripped his wrist out of his grasp before curving that hand

around George's waist; his attention was now fully brought back to him.

George momentarily ceased in his spot before a smirk grew on his lips, "I *could*."

Dream looked ahead and shook his head as a toothy smile danced on his lips, "Oh, but you couldn't."

George brought his lips dangerously close to Dream in such a vast instance that it barely gave the blonde time to catch up, "You may be stronger, but I'm your weak spot."

The corner of Dream's lips twitched as his green eyes zeroed in on George's own, "You're more of a distraction, really."

That, they both knew, *was a complete fucking lie*. But George played into it.

George scoffed lightly before pulling away from him altogether, "Works either way."

In a way, George was thankful that his parents weren't here to welcome them. He could feel the anxiety exuding off of Dream's demeanour, and he couldn't blame him, George was equally nervous. And though he was riddled with likely fear, he was still going to reassure Dream that it was gonna go well. *Because it was gonna go well*, George was going to make sure of it.

Dream met him in his room a few seconds after, dropping the bags by the door as he walked in, "Damn."

George followed the familiar voice with his eyes, "What?"

"This is, like, what I've been seeing through my six-inch screen for years of our friendship," Dream looked over the room, scrutinizing every section before moving on to the next.

George smiled to himself; *he wasn't vocally expressive about it, but he felt the exact same when seeing Dream's room for the first time*. Sleeping in the bed Dream occupied when they slept on calls together or sitting at the desk where they played Minecraft for hours.

George had his YouTube plaques up, as well as some Harry Potter-related stuff, framed over his desk, but the rest of the walls were pretty bare. He decided he sort of liked the contrast between his and Dream's rooms.

"Your setup is, like, pretty much a spitting image of mine." Dream walked over to the desk, dragging the pad of his forefinger along the wooden surface.

"It's not," George effortlessly said before throwing himself onto his bed, lying flat on his stomach as he welcomed the most comfortable feeling in the world in that moment, "Fuck, this feels so good." His eyes fluttered shut.

Dream's voice fluctuated as he progressed in his sentence, signifying to George that he'd turn around to look at him, "Nothing feels better than returning to your own bed, huh?"

George happily grumbled into his pillow earning a soft laugh from Dream.

"Would you look at that," Dream burst into laughter, which was quickly conquered by his wheeze—George was hearing that a lot more lately, which caused a warmth in him he couldn't quite express.

George lifted his head off his pillow to follow his wandering green eyes; they landed on the

nightstand.

Oh fuck, "Geooooorge," Dream cooed as he walked over to the pink figurine to pick it up, "You *do* keep it on your nightstand."

The fucking quartz elephant.

"Stop." George hid his face in his pillow again.

He felt the bed dip at his left hip as Dream took a seat at the edge of the bed; the sound of the quartz object momentarily scraping against the surface as Dream picked up caused an expansion of the flare in George's cheeks.

"That's cute," Dream giggled to himself.

George huffed before propping himself up onto his elbows, keeping his eyes fixated on his dark blue pillowcase.

"You were right," He found himself saying.

When Dream turned in his seat to look at George, the brunet hesitantly met his eyes before bringing them back to the linen.

George kept his tone low and quiet as he admittedly said, "About how I keep it around to think about you. I keep it at my desk or next to my nightstand whenever you're sleeping or too busy to call me."

Dream's smug smile began wearing off before it was replaced with a half frown. George pursed his lips, faint contentment seen through the curve of his mouth as he fixed his gaze onto Dream.

"I love that," Dream said quietly before his eyes fell onto the figurine again, "Over something I bought for you on Amazon, of all places," He laughed quietly.

George scoffed and shook his head, "I catch myself realizing that sometimes and it makes me cringe, but..." He trailed off, their eyes meeting once more.

Dream placed the figurine back onto the nightstand, George's eyes followed his actions, "Whenever our sleeping schedules aren't synced and you're asleep, I keep your YouTooz next to my desk if I'm, like, editing or streaming. I mean, it's always there, but," He shrugged and they momentarily melted into each other's smiles, causing them to look away from each other, "Whenever I can't talk to you, I'll find myself, like, glancing at it a few times."

George bit his bottom lip as he continued to stare at his pillowcase, "Yeah, I get that."

They remained in a small pensive silence before looking at each other and breaking into a chorused laugh.

George gagged, "This is so cringe when you think about it."

Dream's nose scrunched, "I know."

But through the upheld loving gaze they shared, it was mutually understood that neither of them minded the cringe-worthy fact; they were both down so hard for the other, and they were both shamelessly in love with it.

Dinner went—George recounted as he plopped down onto the couch next to his dad—*the best it could've gone, given the circumstances.*

That's if they weren't to consider the anxiety-riddled first-meetings; George's dad failing to once again remember the state his son would be permanently moving to for a while and Dream's use of "sir" when George's dad had failed to offer his name:

"You're quite tall, aren't you?" George's dad had asked Dream after leaving the faint hug he was meshed in when embracing his son.

"Yeah," Dream was speaking through awkward chuckles the entirety of their exchange, *"I'm Clay, by the way,"* He had given his hand out for George's father to shake.

And they had engaged in a formal and firm handshake. George wanted to quite literally off himself at that moment because he immediately compared it to the way Dream's mother had engulfed him into the warmest hug. And this *wasn't* that.

"The best mate from Los Angeles," George's father had said as he pulled his hand from the handshake before pocketing it.

George had made sure to correct him, through a hint of annoyance clear in his tone while still being respectful to his father, *"Florida, dad."*

If George hadn't corrected his father, Dream wasn't going to do it—but he would have thought of it, for sure.

"Well, nice to meet you, Clay."

"Likewise, sir."

The meeting with George's mom went a lot easier; not many words or awkward instances were presented. She had offered the casual kiss on the cheek, either side, which had taken Dream by surprise, but not George.

The duration of dinner was a little more painful, especially when George's mother brought up the topic of George's future and how Dream played a big part in it—but not in the *"I'm so thankful for what you've done for my son"*, but more so, *"He's playing Minecraft for a living and kind of gave up on his initial plan"*, and it wasn't said with malice—Dream didn't seem much affected by it—but it was the sheer fucking topic that followed.

"His sister is to graduate college soon and normally, at this point, George was to settle down, I'd say." His mother turned to her husband for encouragement.

George's father looked up from his plate and gave her a small smile, *"Wasn't set in stone, but I'd reckon, yeah."*

And George, not wanting to speak back to his parents, or rather, engrave the situation at hand—sat on his hands like a schoolboy just biting his tongue when he really wanted to cuss them out for bringing this up with Dream here.

And it had gotten so incredibly awkwardly silent after his parents had expressed their opinions; the sound of clinking cutlery filling the tense air as they forked their food into their mouths.

And in repressing his thoughts, eyes glaring down at his plate and his legs bouncing under the table, his temper began swaying just above its breaking point.

Until—"My mother used to say the same thing," Dream had said as his hand shifted from atop the surface as he subtly brought it under the table, *"She's always wanted a big family, so she kind of expects lots of grandchildren and all that,"* He placed a comforting hand on George's thigh, the pad of his thumb drawing circles over the clothed skin as he kept his eyes vacillating between George's parents.

"Just a mother's dream, I suppose." George's mother smiled with her eyes.

"I personally don't care," George's dad, for the first time that night, had helped ease the tension, *"He's making millions playing video games—I'd say he's pretty much set for life."*

"That's exactly what got my mother off my back," Dream joked, earning a small laugh from George's father.

And Dream's hand had stayed comfortably on George's thigh for the rest of the dinner.

George's parents did the most of the talking—updating George on what he had missed since he left for America. George was thankful that they'd taken the lead in doing the updating because he wasn't sure what he was meant to tell his parents; seeing as he most definitely was not ready to tell them that he and Dream were seeing each other as more than best mates.

At least not yet. Not until they figured it out themselves. Dream and George had both agreed on that before landing in London. And judging by the way dinner went, they were mentally reinforcing that plan.

When they were wrapping up dinner, George's mother set off to the kitchen with the dirty dishes—Dream offered to help her, which she graciously accepted with a warm smile. George wasn't sure how he managed to do so, but Dream *had* charmed his parents. At least his mother. Because as he was sat in the living room watching the current football game on TV, a loud laugh exploded from the kitchen.

Both George and his father simultaneously looked over and were met with the sight of Dream in a small laughing fit with George's mother as they stood by the sink.

George thought he must be hallucinating.

"Haven't heard her laugh like that with anybody else other than me." George's dad commented as he brought his eyes back to the TV.

George smiled fondly as his eyes remained on the scene in the kitchen. He wondered what Dream could have said that gained that sort of reaction, but he dropped it when his dad asked him a question that broke him from his trance.

"What?" George blinked at him.

"Said he's a good lad," George's dad said nonchalantly, but there was a trace of genuineness in his tone.

Because he *had* meant it, his parents didn't just throw around that kind of sentiment without meaning.

"Yeah," George suppressed a smile as he looked over at the kitchen once more, eyes embezzling into the sight of Dream before he returned them to his father, "He's alright."

"How long you been mates again?"

George furrowed his eyebrows, "Like, five years now, or something."

George's father stuck out his bottom lip as he nodded, almost as if he was semi-impressed, "Long time."

George wasn't sure how to answer that, so he didn't.

"I had a mate like that back in UNI," He started.

George quirked an eyebrow as placed his eyes back onto the TV screen, "Still talk to him?"

"No, we cut things off after your mother and I settled down."

And George, for the life of him, could not explain what prompted him to ask the next question because this was so out of the realm of conversations they shared, but it slipped past his lips before he could even catch himself, "Do you miss him?"

The way George's dad momentarily tensed in his seat caused a small fright in George—entirely because of the expression his father held in his face. It had gone from neutral to...dejected. It seemed as though a memory had sparked something up in him that momentarily shut down his system.

"I do," George's dad finally tore his eyes away from the TV to look at his son, George mirrored his actions, "Loads."

Another silence passed them.

"Your mother and I," He cleared his throat, "We always tell you and your sister to be selective of the people you choose to keep in your life. Think you've made a good choice with this one."

George clenched his jaw as he nodded, "Yeah."

"I mean," His father offered him a smile George hadn't seen in a while; one with kind eyes, "You've brought him back home. This is the first time I've properly met any of your mates."

George steadied his eyes onto his father, and were it not for his encouraging smile, he wasn't sure he was even going to help aid the progression of this conversation, but he did, "Yeah, well, I mean. You know. You sort of have to meet the person I'm going to be living with, right?"

Bullshit, George thought to himself as he played back his own words in his head. *But he couldn't tell him the actual reason.*

And in the way his father's smile had shifted from kind to knowing one in a split second, George knew his dad formulated the same thoughts that had just gone through his own head.

"Sure," His father nodded, almost smirking as he looked back at the TV, "You *are* a grown man, though. So, I'm sure you're aware that you don't really need our blessing to do anything from this point on."

George had a hard time tearing his eyes off his dad as his palms began to pool with sweat. Entirely because—again—he had never witnessed this side of his father. A docile and honest, shredded-down version of him.

George began thinking that maybe it was because his father missed him; not having seen each other for long had caused this need to have a life-settling conversation because of the unknown time of

when they'd see each other next.

"All to say that," George's father began once more and George bolstered himself for the next thing to come out of his mouth tonight that was going to spin him on his axis, "You keep this lad around, yeah? He seems important to ya," George, with all his willpower, kept his eyes fixated onto him, "You don't want to miss these sorts of people, George."

The conversation had ended after George offered him an understanding nod; because his heart was beating out of his chest and his mind was going haywire at the sheer fucking fact that he was even having this conversation with his dad, of all people.

And then the tension was once again tamed when *that idiot* walked into the room, bright-eyed and flashy smile, with George's mom in tow. George couldn't help the smile that automatically grew on his face as the two of them met eyes.

"Clay, mate," George's dad stood up from the couch, standing a few inches below Dream as he placed a firm hand on the taller's shoulder.

George wanted to shrink within himself as he did not know how else his parents were to embarrass him in one night.

"Yes, sir," Dream chuckled nervously as he looked down at George's dad, not before stealing a glance at George who shied away behind his hand—the two of them smiled dubiously at each other.

"You mentioned being good at chess," George's dad said; George rolled his eyes, but a wave of relief washed over him as he dropped his hand from his face.

Dream puffed, "I mean...I'm a little rusty," He said through a curt cackle.

"He's being humble. He's really good," George spoke from behind his father, earning both sets of eyes on him, "Want me to get the board?"

And George did retrieve the chessboard for his father and Dream to play.

And Dream did sit on the ground, at the coffee table, in front of George who sat behind him on the couch.

And George's father didn't look up once from the board, allowing the brief simple touch of George's knuckles pressed into Dream's back as he caressed him gently.

And George's mother—who sat at the dining table typing away something on her laptop—failed to notice when Dream leaned back a little to fall into George's caresses.

And as George watched them play the game, occasional chuckles escaping the lips of the three men as George's father continuously knocked Dream's pieces to the side, George couldn't help but let his mind trail off to the last thing his dad had said to him.

You don't wanna miss these sorts of people—George gently fisted his duvet cover as he stared blankly ahead.

And he was now in his room, waiting for Dream to return from the bathroom.

What the ever-loving *fuck* had just happened between him and his father—and why did George feel as if his father knew something he didn't. Or that they were both holding back on something

that was almost clearly spoken in the brief eye contact they held when speaking about their respective best friends.

"Hey, sorry," Dream waved his phone in the air before pocketing it, "My mom called."

George nodded his head to the outline of Dream's phone in his pocket, "Still checking in on you,"

Dream took a seat beside him, the mattress dipping underneath their weight, "Yeah, she always is," He interlocked his own fingers and placed them in the space of his spread legs, "She says 'Hi', by the way. You got her checking in with you, too." He glanced at George, offering him an endearing smile.

George met his smile with a half-hearted one. Dream untangled his fingers and brought one hand to George's face, using his knuckles to brush the loose strand that rested just above his eyelid.

"What should I tell her?" Dream asked quietly and George, soft under his touch, could only muster a slight confusion in the furrow of his eyebrows, "About how you're feeling."

Dream was asking about how dinner went. When in reality, George should be asking *him* that question. It was mutually understood, however, who had suffered the most throughout dinner.

George turned in his spot, his leg crossed over on the bed as he allowed the other one to drape off the edge, "Dream, I'm sorry."

"What?"

"Your mother is like *that* with me when my mother—"

"I love your mom," Dream cut him off, almost as if he was hushing him.

"But she didn't...she wasn't....yeah, I don't know."

"No, I get it," Dream nodded, "We can't compare our situations, though, George. My mom is just overly affectionate, that's who she is. But your mom still treated me nicely," His lips cracked into a coy smile as he continued, "I've never had a better time doing dishes with someone than I did with your mom."

George feigned his offence, "I still exist, you know."

Dream stifled a laugh, "She's my *second* favourite person to do the dishes with."

George cringed at the context of their current conversation and how it had boiled down to that, "What were you guys laughing about, anyway?"

"Oh, she was telling me about—" Dream stopped himself, "*Actually*, I'm not gonna tell you."

"What the hell—"

"Remember when you and my mom were texting and you both refused to let me in on the conversation—this is payback." Dream gently punched his shoulder.

"You're so fucking annoying," George rolled his eyes.

"And your dad's cool too," Dream chuckled quietly, "I mean he didn't know where I was from, but —"

They shared a small laugh.

"He's just forgetful. I swear I've told him many times."

"I know, I know," Dream smiled before placing his hand on George's thigh.

The action provoked a memory in George's mind, "I was supposed to be the one comforting you, not the other way around."

It took a moment for Dream to catch on, but when he did, he shook his head lightly, "You seemed to need it more than I did."

"My mom bringing up that talk about my future...it just threw me off."

"I know—"

"She still has this old-fashioned mindset and I know she doesn't actually expect me to follow through with her plans, but," George clicked the roof of his mouth with his tongue, "It's too early to be thinking about all that shit—settling down and all that."

Dream pursed his lips as he entered a thought of his own, "No, I know. I don't wanna have to think about that just yet either."

"We just started doing this whole YouTube thing, you and I. I wanna...enjoy that for a while."

"Your dad seemed supportive," Dream grinned.

George snorted, "Yeah..." He trailed off as he began remembering the conversation they shared.

"Think you've made a good choice with this one."

George looked up from where his eyes had drifted off and met Dream's stare, "He likes you, by the way."

"Yeah?" Dream eyebrows curved as he jutted his bottom lip, "Aw," A faint pink tint grew on his complexion, "Yeah, I like him too."

A fond smile formed itself in his pressed lips as George admired Dream's reaction from that statement.

"He kinda rocked my shit in chess, but—"

They fell into another shared laugh, which had dissipated when they caught each other's eyes again. Dream reached for George's face, the brunet stilled in his spot.

There were moments where he would get brought back down to earth; in the sense that he was made aware that this *was* Dream. This was his best friend and they were doing this. They were falling for each other. And though they had been for a while, unbeknownst to them, it made a difference now that they were both falling at the same rate.

Dream tapped the pad of his forefinger against George's temple, "Now I understand where you got that methodical thinking from."

George bowed his head bashfully as a blush crept up his face, "Stop."

Dream's hand fell fluidly against his cheek as he cradled the warm skin, George looked at him

through his lashes.

"I know you're worrying about how dinner went, but," Dream shook his head lightly as he patted the pad of his thumb against George's cheekbone, "You shouldn't," George's eyelids flickered as he welcomed the softness in his tone, "I never expected them to jump at the idea of meeting me, I just wanted them to not hate my guts."

"They didn't," George whispered as he coveted Dream's hand with his, "They liked you, Dream."

Dream placed a chaste kiss on his forehead after having leaned in, "Thank you for letting me meet them."

-

George had received a text from his mother stating that they were gonna go to bed and that she'd like to see him in the morning before they left for their visit to his grandfather.

And though he and Dream could have gone to bed, jetlag slowly catching up to them, Dream had opted to stay up a little longer to finish editing his video.

"*You* can go to sleep," Dream had said when he leaned his back against the headboard of George's bed.

"But *you're* not gonna sleep now," George huffed as he took a seat on his swivel chair.

Dream flipped open his laptop, typing in his password before looking over at George, "I will in a bit—"

"I'll play some Minecraft in the meantime, then," George said as he spun in his chair to face his monitor.

Dream let out a small chuckle, "Okay, George." He said softly before George was welcomed with the clicking noise that Dream's laptop issued.

George placed his headphones over his ears as he played some music from one of his YouTube playlists and loaded up Minecraft while Dream continued to finalize the video he was editing.

Later that night, they had gotten into bed; more so, Dream was still finalizing some work and George was getting bored of Minecraft, so he crawled into bed and settled by the taller's side. He would just watch Dream work away, which Dream didn't mind--not really protesting or paying attention to him—George hadn't asked for his attention, anyway.

When Dream shut his laptop, George scooted back into his side of the bed. Dream smiled down at him, his fingers passed through George's hair—something he had done without any calculations, just pure impulse.

"We sleeping now?" George mumbled, sinking into the comfort his pillow granted him.

"Yeah, we're sleeping now." Dream's tone had gone so quiet it caused George to slowly open his eyes to look up at him, "You want me to get the light?"

"Bit weird to sleep with it on," George jeered.

Dream rolled his eyes lightly before nodding and getting out of bed to execute his own request.

Before they drifted off to bed, however, Dream had asked something that almost ripped all of the

sleep from George's system.

"When did you start crushing on me?"

George puffed, "*What?*" He asked, though quiet, the force was still heard through his tone.

"Well, I mean," Dream shuffled in his resting position so he was now laying on his side to face George.

George remained flat on his stomach with his arm wedged under his own pillow while the other slipped off Dream's body slightly when the taller had moved.

Their eyes met in the darkness of George's room; George deemed that he didn't need much light to recognize Dream's eyes, anyway.

"I know it's become a lot deeper than infatuation, now, but..." Dream cleared his throat, "The way we both agreed to play that game must've been based on *something*. There's no way we just jumped into it, without question, if we weren't already crushing on each other."

George's smile was apparent but he tried to brush it off when he knitted his brows, "I...yeah, I mean, I guess."

"So, when did you start—"

"I don't *know*, Dream." George slowly turned his face into his pillow.

"George," Dream stifled a laugh, "I literally gave you head. In an *Airplane*. You're not seriously getting shy about *this*, are you?"

George sputtered out a laugh which came out muffled into his pillow, "You're...so annoying."

"Tell me," Dream lamented, wrapping his hand around George's arm to shake his body.

George laughed before lifting his head from his pillow to rest his cheek on the warmth previously imposed by his mouth, "When?"

"Yeah," Dream grinned excitedly.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" George smiled cockily.

Dream stared at him, his smile slowly dissipating, "Yes. That's why I asked, idiot."

"You're not getting an answer with that fucking attitude—"

"George." Dream demanded playfully, earning a laugh from George.

George dragged out the silence for as long as he could, enjoying the way Dream was at the edge of his seat for him to say something. Until he finally gave out a sigh and readjusted his head on the pillow so he could properly look at him.

"When...did I...start...crushing on you?" George mused.

"George, I'm gonna—"

"When I willingly decided to put the effort in fucking up my sleeping schedule--my entire routine, just so we could keep talking to each other—despite the time zones, the distance, and us never

finding the right moment to visit each other, you know?" George made sure to keep his eyes locked into Dream's, almost as if he wanted the words to cement themselves in his head, "And when I felt like something was missing whenever we wouldn't be on call," He croaked out, sleep starting to settle into his tone, but his mind still awake as he continued to swim into the emerald pool Dream's eyes granted, "Because at some point, I don't know *when* exactly, but you became the only person whose presence I enjoyed so much, I was willing to drop everything I was doing just so I could spend time with you."

Dream's mouth curved before he drew in his bottom lip between his teeth; it was dark, but George just *knew* he was blushing. And he took pride in that. Especially because there wasn't a word that had just come out of his mouth that he didn't mean.

"That's when," George said quietly, "I guess." He added, nonchalantly, which caused Dream to look up at him with a knowing smile because emptying his feelings like that still had George feeling a little weird with himself that he had to add a bit of nonchalance where he didn't want it.

"Ditto, by the way." Dream said as his eyes crossed George's own.

"You can't just--" George mildly gawked causing a laugh to erupt from Dream, "When did *you* start crushing on *me*, Dream?"

"Your last year of college, I think," Dream started abruptly, as if he's had his answer ready for a while, "I had Bad, right? And Nick. They were, like, my *best* friends, you included—at that point. But then, we would...you and I would talk a lot more. Like we would stay on call with each other after playing Minecraft—you would be walking your dog and I'd be editing a video or something. We'd be talking about absolute nonsense. And, I don't know," Dream licked his lips before he took in a deep breath, "I thought it was just...for a while, but we kept doing it. And we would sometimes avoid joining other VCs, just because it wouldn't be the same as being alone, together. And that never changed—the calls got longer, we ended up doing things on call that we could have done without the other being there, but..." He shrugged lightly, "I love all the close friends I've made through what we do," He looked into George's eyes, causing a slight expansion in its size, "But it was a different kind of love with you. I realized something then and I realize it now—they became a part of my life, but you became a part of me, George."

George sucked in a sharp, yet inaudible breath as his eyes flitted over Dream's face.

"Sorry, is that a lot?"

"No, it's..." George breathed out, the warmth of his breath expanding in their small, dark space, "It's just the way you word things, I think."

A laugh escaped through a jerked breath escaped Dream's lips as he concurred.

"Otherwise, I reckon we're...on the same page." George offered him a smile, though light, it was wholehearted.

Dream beamed softly, "We always have been."

-

George was the first to wake in the morning. He blinked his eyes open, with much difficulty seeing as sleep seemed to keep wearing him down. The first thing he was met with was the sunlight veiled by the sheer curtains.

Turning his head to the right, he was met with the mop of Dream's blonde head. His back was to

him, the covers wedged underneath the weight of his arm.

Freckles, George noticed as his eyes fell to the back of his bicep—the irregular pattern of faded brown dots.

George's eyes darted to the back of his head, the corner of his eyes taking in the way the blonde's shoulder rose and fell with each breath he took.

George drew his hand from underneath the blanket and carefully brought it to place it onto Dream's pillow; he then gently and ever so lightly threaded his fingers through the strands of his hair.

Shifting a few strands out of their previous spot for no particular reason, but just to feel the softness of his threads through the crevice of his fingers.

He was knocked out cold, rightfully so, George thought as he carefully exited the bed, not wanting to jostle his slumber.

George had to go see his parents; if he listened carefully, he felt like he could hear them moving around downstairs.

"George!" His mother exclaimed as he was closing the door to his bedroom.

George's shoulders jumped up to meet his earlobes when the sound of her shrill voice pierced through the quietness he'd just left in his bedroom.

Rushing to the top of the steps, he brought his index finger against his lip to tell her to keep quiet.

"Oh," She sucked in the air through her gritted teeth, "Still asleep, is he?"

George nodded as he began descending the steps to meet her at the bottom of it; taking notice of the piled duffel bags at the door.

"You leaving?" George spoke through a hushed tone.

He crossed his arms over his chest, his hands serving as warmers as he rubbed them up and down his biceps.

The wide opened front door allowing in the cold brisk morning air borderline irritated George.

"Yeah, your dad's getting the car warmed up. Almost missed you," She smiled up at him.

George nodded his head to the bright light that crept in, "You alright to bring the bags out by yourself?"

"Your father's gonna lend a hand, don't worry," She waved him off as she glanced at the bags before looking back up at him, "Where'd Clay sleep?" She squinted his eyes at him and the rhythm of George's hands against his biceps came to a slow stop, "Noticed you didn't take the air mattress out of the closet."

George swallowed quietly before deflecting his gaze to the right of her, "He just..." He started before placing his eyes back on her, "Slept in my bed."

His mother pointed her finger at him, "With you?"

George nodded affirmatively.

"Well...was he comfortable? He's quite a big man." She pocketed her hands in the back pockets of her jeans.

George *'tsk'd* and tilted his head to the side, "My bed's fairly big, mum."

"Fair enough, just checking," She put her hands up and George earnestly smiled at her.

George's dad entered through the door, shielding the natural light with his body as he stood behind his wife, "Hey, mate."

"You off, yeah?" George hopped off the last step as his father muttered a 'yeah'.

George grabbed one of the duffel bags from the ground—despite his mother's previous statement that they'd handle it—and followed his father back to the car, his mother in tow.

On the shut of the trunk, George turned to his father—entering a one-arm hugged as they spoke their goodbyes. The casual *'take care'* and *'we'll call you before the flight'* were exchanged as he and his mother simultaneously kissed the other's cheek after a quick embrace.

Ascending the steps shortly after shutting the door behind him, and much after having lingered in the front yard to watch his parents drive off, George entered his bedroom. *Dream was still asleep.*

And it was only ten in the morning, so he didn't blame him.

Then came noon.

Then came half-past one.

George was growing bored by the second. They hadn't gone to bed as late as they had in the past, so he took that as his justification to jumping onto the bed, straddling Dream's blanketed thighs caging the blonde in when he stirred awake.

"What the hell are you doing, you idiot," Dream rasped—voice laced in a slight bit of annoyance as well as sleep.

George leaned forward, placing his palms on either side of Dream's head as they sunk into the pillow. Dream's hand remained limp by his side as he adjusted his eyes to his surroundings, as well as George who unapologetically sat atop him.

"My parents have left." George dipped his head down to press a soft kiss upon Dream's forehead.

"Oh, yeah?" Dream asked as George pulled away, his hands lifting off the pillow as he placed them on Dream's stomach.

"Yeah, *hours* ago. You've been sleeping for..." George pulled his phone from the pocket of his sweats, "Eleven and a half hours," His eyebrows gingerly shot up as he pocketed his phone.

Dream hollowed his cheeks before breathing out, "Jesus Christ," His eyes rolled to the side as he stared blankly at the ground next to the nightstand.

"Hungry?" George playfully drummed his fingers against Dream's stomach which immediately caught the blonde's attention, an amused smile etched across his face.

"Terribly." Dream slid one of his hands up George's clothed thigh before the space between his forefinger and thumb cupped George's hip, "What do you have in mind?"

It was such a simple hand placement, but George could feel his breathing getting shallower as Dream mimicked the previous drumming of his fingers on the back of his hip.

"You're the guest. Tell me where and I'll take you there." George said as he slid his hands from Dream's stomach to gently grip his waist, "That rhymed," He giggled to himself as the pad of his thumb drew circles against his lower abdomen.

Dream shifted under his weight as they both watched George's hands, "Kinda hard to think of a place right now."

"Think a little harder." George kneaded the muscle that occupied his hand before looking at Dream through a grounded gaze.

Dream smirked, "I got it."

"Go on,"

"*Cheeky Nando's*." Dream mimicked an English accent earning a meek scoff from George.

"You think you're so funny, don't you?" George dismounted his lap before hopping out of bed earning a raspy laugh from Dream, "But yeah," He glanced over his shoulder, "I could be down for a *cheeky Nando's*."

-

The Nando's was about a ten-minute walk from where George lived and as they made their way down the sidewalk which eventually lead to the main road, Dream slowed down in his steps.

George slowed down as well, glancing up at him, "What?"

"There's, like, no way we're not gonna get recognized," Dream stifled a nervous chuckle as he glanced at the crosswalk ahead.

And it hadn't dawned on him; Dream and Sapnap had scoured places in Florida where they were ninety percent sure they weren't gonna get recognized, but this was London. This place was foreign to Dream, and for someone who barely left his house, George wasn't sure if he knew of any places where they wouldn't get recognized.

"We can still turn back around," George jerked his thumb to the street they had just walked down, "And order in."

Dream shook his head, "No," He wrapped both sets of fingers around George's biceps, "It's fine. I mean," He gave him a lopsided smile before releasing a quiet sigh, "Worst comes to worst, we do get recognized and pictures get leaked--I know that's not how I wanted to do a face reveal, but," He shrugged and dropped his hands to his side, "We're gonna move in a few days after we fly back to Florida. I was gonna do the face reveal then, might as well just..." He trailed off.

"Ease them into it?" George concluded for him, sporting a thin smile.

Dream nodded, his lips reflecting George's smile.

George tilted his head to the side, "You sure?"

After Dream reassured him, they continued down the street and George purposely pulled his hood over his head; *because if he masked his own appearance the best he could, maybe Dream wouldn't*

get recognized.

"Are you cold?" Dream had asked when they entered the Nando's.

No, George tugged on the hem of his hood, "Yeah, a little."

And George had made sure to sit with his back facing the majority of the people in the restaurant after he had asked if they could have the booth in the far corner of the small joint.

And he ordered for Dream because the blonde had said that he trusted him to pick something he would like; George was proud of himself when Dream hummed in satisfaction after swallowing the first bite of his wrap.

"There's avocado in this!" Dream whisper-yelled.

George giggled at his excitement, watching the way he quickly went in for another bite.

They lingered around for a few more minutes after having finished their meal. Dream had his arm slung on the back of their shared booth, but most specifically the portion George occupied. George had instinctively draped his leg over Dream's; something he had felt comfortable doing because it was under the table—missable to the naked eye.

What he wasn't comfortable doing was kissing Dream in this crowded place, which is why he pulled away, somewhat surprised, when Dream had leaned in the middle of a conversation that prompted the blonde's move.

"*Dream*," George's lips widened as he smiled at him in trifling disbelief, "Not here, you idiot."

Dream rolled his eyes, but smiled and concurred as he, too, understood that succumbing to the impulse might have been a little too much for them.

It was sort of endearing and funny, at the same time, how they had entered a stage where they felt comfortable stealing kisses from each other to the point that the world around them became entirely invisible sometimes.

One might argue that going down on each other in a tight airplane bathroom with hundreds of other passengers nearby was also to be one of their boundaries, but that hadn't seemed to matter then.

"Do you wanna head back now?" Dream offered as he searched the room for the waiter.

A man sporting the institution's uniform locked eyes with them from across the room and made his way over.

George turned his head to look at Dream, "You wanna take the long way home?"

Dream jutted his bottom lip, though he barely contemplated the idea before nodding, "Sure."

And that's how they found themselves walking through a park on their way back home. The grassy field was fairly massive, which caused them more ground to cover, which *would* have been fine had it not been raining.

"We gotta jog back," Dream laughed as he lifted his head up to look up at the grey skies; the droplets of rain peppering his face as he shut his eyes, welcoming the feeling.

"You don't seem like you're in a rush," George scrunched his features as some drops fell onto the tip of his nose—his hood failing to shield that part of his face.

Dream didn't seem to care about the fact that he'd chosen a crew neck instead of a hoodie, "I expected this from London if I'm honest. And anyway," He looked down at George, his fringe sticking to his wet forehead, "Had too much sun in Florida."

George watched a small drop of water drip off the tip of Dream's nose, "Well, I certainly am over it already. We're jogging back."

On that suggestion, they began running across the grass to reach the sidewalk that stood a fair few meters away from them.

"Oh sh—" George heard Dream's voice from behind him and in a nanosecond, the sound of a body colliding against the ground was heard, "Fuck."

George stopped dead in his tracks and turned around to face Dream flat on his back as he struggled in a patch of muddy grass. He failed to hold in his laughter when Dream had tried to get up, but the balls of his palm slipped from underneath him.

George burst into a fit of loud cackles, "Are—are you ok—okay?" His chest jerked with his unstable breathing as he continued to speak through his laughter.

Dream finally propped himself up and he sent a jaunty glare George's way, "You think this is funny, do you?"

George could feel the neckline of his hoodie, as well as the back of it, growing damp by the second as the rain continued into a heavy downpour. The contact from the dismal rain onto the patch of mud that Dream occupied splashed onto the blonde's crewneck; Dream was fairly drenched at this rate.

George brought his wet hand to his mouth to hide his grin from him, "It's s—sort of funny."

"Oh, yeah?" Dream nearly tripped over his feet when standing up, but eventually managed to do plant his feet safely onto the ground, "I'm kind of covered in mud, George. "

"I can see that," George snorted as he eyed Dream.

"Gimme a hug," Dream opened his arms and George immediately took a step back, "C'mon, George. You hurt my feelings. The least you could do is give me a hug," The globules of rain spluttered against Dream's lips as he spoke, taking slow steps towards George.

George continued backwards, his arms stretched out in front of him as he held a warning hand towards Dream, "Don't—"

"One..." Dream started and George's eyes widened, "Two.."

"Stop." George spoke through a chuckle, yet his tone held a fervour for the slight fear of getting his own clothes muddy.

Dream grinned as a raindrop dripped off his lashes, "Three."

"Dream—" Before he could finish his sentence, Dream had lurched forward and George bolted in the opposite direction.

And they began running into a circle, which had turned into zig-zags. The sound of heavy downpour mingled in with the sound of their uncontrollable laughter settled around their serotonin and adrenaline-induced puerile game.

"Oh, Geooooorge!" Dream shouted after him.

George gasped through his laughter as he uttered out, "Get *away* from me!"

And if they cared just even a tad bit, they might have taken into account that there were at least a few more people in this park with them. But they didn't. As per usual, they were in their own little world, where neither of them had to worry about the reaction their actions provoke from others.

"Get—get away from—" George began slowing down and in a split second, Dream's arms slipped around his waist as he pulled him against his chest, "*Eugh*," He gagged as he glanced down and saw the mud stains on his hoodie, "You're an idiot—you're an idiot—" He gave up his efforts in wriggling out of Dream's hold when the taller only tightened his arms around his frame, "I hate you."

George reluctantly turned around in his hold only to be met with the winning smile plastered on Dream's face. He squinted up at him, avoiding the droplets that threatened to seep past his eyelids.

"You *love* me, George." Dream said pompously as he placed his forearms onto the shorter's shoulders.

George paused for a moment as he looked up at him; the rain falling down around and over them, the way they were both out of breath from chasing each other around.

And then he looked around him; he had expected people to be looking at them weirdly, but there was only a couple that continued their way out of the park under their shared umbrella.

And then he looked back up at Dream and began floating in his features; once again, George began slipping out of the brackets of life—something that seemed to naturally happen whenever he would look into those ardent eyes. And the smile he found so much warmth and comfort in.

And without thinking twice, George brought his hands to cradle Dream's face before he tilted his chin up to generate a fervent kiss. Dream pressed his forearms against his chest as he cupped his hands around George's neck, the pad of his thumbs supporting George's jaw as he slid his tongue past the brunet's lips. George smiled into their locked mouths, a warm breath following their small chuckle dancing in the intervals of their kisses.

George pulled away momentarily, responding to Dream's previous statement, "I do." He whispered against Dream's searching lips before going back in to meet them with his until Dream pulled back smoothly.

"What?" Dream spoke under his breath, the rain slipped past the bridge of his nose and fell onto George's cheekbones.

George breathed out, his shoulders weighing down under Dream's forearms, "I don't know in which way I mean that, just yet, but..." His eyes flitted from Dream's lips to his eyes, "I do know that I mean it in the way I always have, but never had the confidence to say."

And though Dream understood it was the rare "*I love you*," George unthinkingly, yet wholeheartedly, shouted over a Discord call when he had reached a milestone, he was still taken aback by the announcement.

Dream seemed to have lost any sense of self as he stared back at George; dumbfounded.

George's lips cracked into a grin, "I love you, Dream."

Dream blinked at him, "Say it again."

A curt giggle escaped past George's lips, "I love you, Dream."

Dream dipped his head down and stole a kiss from him before pressing his forehead against George's, "Again."

George laughed breathlessly against his lips before placing a soft kiss onto them, "I love you."

Dream kissed back just as desperate as his words sounded, "Again—"

"I love you," George captured his pouted lips between his, "I love you," *Another kiss.* "I love you," And George continued to repeat it because Dream's smile only widened into the kiss with every syllable leaving George's mouth.

There was this weird ache in George's chest, as well as the fire growing in his stomach, while they continued to kiss under the rain, following his proclamations. But he pushed it aside because he *knew* that a part of him—one that he's been trying so hard to abandon—was trying to fight this feeling he could only categorize as a near-euphoria.

This was the closest to genuine happiness George had felt in a *long* time. And it was no surprise to him that Dream was the one behind it all.

-

George was still in a state of mental recovery from that moment in the park. There was such a sudden shift in their relationship. That should have been obvious, given the fact that they were mutually figuring out the grounds they stood on after admitting to their feelings. But it was still a lot; *a lot for the both of them*, George thought as he reminisced the utter shock and disbelief in Dream's expression following his proclamation.

It wasn't as if Dream didn't know that he loved him, but to be reminded of that vocally was something George didn't know Dream so desperately needed. And George was glad that he was working on being more expressive because seeing that sort of delight from Dream was what he promised he would offer him when they were sat on those steps.

There was tension between them since the park, but not the kind that had torn them down to pieces those days they were apart. And certainly not the same silence that lacked comfort and peace.

This was a pensive one; where they were both happily dwelling on the moment that was sure to slowly engrave itself in their memories for years to come.

And that silence continued when Dream had rinsed himself off downstairs—not wanting to drag the mud up the carpeted stairs—and ditched the only item of clothing that gotten terribly soaked with the mud.

And that silence continued when they went up the stairs together. Every second elapsing around them adding to the thickness in the air.

And that silence continued when Dream closed the door to George's bedroom and George slowed down his steps as he lingered in the entrance.

And the fire that had continued to expand in George's stomach had gotten nearly unbearable at that point as he fidgeted with the drawstrings of his damp hoodie.

"George?" Dream's voice soothed itself into their silence.

George's shoulders came down with the breath he released. He shifted his weight on his right leg before turning on his heel, eyes still fixed to the ground as he tried to push down the impulse that began to grow within him.

"What's up?" Dream's brows knitted as George looked over at him, his expression unclear as his thoughts encapsulated him.

George suddenly didn't know what to do with himself at that moment, with his thoughts deafening his mind and his body succumbing to his knees with the burning feeling to—*move*.

Move towards him.

George blinked at him before taking a couple of steps forward until he stopped himself.

Dream giggled lightly, "Are you okay?"

Yes, George's eyes fanned over Dream's features, taking in the way his previously dampened hair was now air-drying onto his forehead: *no. He wasn't okay*.

Because Dream looked like *that* when his thoughts were screaming at him to start something he was slowly adjusting himself to. Something he didn't know he was capable of following through with, but suddenly had the undeniable need to do.

It didn't feel like pressure, no one was forcing him, he wanted this. Dream squinted his eyes at him as he scrutinized George, *he wanted him*.

"Dream..." George trailed off in a whisper and Dream took that as a sign to move forward, but as soon as he did so, George half-lurched at him, pushing him into the closed door.

Dream had been too surprised to even vocalize any of the words resting at the tip of his tongue because George's lips attached themselves to his in an instant.

Dream sighed into the kiss, a small chuckle resting in the walls of his throat, resonating into George's mouth as their lips continued into a slow, fluid motion.

George fisted Dream's shirt as he began walking them back to the edge of the bed; the back of his knees hit the mattress. He kept his grip firm on Dream's shirt as he fell onto the bed, Dream wasted no time in positioning himself in between his legs, his forearms caging George in.

George's grip loosened around the fabric of Dream's shirt as he slid his hands down his clothed chest to fiddle with the hem of his shirt. Dream's lips slowed down against his as he momentarily pulled away to look down at George's hands before looking back up at him.

George felt small under his gaze, but not in a diminishing way, more so that he knew what he was implying by wanting Dream's shirt off. And Dream knew it too.

"You sure?" Dream asked through a whisper.

George nodded, gently fisting the hem of his shirt, "Only if you're...if you want to."

And it was almost amusing how both of them acted as if they'd never done this before; and in a way, they hadn't. Not with each other, and not with another person of the same sex.

The mere implication of the idea was terrifying but in a thrilling sense. And it was seen in the way

they both awkwardly discarded their clothes, re-connecting their lips in between each abandoned item of clothing.

Dream and George couldn't suppress the small giggle that bubbled past their lips when George's shirt was—for some reason—extremely hard to get past his head. It wasn't a hard task—it was just Dream's shaky hands because of how nervous they both were.

And George's own trembling fingers struggled to unbutton Dream's jeans causing them to laugh lightly against each other's lips as Dream helped him in getting it off.

But despite all the small non-imposing obstacles, they still followed through because they both wanted this—have been wanting this for a moment now.

George scooted back onto his bed, Dream mirroring his actions as he remained in between his legs. As George laid his head onto his pillow, Dream rolled his hip against his causing the brunet to break away from the kiss, his mouth emitting a concealed moan, as the physical part of him that's been craving Dream's affection finally grew satisfied.

Dream dipped his head in the crook of his neck, slicking the tender and warm skin with his tongue before enclosing his lips around the bare of his neck. George's eyelashes flickered against Dream's collarbone as he wrapped his arms around the taller's shoulders, bringing his torso flush against his.

Dream continued to work his lips against George's neck, and George would try his best to return the favour into the curve of Dream's neck, but with every roll of Dream's hips against his and the gentle bites against his affectionated skin—George became less and less capable; his mind blank as it continued into his lust-filled stupor.

George's hand slipped from where it rested against Dream's shoulder blade as it began travelling down the dip of his back where he hooked his finger into the band of the boxers.

Dream's lips tottered against his neck and he brought his mouth against George's ear, his breath tickling the hair that rested against the nape of the brunet's neck. George waited a moment, for any sound or sight of discomfort, but to no avail. He tugged the band, still taking his time just in case--until Dream lifted his hip off George's so he could easily slip the briefs off for him.

Dream booted his briefs off before he lifted his forearm from around George to bring his hand to the band of George's briefs. George mirrored his actions in lifting his hips off the mattress to aid him in ridding of the tightening fabric.

And George was scared shitless to be this exposed—not a single piece of clothing shielding his skin away from Dream. But as he thought more onto it—there was no one else he trusted more in this instant than *him*.

"We..." Dream spoke against his ear breathlessly, "We need...um,"

George shut his eyes as a blush crept up his cheeks, "Oh," He spoke into Dream's shoulder.

Their laughs fanned warm air against the spots in which they hid their face from their allotted embarrassment.

"We can't unless—"

"Yeah," George giggled nervously before re-opening his eyes and letting his pillow absorb the back of his head as Dream pulled away from the crook of his neck to look down at him, face slightly red, "T—top...top drawer."

Dream's eyes widened slightly and George's hand flew to his own eyes as he broke into an abashed grin, "What?" He whispered.

George bit his bottom lip and shook his head, "I'm not—" He burst out laughing when Dream broke into his familiar wheeze.

"George—"

"Please, just..." George exhaled, the heat expanding through his complexion, "Get it."

George dropped his hand from his eyes as he lightly readjusted them to Dream shifting his weight onto his left forearm before reaching over for the top drawer.

And their placement was a little awkward—George's cock pressed up against Dream's stomach and Dream's own against the inner of George's thigh—but neither of them seemed to have taken that bit into account.

George watched as Dream's hand returned next to their side, holding the bottle of lube.

"I've never, um..." Dream turned the sealed bottle in his hand as he briefly examined it, "Like, I've never needed to—"

George placed his hand on the curve of his bicep, "It's fine."

"I'm gonna be real careful, George." Dream reassured.

George smiled faintly, "I know."

That's why I want to go through with this with you, George thought as his smile grew with the slight worry in Dream's expression when his eyes glazed over the bottle once more.

"Okay," Dream breathed out before sitting back onto his ankles, spreading George's legs slightly in the process.

George felt so bare and naked, and though it was normal for him to feel vulnerable in this situation, he also felt safe.

Because George looked in front of him and in between his legs was his best friend. The one person who knew him like the back of his hand, the one person he could unapologetically be himself with. And as Dream looked up through a grounded gaze after squeezing the lube onto his middle and forefinger, a shy smile growing with the flushed tone in his cheeks, George smiled back—just as nervous, but just as soothing.

Dream repositioned himself in between his legs before tossing the lube to their side. He used the hand free of lube to lift George's thigh from the mattress, George sucked in a sharp breath with every growing second. Because now it was happening, everything they'd been doing was slowly catching up to them.

Dream folded the top of George's thigh against the brunet's stomach; George squirmed a little in his spot, adjusting himself to the position.

"You okay?" Dream asked as he kept a hand on George's propped ankle before digging his own elbow into the mattress so he wasn't putting all his weight onto him.

George nodded assuringly, "I'm good."

Dream dipped his head down, hovering his lips over George's temple as George wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders. His arm tensed around the blonde's upper frame when he felt him inching his lubed digit in. George bit down on his bottom lip as he adapted to the newfound sensation.

Dream had asked if he was okay, to which he stated that it felt weird, but that he wanted him to keep going. And it was only after Dream had slid in the second digit, curving them within George, that a plaint of honest pleasure escaped past his lips.

Upon that reaction, Dream repeated the movement for a minute more until he pulled out. George, breathless underneath him, and Dream placing gentle kisses against his forehead as the brunet recollected himself from his fucked out state.

There was an undeniable ache coursing through George's throbbing cock as it rested flat and rigid against his stomach, "You've got—" George swallowed, his mouth dry from the string of moans that coursed past his lips a minute ago, "I need you now, Dream."

"I know," Dream breathed out, his pupils had expanded over the green of his iris as his eyes raked over George's body, "God, I know."

George involuntarily arched his back from the lack of stimulation his body had adjusted itself to. Not once in his life had he imagined himself in a situation like this, liking the feeling that Dream's slim fingers procured in this untouched part of his body.

And he had gotten so addicted to it that some of the preset fear, from the very initial imposed idea that they were going to follow through with it, suddenly began to dissipate. All George knew was that he craved to feel more of Dream within him.

Dream sat back on his ankles as he reached for the lube, but his drenched fingers had caused it to slip out of his hold. George, though mind-fucked, let out a breathless laugh. Dream looked over at him, muttering a quiet, "*shut up*," with a shy smile on his face as he retrieved it from where it had fallen before popping the cap open.

George looked up at him through lidded eyes before lifting the leg that hadn't been pressed up against his chest to hook it around Dream's hip, tugging him forward.

Dream caught George's lazy smirk and effortlessly imitated it before he settled himself back in between George's spread legs.

"You can...push down on my leg," George whispered when he noticed that Dream was struggling to apply the lube with no support.

Dream flickered his eyes up from his palm that held a generous amount of the lube he was going to apply, "You sure? It doesn't hurt you?"

"No," George shook his head and interlocked his fingers behind his neck, "It doesn't hurt me."

Dream carefully searched his eyes before placing his hand on George's knee, his forearm resting against his crural. Dream went back to coating the lube and George watched his brows knit together, and the way he chewed on the bottom lip. After having felt the cold texture of the lube against him, he could only imagine the reaction he would get from feeling it on his own dick.

George snapped out of his trance when Dream looked back up at him with a paltry smile. George inhaled deeply before bringing his face closer to his, enclosing their lips into a kiss. Their lips moved slowly, almost as if they were kissing for the first time. George could feel the nerves

exuding from the both of them, but the more he slotted his lips against Dream's, the more the nerves evaporated from around them.

Dream must've sensed it as well because, at that moment, he gently pushed George's thigh against his stomach as he prodded him with his tip.

George's lips froze momentarily against Dream's as realization kicked in. *This was going to feel a whole lot fucking different*—George thought as he untangled his fingers from behind Dream's neck to wrap his arms securely around his broad shoulders.

Dream used his free hand to position George's opposing leg in the same fashion as the other so they could both be the most comfortable. George returned his lips to Dream's, Dream wasted no time in following through with his unspoken request as they continued to deepen their engagement.

George nearly bit down on the bottom of Dream's lip when a brief stinging burn flashed through him.

"Fuck," Dream cussed in between their lips, "You okay? Do you need me to—"

"No," George breathed out shakily, "No, keep going," He pressed the pad of his fingers into Dream's shoulder blades, hiding his eyes into his collarbone.

Dream hesitated at the first but began inching himself past George's walls. With every piece of Dream that George welcomed, the brunet dug his nails further and further into his back. George was sure that if he bit down on his lip anymore, blood was going to seep through his skin.

"F—fuck," George uttered out as he slightly twisted underneath him.

Dream pressed his lips against his ear, "Tell me when to pull out."

A whimper burst past his lips which ceased Dream's movement in an instant, "Don't stop."

And Dream listened, placing soft and solicitous kisses against George's shoulder when the brunet would occasionally sibilate or arch his back to the progression of Dream's cock.

Until Dream had bottomed out. George's head fell back onto his pillow as his fingers relaxed on Dream's skin.

Dream shifted himself, and whether or not it was on purpose, George was not in the mental state to determine, but he had felt an inexplicable wave of pleasure that embodied the sensation of lava coursing through his veins--the moment he assumed Dream's tip had hit his prostate.

Dream brought his lips back to where he had previously left hickeys, finding a new spot inches away to mirror a likely bruise as he slowly inched out. George sucked in a sharp breath as a fresh feeling settled within him; this felt different. *This wasn't painful, this felt*—George tightened his grip around Dream's shoulders again as the flames rose in the pit of his stomach—*this felt good*.

Dream didn't pull all the way out, only about halfway until he slowly slid back in. Not taking it as slowly as he did before, but still being careful.

George released his bottom lip from his teeth as his moan came muffled against Dream's collarbone.

Dream began to slowly pick up the pace after a few seconds had passed, George had obviously adjusted himself to his size as he, himself, began rolling his hips against Dream in an attempt to

feel more of him at a faster rate.

Dream found himself biting down onto George's shoulder with every bit of acceleration in his pace, George's fingernails began dragging down from Dream's shoulder blades to the middle of his back.

All that could be heard within their space were the intervals of collision between their skins as well as George's deep-seated moans and Dream's small breathy grunts.

If George could wrap his head around his surroundings, he would have loved the sound and kept it locked away in his head for years to come.

"D—Dream," A bit of George's saliva had dragged out onto Dream's collarbones as he began losing all sense of self, "Go fast—go f—faster, please."

There was this undeniable eagerness that began to grow within him and part of him felt that it was the fact that his dick was untouched and already leaking with pre-cum.

Dream, without needing to be told twice, began to hasten the strokes of his hips flushed against George's. George could have sworn this moment felt like someone had genuinely switched off everything in his brain as he began losing a sense of gravity. His eyes fluttered shut as his head rolled back, his parted lips uttering a sinful mixture of whimpers and moans—sounds that had Dream falling into a likely chorus as he continued to fuck into him.

George's fingernails dug further deep as they scraped down Dream's skin, the feeling within him had gone from painful to solely indescribable that he didn't know how to cope.

"H—Har—d—" If George could hear himself, he'd be a slight bit embarrassed at how he wasn't making *any fucking sense*, but Dream being in the exact position as he, understood it perfectly.

Switching his strokes to thrusts, Dream returned to sinking his teeth gently into George's shoulder, and George's grip into his back only deepened and dragged out with every pump he felt through him.

Dream's grunts came stifled into the space of George's neck and his shoulder, yet George couldn't avoid vocalizing his if he tried—his sounds of pleasure leaving their shared space as they resonated off the walls.

And they continued as such until George writhed underneath him, his cum toiling out onto his chest and Dream's own. Dream released into the space of George's walls seconds after his last thrust—George's arms indolent around his shoulders as Dream meekly pulled out before graciously crashing against George.

George remembered the last time he had seen stars following one of their sensual engagements, but this feeling was incomparable. Dream had completely erased all of his senses, leaving the both of them breathless against each other as they recollected themselves.

George was the first to move, his hand lazily resting against the back of Dream's neck before he threaded his fingers through his head. Dream brought his own fingers to course through George's locks, placing a soft kiss onto his cheek before reaching his temple where he whispered something George didn't quite catch before landing a gentle kiss onto the dampened skin.

-

"Ah, *what the fuck?*" George yelped as tried to get out of bed shortly after they had lingered in their simmering euphorias.

"You gonna be okay?" Dream asked though a laugh as he propped himself up onto his elbows

George feigned his sulking state, "Can you get me water? In my water bottle, please?"

Dream chuckled and nodded, "Anything else?"

George shook his head with a sincere smile, "Thank you."

Dream smiled as he laughed through his nose, "Yeah," He got up from the bed and as he made his way out of the room, George was faced with his back.

"Dream," George gawked as his hands slowly drew up to cover his mouth; there were red streaks going down the blonde's back and it was most definitely George's doing, "Are you okay?"

"Why?" Dream's brows knitted until George lifted his free hand up, pointing at the mirror that held both their reflections.

Dream glanced at the mirror that was leant against the wall, facing the bed and the doorway, "Oh, *shit*."

"Sorry." George dropped his hand from his mouth.

Dream waved him off with a small laugh, "Don't be. I...I wasn't too kind on your shoulder either," He nodded his head to the teeth mark embedded onto George's bare shoulder.

George merely glanced at his shoulder, though he didn't have to because the feeling of Dream's teeth--though not accounted in the heat of the moment--was now ghosting onto his skin.

"Don't worry." George mimicked the way Dream had waved off his previous concern.

"Worth it, right?" Dream beamed, the blush in his cheeks had returned.

George hung his head as he breathed out a curt laugh, biting his lip before looking back up at Dream, "Definitely."

It *was* like Dream to ease the awkwardness of a situation. And though they wouldn't take back what they did for the world, it was still a little out of their element.

"I'm gonna...get your water, now," Dream awkwardly teetered on his footing before turning around and snatching the water bottle from George's desk, "This one, right?" He held up in the air.

George grinned, half-amused and half-fond of his tactlessness, "Mhm."

Dream shot a finger-gun at him before disappearing past the bedroom door, leaving George to the millions of thoughts that began to pile on since the moment they'd started what they just finished a half-hour ago.

And throughout all those thoughts, not a single one knocked him out of his Nirvana.

Dream had returned shortly after, a glass of water for himself as he handed George his filled water bottle.

The blonde took a seat at the edge of the bed, facing George from where he had sat up to rest his back against the headboard. He didn't fail to notice the coy smile on Dream's face when he winced doing so.

"So," Dream had said after swallowing a gulp of his water, "The lube—"

"No." George cut him off.

Dream cackled, "Why do you just *have* lube in the *top* drawer, George?"

George whined as he rolled his head back, "Oh my God."

"I'll wait," Dream said, smiling against the rim of his glass before taking another sip.

"Ponk and I—"

Dream was already alarmed, "Uh—"

"Let me *finish*, idiot." George pointed at him, knowing where his mind was travelling off to, "Ponk and I were out drinking together one night. He got wasted and went into this sex shop, bought lube, didn't want to carry it around and forced it into my backpack 'cause I was the only one of us who'd brought one out that night."

"And he just didn't want it back?" Dream furrowed his eyebrows.

"No. I don't think he remembered buying it in the first place," George laughed quietly.

"You didn't remind him?" Dream only grew more puzzled by the second.

"I did, but he didn't want it back, so I just kept it—I don't know." George shrugged, a small smile dancing on his lips.

Dream squinted his eyes at him before sighing out, "Weirdly, I believe you."

"What else would I be doing with lube, Dream? I don't leave the house." George scoffed.

Dream cocked an eyebrow at him, "To jerk off, I don't know?"

George grabbed a pillow from his side and tossed it at him. Dream laughed as he smacked it away from him mid-air.

"I just go in raw, really." George waved his hand lazily before they both erupted into a light laugh.

"Yeah, me too." Dream replied, which only caused an augmentation in the melodious sound occupying their space.

"Hey, Dream?" George asked after a while.

"Hm?" Dream asked as he placed the empty glass of water onto the nightstand.

"I'm not taking it up the arse next time." He said, causing Dream to whip his head in his direction.

Dream stifled a laugh before he nodded, "We can take turns."

"Good," George huffed as he rolled his eyes at no one in particular, "Because this shit fucking hurts now," He concluded, earning another laugh from the blonde.

Evening dawned on them, most of their afternoon was spent in bed as they lazily leaned against each other on their phones; going through Twitter, Tik Tok, the normality of the events that unravelled in their infamous ten-hour Discord calls.

And when Dream seemed entranced by a tweet, George stole a glance at him and a smile grew on his face; because as it ridiculous as today had been, it was all spent with *him*. It was the two of them exploring new territories together because they trusted each other that much.

And it was them, *it was us*, George thought as he looked away, a smile beaming through his face.

Chapter End Notes

OH. MY. GOD.

20 fucking thousand words im SIIIIICK to my stomach. what the litch-rall fuck. anyway, this was a compilation of soft moments and then obvs they did the deed. i'm not sure how i feel about how i wrote their first time together, but i just couldn't bring myself to go into excessive detail because at that point, i was already passed 15 fucking K and that is just borderline ridiculous homies.

ALSO, the whole texting thing in the airplane, i coded something to make it look like like iPhone screenshots, but it is 2 in the morning as i type this and i simply am gonna leave that job for another day.

but, we've got an extra chapter--kind of like an epilogue, but it's gonna be a part two of this. just them going back to Florida n shit. dream's mum is gonna make a comeback. and i miss writing sapitus into this, i refuse to let it end without him. and without an insertion of quackity, my beloved.

sorry this took ages. i tried to perfect it, idk if i achieved that. regardless, she's coming to an end, and though i am gonna miss her, i can feel myself running out of love for her ye know? but that's ok! bc i'm VVVVVV excited for the next chapter.

appreciate u guys as always xx see u soon.

Taken, Pt. 2

Chapter Summary

George continues to adjust himself to this newfound, intense feeling that is love.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Russia," Dream mumbled, his voice enrobed in sleep.

The laptop displaying GeoGuessr was resting on the middle of Dream's chest as the blonde laid in between George's legs, his back flush against the brunet's stomach; George had his chin resting just above Dream's shoulder so he could get a better look at the screen. His arms were hooked underneath Dream's whose own expressed non-verbal exhaustion when he dropped them to his side as he allowed George to take over.

It was their third night in London. It wasn't long before they returned their hands on each other's bodies, in search for more of what their first time granted.

Some touches were innocent: filled with enamoured eyes watching the tracing of invisible shapes on each others' skin; kisses interlaced with giggles and soft laughs.

Some touches were playful: light punches and shoves on their shoulders when they would annoy each other; sometimes on purpose, sometimes unintentional.

Some touches were carnally driven, and this had led to Dream panting underneath George's weight following Dream's first time experiencing something he'd never see himself do in the past.

George had the image clear in his face, cemented in a place that he kept inadvertently returning to, yet with no shame or reprisal; the rosy hue in Dream's cheeks, his spit lathered lips, bubble-gum pink marks soon to be churned into a soft purple following the brunet's work.

And he knew that when they would rise with the morning sun washing their skin with its rays, he'd see the light streaks of soft bruises his fingers left on the curve of Dream's waist.

But the sound his famous lips emitted had been playing on a loop in the back of George's head; Dream's toiled breathing accompanied by a string of moans, leaving his throat dry which sounded in the hoarseness of his voice when he'd begged George to speed up—and at one point—George's favourite part, he could say—was when Dream had asked him to *slow down*.

Not to pull out, not because it had gotten unbearable for him, but because Dream wanted to enjoy the feeling of George for a little longer.

And Dream had eventually succumbed in wanting to feel it all at full force; the earthly desire growing every time he'd look up into George's eyes and feel his hands gripping at his waist. Or the kisses the brunet left with the marks he implanted.

George could still hear *that* lascivious sound from Dream, sourced from his utmost core. It fucked with George's head so detrimentally that the pure sound of it had him coming undone at the same

time as Dream.

And now they laid together, Dream quiet and almost moody. George was positive it wasn't because of their previous engagement because, through a solid half-hour of Dream's interval reminders, the brunet was notified that him being on top of Dream, in control, was *"the hottest thing"* the blonde had ever seen.

Dream was quiet and moody because he was physically hurting a little, just as George had. And Dream was dramatic in that sense; the slight bit of discomfort could tip his mood upside down. George was used to it, and more so—amused by it.

So, Dream's half-ass guess when he usually bled and sweat GeoGuessr informed him that he was slowly wearing out.

George craned his neck to get a look at Dream, his chin brushing against the nest of his hair, "You're not even looking, are you?"

Dream whined inwardly as he rolled his head back so it laid against George's shoulder, his eyes shut, "Yeah, but when in doubt," He smiled lazily before he turned his face to look up at George.

George smirked at him before directing his eyes to the screen, shifting his arm underneath Dream's so he could click on Russia, but the flag appeared in the range of wrong guesses causing him to turn his head to face Dream, "Well congrats, you're wrong."

Dream groaned, shut his eyes once more before he nuzzled his face into the crook of George's neck. George exhaled through his nose as a flustered smile cracked through his lips before he turned his attention to the screen again, craning his neck slightly so Dream could rest comfortably in the granted space.

"Try Romania." Dream mumbled against the warmth of his skin.

George almost squirmed at the tickle Dream's lips caused against his neck, but he clicked on his suggestion and the 'You're Knocked Out' screen popped up. A few seconds passed, Dream let out a small breath as he repositioned his head on George's shoulder so his eyes were now shielded in the curve of his neck; his lips blowing warm air past the neckline of George's hoodie; which belonged to Dream.

"What was it?" Dream asked, almost as if he knew that they'd lost.

George smiled as an old memory surfaced in his mind, "It was Turkey."

"Hm," Dream hummed, seemingly already half-asleep.

George stole a glance at him, the way his blonde lashes fluttered as he fell into a gradual slumber. He smiled to himself before gently sliding his back up the headboard from their reclined position to reach the top of the laptop to shut it.

Dream mumbled something incoherent as he turned in his spot, the laptop sliding off his chest as he did so. George caught it mid-slip and placed it onto the nightstand before looking back at Dream, who had fully turned so his head was resting against George's chest.

George's arms weren't wrapped around him yet, just hovering above as he watched Dream settle in between his legs; the blonde's arms wrapped themselves around George's torso as he pressed his chest against George's stomach.

George chuckled as he wrapped one arm over Dream's upper back, his free arm folded so he could bring his hand to the back of Dream's head, "Tired?"

Dream nodded, the ends of his hair fanned on George's hoodie, contrasting with the black fabric.

George smiled fondly as his eyes danced across Dream's relaxed features before he coursed his fingers through his hair.

George waited a moment, relishing in the sight of him before he slid his back down the headboard to lay in bed; Dream had sleepily and fluidly fallen into his actions.

Dream's voice was quiet, muffled against the fabric of George's hoodie, but George had heard him clear when the blonde sleepily said, "I love you."

George momentarily ceased in his spot, and though a terse breath had been sucked out of him, his lips curved into a soft smile. He gently grazed his fingernails through Dream's hair before dipping his head down to press a kiss atop the fluff of his head.

And they slept soundlessly; George's arm guarded around Dream's sleeping body that rested in between his legs, his dainty fingers coming to a slow stop in Dream's hair when sleep had eventually engulfed him.

+

They were in the kitchen downstairs, the following morning; Dream making breakfast and George sat on the counter as they talked. George's cat rested comfortably on his lap, his fingers indolently coursing through his grey fur as he caressed him.

He was thankful his parents were to arrive home a few hours after he and Dream were to depart for the airport because he dreaded having to leave his cat alone.

And he tried not to think about how he wouldn't be seeing him for a whole year, unless he visited.

Dream was talking about something, his voice streaming back into George's head.

The sunlight that had crept through the arched windows, putting the love bites, bruises and marks in a golden spotlight; bringing his assumptions of last night to life.

George would never openly admit it, he felt as if he wouldn't even need to, but Dream shirtless, sporting only his sweats, cooking him breakfast was—

Fuck it, "You look good." George sputtered out, the smirk on his face expressed confidence his tone didn't necessarily hold.

Dream's wrist jerked with the spatula before he glanced over at George, his cheekbones growing defined with his smile, "Thank you."

George's eyes fluttered shut as a blush crept up his face, giving him a curt nod before he hung his head, "Mhm."

Dream laughed quietly before returning to the scrambled eggs in the pan. George waited a moment before lifting his eyes from the ground, placing them back on Dream as he fell back into lovingly staring at him.

+

Dream wanted to go on the London Eye. George was sure to berate him for it when they were getting ready to go out.

George grabbed a hoodie from Dream's duffel bag and tossed it to him from across the room, "It's just so cliché."

Dream caught the hoodie in the air, "And?"

George pulled his shirt over his head before tossing it to the bed, "And touristy."

Dream pulled his hoodie on, knocking the hood off when it naturally encaptured his head, "I *am* a tourist."

"But I *live* here," George pulled a hoodie over himself and looked down at it, a small frown grew on his face.

"What?" Dream asked as he went to tie the drawstrings of his own hoodie.

A 'tsk' was emitted from George's tongue, "I don't think I like the size of my old hoodies anymore."

Dream looked down at his own hoodie before looking over at George who was already analyzing his hoodie.

"Gimme your hoodie—" George began saying just as Dream warningly said, "You're not getting this hoodie."

George groaned, lulling his head back slightly while still looking at him, "Dream, please."

"*Dream, please*," Dream mocked him, over-exaggerating the whine in George's tone, earning a small glare from the brunet, "Just grab another one of mine."

"I want *that* one, though," George stifled a laugh when Dream shot him a look, "You're wearing dark blue jeans, that hoodie doesn't even go with that."

Dream nodded his head at him, "What are you, a stylist now?"

"Don't blame me for your shitty fashion sense," George muttered under his breath as he turned his back to him.

Dream scoffed, "You wear supreme shirts and black sweats ninety percent of the time, calm down."

George snickered to himself before turning around, feigning his hurt, "But that hoodie would match so well with—"

Dream huffed, pulling his hoodie over his head before tossing it to George, who almost missed in catching it before it fell into his grip.

George looked up from the baby blue hoodie to Dream, who suppressed a smile, "Thank you."

"You're so annoying," Dream shook his head and pointed to his duffel bag, "Give me another hoodie, of your choice. Since you seem to know *so much* about fashion—"

"Yeah," George cut him off firmly before turning around and grabbing a black hoodie from the pile, "I do know," He launched it at him, deliberately with force causing Dream to duck though he still managed to catch it, "You're welcome."

Dream playfully rolled his eyes, "My hero."

After they got dressed, sounds of their shuffling filling their space, George grabbed his wallet from his desk and turned to Dream, who smiled at him winningly.

George sighed defeatedly, "Let's go to this stupid London Eye thing, then."

It was once again raining, this time a lot less than it had when they had run around in the park.

They hadn't brought an umbrella, darkened wet spots formed on their respective hoodies by the time they entered the building.

George had been to the London Eye when he was young, and multiple times growing up, so he didn't care for the view. So, instead, George watched him.

When Dream had his hand on the glass of the pod they occupied as he overlooked the city of London, eyes full wonder, George looked at him; his brown eyes holding a different type of awe.

He wasn't sure what love was, still. But he felt as if he could classify this as one of the elements of love. One of the reasons people stay together; you find new aspects to love about the person you are with, and another the next day, and another the day after that. All while your love grows with the list.

That's why you wouldn't get bored, George thought as he watched Dream point to something he, himself, wasn't paying attention to, *you learn new things about them every day and you swim in it.* Yesterday was his freckles, today it was the wonder in his eyes over the simplest view.

"I think if I lived in London, I'd still make time to come here. This is insane, George," Dream pocketed his hands into the pouch of his hoodie before glancing at George, momentarily ceasing his look on the shorter before tilting his head to the side slightly, "What's up?"

George smiled, shaking his head before he walked towards him, "Nothing," He gently fisted Dream's hoodie, tugging the fabric in his hand down causing Dream to duck his head, their lips brushing over each other's, inciting a kiss; something that chased a breath from the both of them, something that still took the other by surprise sometimes, "Nothing at all."

The corner of Dream's mouth twitched before his lips were brought into the movement George's own procured. With their pod rising into the air, George and Dream kissed each other as though it was the first time; gentle, slow, their lips moving fluidly against one another, at the exclusion of their tongues, content with the mellowness of it all.

Just as they'd taken the tram to London's eye, they took it on their way back home. George's stop being the last made it so they were the sole passengers in the wagon they occupied.

This had George wrapping his fingers around the hand railing as he lifted the sole of shoes off the ground, pushing his legs forward. Dream was quick to follow, mirroring his actions as they fooled around like idiots.

George was no longer being able to hold his weight as he wrapped his legs around Dream, who pressed his thighs underneath George's so he could support them whilst they dangled off the hand railing of the train; giggling and laughing when the train made a turn, almost yanking the both of them to the ground.

It was the little dumb things they did that reminded George of the fact that, at the end of the day, this was his best friend. And they would still be doing these pointless, mindless things.

And that they could do that, but also break the distance between them by engaging in heartfelt moments.

And it felt so good, George was positive no one could make him switch between moods so fast.

And that's how their days were spent in London. Aside from technicalities that they had to deal with; like Sapnap calling them about the house, whenever he'd have questions.

Dream still cooked him breakfast in the morning, after they spent a good portion of their day laying in bed, tangled in each other's love.

And they continued to explore more of their skins, their lips meeting bare spots that created a feeling they were still mentally accustoming themselves to.

And it got a lot less thinkable the more they did it. New grounds were being mutually established without either of them having to say a word.

And it felt fucking good. And that was scary. Every second spent lathering in each other's love and lust was fucking terrifying to George, but then Dream would speak to him in that insouciant and honeyed voice, look at him with those soft green eyes—and his mind was at ease.

-

It was the morning of their flight back to Florida.

To say George's mind was teetering between stable and volatile was an understatement. The internal bliss that Dream had offered him the passing week had George finding 'the bad' unfamiliar. The one he was so good at welcoming with open arms, he suddenly felt estranged to.

He hadn't completely forgotten the physical feelings he'd get before the rise of his internal conflicts; the one where he would hear voices turn into a buzzing, or the room felt like a blurred background, or movement around him dallied.

It was more so the mental dejections that were slowly starting to sound alien-ish in his mind.

And of course, Dream was quick to notice.

Dream was crouched on the ground, filing the last of his clothes into their shared suitcase, "You're pacing," He stated calmly, his back to George.

George paused in his steps and looked over at him, Dream's eyes still fixated on the suitcase as he continued to file in his clothes, "What--I wasn't."

"You are," Dream turned around, remaining close to the ground as he looked over at George, "What's wrong?"

George blinked at him; *he didn't have to know.* In a way, it didn't concern him. *Fuck, it never did.* It was all just shit that he was fabricating in his own head because he couldn't allow himself internal peace when that's all that Dream has been offering him since they landed here.

"Nothing?" The slight peak in his tone at the last syllable caused Dream to quirk his eyebrow, the corner of his lip churning upwards as he eyed the brunet, "Nothing, Dream. I'm just packing things. How do I get from one point to another without moving? Pacing is different. That's what you do when you're in your own head, which I am not because I am just moving things."

"Rambling," Dream's smile continued to grow as he shook his head lightly, "You do that when you're caught in a lie."

"I'm not *lying*," George's tone held a tad bit of annoyance and when Dream's smile dissipated slightly, a small tinge of remorse rose within him, "I'm actually fine Dream. I'm just...I guess I'm stressed about the flight."

"What's so stressful about it?" Dream stood up from the ground.

George's eyes shifted only a tad bit as he looked directly into Dream's own, "I don't wanna leave anything important behind. I'm leaving for good--for a while, you know."

Dream wavered on his countenance, holding the same look he had when they were in the food court and he had waited on George to elaborate on not needing more time with his parents.

So, George internally panicked, "You hungry? Do you want, like, coffee or something?"

A light smile grew in the curve of Dream's lips, "I don't drink coffee--"

"Yeah, you're right, um," George's eyes fluttered shut as he hung his head, shaking it once before looking back up at him, "Food, though?"

Dream was still scrutinizing his features, George suddenly felt as if the room was growing in on him, "Sure."

"I'll be back in, like, fifteen minutes or something." George rushed his words, already turning on his heel.

"You don't wanna go together--"

"No," George had answered a little too fast and Dream, who had taken a step forward to follow him, stepped back, "I got it." He forced a smile, earning a fluctuating one from the blonde.

George turned once more and exited his room; his head brimming with his thoughts. He didn't understand why this was all happening now. Especially a few hours before their flight to Florida, where he would be living for the next year.

For one whole fucking year, George slipped on his shoes as his hand stilled on the doorknob. A whole year and no escape.

Escape? George shut his eyes as he sighed, *why would you need an escape?*

George shook the thoughts from his head, but it had merely nudged them because they continued to pester when he closed the front door behind him.

And when he was walking down the road to the coffee shop.

It felt a lot easier knowing that you were eventually to return home for a week after spending a month in Florida, but now you're gonna be stuck there for a whole year.

What the fuck, George ground his jaw as he crossed the street, nearly missing the instinct to look both ways causing a car to honk at him. He apologetically waved at them, but only received a glare in return.

Stuck? George ran a hand through his hair as he pushed open the front door to the coffee shop, the bell above him emitting a '*ding*'.

He mindlessly followed through with his order and continued to deal with his internal mess as he waited for the barista to fetch him his food and singular coffee. *Why would you feel stuck around him?*

No, Dream isn't the issue, you are, George puffed out a hollowed breath as he grabbed the order from the barista who shot him a kind smile, one that he returned, despite his mind shouting at him. *You're the issue because he's being wonderful and you're looking for ways to fuck it up.*

Of course, George pushed the door open with his elbow as both his hands occupied the paper bag of croissants and his coffee. *Not his fault, but yours.*

Yours because you can't accept how good this feels.

George trudged up the hill to his house; the sole of his shoes occasionally scraping against the sidewalk before he reached the front door, where he momentarily stood still. *Get your shit together, he doesn't deserve this.*

George took in a deep breath before wedging the paper bag under his arm as he used his freed hand to swing the door open. Jogging up the stairs, he continued to push down the buzzing voices in his head, with great effort, until he reached the door to his bedroom and saw *him*.

Dream was sat at George's desk, scribbling something into that familiar journal. His fringe was shielding his temples, but George could still make out his eyes; the way his lashes fluttered, the way he drew in his bottom lip as his green eyes absorbed the ink plastering the pages.

George leaned against the doorframe for a moment, knowing that Dream wasn't aware of his presence because he sported headphones; the bassline of a song faintly audible from where he stood.

George smiled when he saw a similar reaction etch itself across Dream's face; *whatever Dream was expressing through handwritten words, he was happy doing it.* George almost wanted to go back downstairs, maybe even linger outside to give him more time, but before he could turn around, Dream caught him.

"Hey," Dream took the headphones off his head, placing them next to his journal.

George looked over his shoulder before turning around to face him, remaining in the doorway, "You're writing," He smiled softly.

Dream slicked his bottom lip as his smile grew, "I was, um--a lot of shit was going through my head since we landed. I never got the time, so," He jerked his pen to the opened journal.

George pushed himself off the doorframe before walking over to him, disposing of the coffee and the paper bag onto the table.

"All good things, by the way," Dream moved his hand from the pages of his journal as he leaned his back into the armless chair that seemed out of place since it was replacing the one that was probably already being shipped to Florida, along with the rest of his setup.

George nodded as he kept his eyes on him, leaning his hip into the desk, "Didn't doubt it."

Dream's look expanded over George's features as the brunet's smile grew when he zeroed in on Dream's curved lips.

Dream put his hand out, George stirred his eyes down to his palm; his cheekbones became defined

as his smile progressed. He graciously placed his hand in his before Dream pulled him in between his now spread legs.

George chuckled nervously as he tripped into him and sat onto his thigh. Dream giggled as he used his free hand to place George's legs over his unoccupied thigh while using his other hand to gently grip the shorter's waist.

George felt the warmth in his cheeks swell, causing him to wrap his arms around Dream's shoulder before shielding his face into the nest of his hair. Dream purposely pulled his head away to search for his eyes, but George retaliated by hiding his face in the crook of his neck.

Dream chuckled before turning his head to the side to place a kiss against his cheek causing an instinctive move from George to press his lips against his neck, where he kept his face hidden.

They remained silent for a moment; Dream running his hand soothingly up and down George's clothed thigh as George brought his hand to cradle the side of his face, brushing his thumb over Dream's cheek.

"George?" Dream asked in a near whisper.

George's heartbeat jerked because he could almost sense what was to come, but he answered, matching his tone, "Yeah?"

"What's bothering you?" Dream's hand had momentarily slowed in its rhythm as he pulled his head away from George.

George, this time, chose not to avoid his gaze as he hesitantly peered into the viridity of his eyes, "Nothing--"

"George." Dream tilted his head to the side, shooting a small look.

George continued to stare, every growing second worsening the small ache in his chest, "I...can't."

Dream's eyes flickered down to George's lips, "You can't or you don't want to?"

Were it not for how soft-spoken he was, George felt as if he could entirely combust right then and there.

George's hand slipped from Dream's cheek to rest on his shoulder, where his eyes met the motion of his fingers as they fiddled with the neckline of Dream's shirt.

"I can't," George affirmed.

And when Dream's brows relaxed, he knew Dream remembered who he was talking to; *his emotionally repressed best friend that couldn't mentally liberate himself from his own hell if he tried.*

Dream nodded slowly as his hand travelled up his thigh to wrap his fingers around George's bicep, "It's gonna drive you insane if you don't, George."

George's eyes flapped shut as he huffed, knocking his forehead against Dream's, "I can't--"

"You can," Dream gently squeezed his bicep, "You...should."

"I don't..." George began before he took in a small breath, releasing it in their proximity, "I don't want to ruin it."

Dream nudged the tip of their noses so he could get George to look at him, the brunet reluctantly complied, "Ruin what?"

"Your mood," George breathed out and watched the small concern laced with confusion grow into Dream's expression, "You're happy."

That wasn't totally true. George knew Dream wouldn't mind talking about it; it wasn't going to tip his mood. George was more so reluctant to speak his mind because he simply couldn't. He still had this massive roadblock in his mind when it came to properly expressing his troubles and stringing them into sentences that made sense.

"And?" Dream slipped his hand under George's bicep so he could cradle George's cheek, "You expressing how you feel isn't going to change that. And if you're not happy--"

"I am," George cut him off, "Really, I am. I'm just..." He drew in his bottom lip as his eyes oscillated across Dream's own, "Ov--" He pressed his lips together and shut his eyes, "I'm overwhelmed."

"I can tell," Dream said causing George to reopen his eyes, they settled in their shared gaze once more, "You're not telling me why, though."

"Fuck sake, Dream." George untangled his arms from his shoulders as he stood from his lap and made his way to his bed.

George didn't have to turn around to know that Dream had stood up from the chair to follow behind him, "George--"

"Give me a minute," George ran his fingers through his hair before locking them behind his head, keeping his eyes shut as he faced his bed.

A silence followed, prompting George to re-open his eyes before he turned around to face Dream, who had his arms crossed over his chest as he stared at the ground in deep thought; he looked up the moment he felt George's eyes on him.

"I've already ruined it." George breathed out before dropping his hands to his side.

"Ruined *what*, George?" Somehow, Dream still held a quiet voice, but the exhaustion and desperation were clear in his tone.

That only worsened George's contrition.

"You, this, your mood." George motioned his hands to the space Dream occupied.

And it was so clear that he was just looking for reasons to justify his point, but Dream's composure denied those reaches. Dream's mood was untouched; George knew that.

But what was he supposed to do when confronted with the action of expressing his feelings. And why did those feelings become more and more redundant the longer George looked at him.

One part of his mind answered that self-imposed question with; *because you're worried for nothing*, juxtaposing the other part that has been pestering him since this morning and to and from the coffee shop.

So, now, George was even more at a loss for word on how to articulate the concern that Dream had picked up on and wanted to uncover.

"You didn't ruin anything." Dream he stated his words affirmatively, "Just tell me what you're--"

"I *can't*," George nearly shouted, Dream blinked as his shoulders dropped with his arms when he uncrossed them, "I'm sorry." He sighed before taking a seat at the edge of his bed, resting his elbows on his parted knees.

Another silence passed; George kept his eyes on the ground before him, his wrists idle as his hands dangled over. Dream began walking towards him, George could spot his movements in his peripheral vision before the taller crouched down in front of him.

George lifted his eyes from the ground, impassively looking at him while keeping his head slightly hung. Dream's eyes fell down to George's lips; George could tell he was thinking, too. *And he hated it.*

George kneaded the back of his neck as he let out a quiet sigh, "Why couldn't you just drop it?"

Dream furrowed his eyebrows, "Because I'm not gonna sit here and let you repress shit--"

"You're not my fucking therapist, Dream."

"You're right--"

"Then why are you taking on my worries?" George's massaging hand came to a halt.

"It's not something I'm *taking* on--"

"That's not what you signed up for."

"Are you gonna let me talk?" Dream cracked a smile and George's lips slapped shut, "I'm not your therapist, but I'm your best friend. Above anything else. So, that's exactly what I signed up for. We both did. Your worries are mine, vice versa."

George shook his head, a small hint of annoyance in his expression because he *was* right.

Dream bit the inside of his bottom lip before straightening his back, "Look, I understand that people need to process their feelings on their own before expressing them, but you don't process shit. You just let them pile up and when it tears you down, it's too late to dig them all back up to thread through them."

George turned his face away, "That's my problem, not yours--"

"Well, too bad. I'm making it my problem."

"Don't." George lightly shoved him, but Dream didn't budge from his stance; Dream's eyebrows shot up cockily and George suppressed the smile that somehow managed to creep through in his conflict, "*Fuck* you."

Dream wrapped his hands around his shoulders and shook him lightly, "Fucking talk to me, you moron," He chuckled when he earned a groan from George.

"It's just all in my head!" George yelled exasperatedly.

"Then spill! Just spill!" Dream shouted back through a grin as his hands cradled George's face.

The corners of George's lips twitched upwards when he caught Dream's demeanour in this situation; *how was he fucking patient with his shit right now? How was he not angry with him for*

being so fucking difficult? How was he matching his tone, but in the most affable sense?

Dream let out a curt chuckle before relaxing his hands around his face, "George."

George dropped the weight of his head in Dream's hand, "We *slept* together, Dream."

Dream's smile dispersed as his eyebrows furrowed, "Oh," Disappointment was clear in his tone, "So, you're regretting that?"

George scoffed, "Fuck no. Not even one bit."

Confusion overwrote his disappointment in a nanosecond, "Then...?"

"I'm going to be living with you. For a whole year," George began and stopped himself, directing his eyes to the ground, "It's just...like," He breathed out, "Dream, I don't know how to...I can't."

The more he tried to explain it, the more ludicrous it sounded in his head.

"Take your time," Dream hushed, tucking a short strand of hair behind George's ear.

"I don't know how to explain it." George let out a frustrated sigh, interlocking his fingers.

"Just take one thought," Dream started, lifted one hand off his cheek to course his fingers through George's fringe, sweeping it back so he could move the hair from his eyes, "And work it out, slowly. Then move on to the next."

One thought. Then the next. Find one thought, explain, move on to the next. George repeated it like a mantra as he circled his brain to pick one of what felt like a million at that moment.

Yet, with every touch Dream left on his skin, the numbers divided themselves, diminished into a smaller count, until they resulted in one.

"Being with you. *This*," George looked into his eyes, "This is a lot for me to process. And you're right, I just let it pile up. I've let it pile up from the moment we boarded that plane, to now. And I still haven't processed the fact that we slept together. That's not really the issue, though, it's more so...more so the fact that it's gotten that intense, you know," He would take slow pauses at the end of each sentence; Dream's comforting caresses through his hair aided his thinking process.

"It's getting definitive. It's...like...I'm being locked in one place. Not suffocating, well," He looked to the side momentarily, chewing on his bottom lip as Dream waited patiently, "Suffocating, but not in a bad way. At least...the part of me that doesn't want to reject good things knows it's not in a bad way if that makes sense?" He received a nod from Dream and he paused before continuing, "But there's still that part of me that's...that's making me choose between this intense feeling or the easiness of not having it. But I'm so in love with the way you make me feel, I'm not sure it would be so easy to go on without it. I'm...fuck, I don't know--"

"You're making sense," Dream smiled sweetly before returning his hand to his cheek.

George shut his eyes, "I got off track."

Dream dropped his hands to untangle George's interlocked fingers, the brunet then noticed that he'd been squeezing his own hands a little too hard, "Being locked in, suffocating..." He recounted, jogging George's memory.

"Yeah, okay, um," George swallowed as he shifted in his position, allowing Dream to hold his

hands in his, "My brain is trying to convince me that that's what it'll feel like moving in with you for a whole year. That tactic that I've been practicing for twenty-some years of my life...is *fucking* with me. And I haven't had to deal with it until I realized that we were boarding the flight today. This feeling of being dependant on somebody else, Dream...it's," He bit his lip as his eyes danced with Dream's own, "It's scary."

Dream pursed his lips as he flickered his eyes down to the space between them before looking back up into his, "You're scared of our future because you're doubting that you'll ever grow from that."

George's breath hitched as he allowed his words to sink in; *how the fuck did he manage to debunk all of that mess into one simplified sentence?* One that George felt encapsulated exactly what he's been trying to figure out for the past few hours.

"I..." George's throat felt try and he swallowed once more, clearing the hoarseness that had begun to sound through, "I'm just so determined to think that I am going to fail you, you know? And being locked between four walls, with no escape from the hurt that I think I'm going to cause you by wanting to quit *this* before I can even fail is...fucking with me so bad."

Dream mindlessly interlocked their fingers, brushing his thumb over George's knuckles as his eyes followed his own actions, "It's hard to believe you won't ruin something that makes you feel good, George. You've always taught yourself that you shouldn't exert energy into something you've convinced yourself you're not emotionally built to accept," He brought their interlocked hands up to his mouth, pressing a light kiss onto George's knuckles before looking up into his eyes, lips still ghosting over the bony skin, "You'll always have the fear of failing me if you don't let yourself accept this intense feeling."

George's vision began blurring but he quickly blinked, suppressing the ache in his throat that worsened with every word that left Dream's mouth.

"You alright?" Dream asked, dipping his head down when George had ducked his head to avoid his eyes.

If George looked into those green irides for a moment longer, there was no fucking chance he wasn't going to break down the walls shielding his tears.

"Yeah." George sighed.

And he was. There was something that felt freeing about voicing the mess in his mind with Dream because Dream *knew* how to handle his feelings.

And he should have known that instead of avoiding Dream's concern, he should have known that instead of telling Dream to drop it when it was clear that he wanted to handle his worries.

Because God, Dream didn't take on anything he didn't feel confident he could.

"Come here," Dream tugged on his hand as he folded his legs under himself, sitting back on his ankles.

George looked down at him and Dream tugged on his hand again causing George to slide off the mattress before caging Dream's thighs with his own. He immediately wrapped his arms around Dream's shoulders, pressing their chests together as he buried his face in the space of his own elbow and the curve of Dream's neck.

"How are you supposed to be good at something you've never practiced, George?" Dream asked as he rubbed slow, gentle circles onto his clothed back, his free hand ghosting over George's hip,

"You said it yourself," Dream spoke against his shoulder, his voice only slightly muffled, "It's hard for you to let go of the bad because you've been practicing it for so long. Accepting the good things is gonna take just as much practice," The last few words were spoken exactly as George had said that night in the garden that it almost sent a chill down his spine.

George squeezed Dream's frame in between his arms, "It's not fair to you. That you just have to sit here and wait for me to sort my shit out."

"I've told you this before and I'll keep saying it," Dream squeezed his waist gently, "However long it takes, I'm gonna be right here," He lifted his hand off George's back to mirror his other by placing it on George's waist, pulling their chests apart, "Look at me so you get this through your head--" George smiled timidly as he forced his eyes onto Dream's before the taller wrapped his hands around his neck gently, "--You idiot--" They both fell into a small giggle, "Hey," Dream pushed the pad of his fingers underneath his jawline, "It doesn't hurt me to wait for you."

George wrapped his fingers around his wrists, looking into his eyes through his lashes.

"One day at a time," Dream nodded and George's smile faded, "You're gonna keep feeling like this every once in a while when it's getting too much for you. And I understand that now, and I *will* understand when it happens again...until it doesn't anymore."

"Don't let me avoid you," George placed his palms against Dream's chest, "Please, just...don't let me shut you out. I'm giving you the 'okay', now."

Dream nodded understandingly, "Okay."

"I know it's gonna go away at some point. It's already starting to become less frequent," George said, almost assuringly--to Dream and to himself, "But...until then..." He trailed off.

"Until then, we keep practicing the good,"

We, George's heart warmed--he noticed how Dream had worded his latest reassuring words when they were having a similar conversation back in Florida: "*We're gonna sort it out.*"

"We'll take baby steps," *We'll*, the corner of George's lips twitched up into a smile, "Progress is progress. No matter how long it takes you." Dream returned his hands to his waist, pulling him further onto his lap.

George gently grabbed his face, angling it up slightly before he leaned down, brushing the tip of their noses, "You're so wonderful to me."

"I am," Dream grinned, pressed his lips softly against George's, placing a chaste kiss before their lips brushed in their small new-imposed distance, "It's because I love you, you fucking moron."

George laughed lightly, and for the first time that day, his happiness felt genuine--not forced or put up as a facade to not worry Dream. Because he didn't have to worry about that, not when he was so effortlessly lovely and *patient*. Dream was so goddamn patient with him it caused an inexplicable churn in George's stomach.

"I love you," Dream repeated, his tone entirely rid of its humour.

George watched the way Dream's eyelids were slitted as his pupils zeroed in on George's lips; the brunet brushed the pad his thumb across his bottom lip, allowing it to rest at the corner of his mouth when Dream's eyes flickered up to meet his.

"So much." Dream whispered.

George's lips parted as his shoulders untensed, his eyes swimming in Dream's complexion as the realization slotted into his mind *word after word after word* the longer he looked at him; because he, too, *loved him so fucking much*.

"You..." The voices in his head, though subdued with every second he spent looking at Dream's features, still sounded muffled, holding him back from confidently saying something he wholeheartedly meant, "You mean..." He sucked in sharp breath before exhaling shakily, "So much to me."

The desperation dripping in his tone urged a kiss from Dream on his cheek, which he earnestly returned—their bodies intertwined for moments longer following their conversation.

-

Dream slotted their duffel bags in the overhead compartment before occupying the seat next to George, who smiled with his eyes as the blonde settled in his seat.

George was more than thankful that the seat beside his was vacant, long enough for Dream to have snatched a ticket despite how last minute it had been. If they couldn't be next to each other on the way to London, at least they'd be together on their way back to Florida.

Dream placed his forearm on the armrest resting between their seats before opening his hands, peering into George's eyes expectantly. George broke into a small smile before sliding his fingers through the space of Dream's digits.

Their eyes briefly left each other's as they settled on the way George's pale fingers steadily contrasted with Dream's complexion.

The cabin they were in was fairly chatty, the soft orange of the sky blending in with the white of the clouds passed through the window George had his back to.

George brushed the side of his forefinger against Dream's own. He heard a terse laugh sounding through a sigh from Dream.

Holding hands in public was still a little new to George. Quite frankly, hand-holding in general irked him, but it was the easiest thing to do with Dream. It was such a simple, instinctive touch, but it still stimulated a warmth in the ball of his cheeks and the pit of his stomach.

George hadn't realized that he was even looking for as long as he had, but his eyes followed the way he untangled their fingers only so he could draw invisible lines with the ends of his fingernails; tracing the tip of Dream's finger to his palm. Dream's hands weren't the softest, but they felt nice against the pad of George's index finger.

George noticed that Dream hadn't said anything since he'd started mindlessly drawing imperceptible lines onto his palm. And instead of saying anything, Dream kept his hand open for George as he slid down in his seat slightly so he could place his head onto the brunet's shoulder.

"Are you tired?" George asked, ceasing his movements against Dream's palm before gently interlocking their fingers again.

Dream gave his hand a small squeeze, "No," He yawned seconds afterwards, causing them both to chuckle quietly, "I swear I'm not."

George leaned his head onto Dream's, sliding down in his seat only a tad bit so he could lean into his side, "Dream," He called as Dream brought their intertwined hands to his lips.

"Hm?" Dream hummed against George's hand.

George couldn't exactly see his face, only the ends of his eyelashes and the way he had his free hand tucked in the pouch of his hoodie, "You think, um," He cleared his throat, "You think things are going to be different when we get back home?"

Dream, who had been drawing circles with the pad of his thumb onto the side of George's hand, desisted his movements. He let out a brusque breathy laugh, the exhale through his nostrils fanning over George's hand.

George's brows knitted, "What?"

"Home," George could feel the curve of Dream's lips as he spoke through a smile against his hand.

"Huh?"

Dream pressed a delicate kiss onto his skin, "You called Florida home," His breath expanded onto his hand as his ghosting lips tickled his skin.

George momentarily paused as he recollected his words in his head before the corner of his lips turned upwards, "Oh," He chuckled nervously.

"To answer your question," Dream said, lifting his head off George's shoulder as George lifted his head off his, "No," They caught each other's eyes, settling in their gaze, "I don't think it's gonna be any different."

George's eyes drove to the side as he dwelled on a thought that had been on his mind for a moment, "But, like," He couldn't stop the skittish smile that grew on his face as he kept his eyes off Dream, "We gonna, like, share a bed or something?" He looked down at his lap before looking back up into Dream's eyes.

Dream's smile seemed to have grown since, and possibly with, George's timidity, "Were you expecting us to sleep in different rooms?"

George shot him a look, "We did ask for three bedrooms."

Dream's brows knitted with the squint of his eyes, "No shit, moron. We asked for that before we started fucki--"

George slapped his free hand over his mouth, his eyes widening as he glanced over the cabin before placing a glare on Dream's countenance.

Dream's breath warmed his skin as he laughed against his palm, "You wanna say that a little louder, dumbass?"

Dream grabbed George's wrist with his free hand to liberate his mouth, "Get this, you walk into a plane and see two men holding hands--you're not thinking they must've fucked--" He bit his lip when George squeezed their interlocked hands, "--they must have slept together at least once?"

"They could be, like, not into that." George reasoned, seeming proud of his answer.

Dream snorted, "Yeah, but *we're* into that, aren't we, George?" He suppressed a laugh that only

provoked a similar sound from George.

"You're an idiot--they don't know who *we* are, though, do they?" George quirked an eyebrow at him.

"Alright, alright," Dream drew a line with his hand, "Yes, we have three bedrooms, but we could just, like, make it a guest bedroom, or something."

"The house has another empty room. *That's* the guest bedroom."

"We can have more than one guest bedroom--"

"Little odd--"

"Do you *not* wanna share a room? What's going on?" Dream's smile had slightly disbanded, his confusion rising in his tone.

"No, no," George said, only amplifying the expression the blonde held, "I mean--*yes*, of course, I do."

"Then what are you...?" Dream trailed off, searching his eyes for an answer.

George sighed as he leaned into his seat, his fingers loosening their grip around Dream's hand. Though loosely held, their hands remained interlocked.

George stared blankly at the monitor fixed onto the seat in front of him, "Sapnap."

He didn't have to look over to know that Dream held the same amount of confusion he had few seconds prior, "You wanna share a room with Sapnap?"

George laughed, turning to face him only to give him a light shove as the blonde giggled, "Yes, I want to share a room with Sapnap and you're ruining our plans."

"Oh, that's my bad," Dream held one hand up in defence.

"I'm serious, Dream," George spoke through a slight whine, "As far as I'm aware, Sapnap's only known of us sharing a bed towards the end of my stay. Won't he find this permanent living situation...weird?"

Dream drew a breath as he looked away from him, "I mean," He pursed his lips, entering a brief thought, "Maybe, yeah. But..." He shrugged lightly and looked back at George, "We're...doing this, right? You and I?"

George blinked at him before giving him a definitive nod.

"Okay, well. Sapnap is just...gonna have to adjust until it won't become weird to him anymore, you know?" Dream locked their gaze.

They stared for a moment; it was clear they were both thinking about something, yet they never looked away from each other once while doing so.

George thought back to what Quackity had told him when he had come to visit: "*You're gonna sacrifice something you want on the account of people it doesn't even concern?*"

And it's not that it didn't concern Sapnap; they were a trio. Best friends before anything else. But if Dream and George were to actually grow into this newly established relationship,

Sapnap *was* going to have to adjust.

George flickered his gaze to Dream's lips as his thoughts progressed: *it's not like they were going to leave him out of things*, they were going to continue to do things together, as a trio. But behind closed doors--when the night grows dark and the lights are off, the trio was to diminish to a duo.

"I don't think it'll faze him all that much, anyway," Dream broke through his thoughts and George looked back up into his eyes, "Sapnap's gonna be supportive of us, always. He's gonna find some shit weird, but as long as we don't get too careless with how touchy we are around--" Dream cut himself off when their lips simultaneously curved up into a faint smile, "--around him, I think he'll be fine."

"Yeah, you're right--" Before George could finish his sentence, a '*ding*' erupted from his pocket.

George fished his phone out of his pocket, his eyes glassing over the text before he looked at Dream; the both of them gawked at each other. Sapnap had texted.

"I swear he has our phones tapped or some shit," Dream joked.

Sapnap always seemed to chime in through a text or a call whenever he was brought in conversation, George was certain it was his sixth sense.

"What did he say?" Dream asked as he peered over George's shoulder.

"When the fuck are you guys getting here, I swear Patches is thinking of ways to kill me because I won't leave her alone," George giggled, imitating Dream's response, *"I ate cereal by myself in the backyard yesterday at two in the morning,"*

Dream wheezed causing an augmentation in the volume of George's quiet laugh, "I'm just imagining him sat there--"

"Just in the dark." They fell into a chorused laugh filled with a slight bit of sleep deprivation and Sapnap's demise.

They spent the rest of the plane ride talking to Sapnap over iMessage, sleeping--mostly George sleeping against Dream while the blonde supported his weight, and talked till' the wheels of the plane hit the tarmac of the Orlando airport.

After going through TSA and retrieving their bags, they spotted Sapnap--if George could remember correctly, it was similar to the same spot Dream had found him when he landed in Orlando about a month ago.

It seemed like ages ago and had George dwelled on the Deja Vu moment a little longer, he would've gotten a tad bit emotional.

"Catch, idiot." George tossed his duffle bag at Sapnap as they approached him.

The bag collided against his chest, earning a grunt from the younger as he grappled the object.

"Hey," Dream chuckled as he extended an arm out towards Sapnap.

"Hey," Sapnap derived his playful glare from George to smile up at Dream, "How was the flight?"

"Good. Missed you," Dream's voice fell into a muffle when they fell into a tight embrace, "How are you?"

Sapnap's voice was barely audible against Dream's chest, but George had picked up on it, "Good now that you're here."

They placed a few taps on each other's backs before pulling away from the hug and George took no time in lurching himself at Sapnap, wrapping his arms tightly around his shoulders as he mounted Sapnap's back.

"Oof," Sapnap huffed as he locked his arms under George's thighs, adjusted George onto his back, "Hello," He looked over his shoulder and inclined his jaw slightly to look up at him.

"Aw," Dream cocked his head to the side as he picked up the duffle bag that rested against Sapnap's leg, "This is cute. I've never seen you guys like this."

George, unaccepting of the idea that he and Sapnap could be perceived as cute, nonchalantly added, "I just don't want to walk--"

"Shut up, George. You love me--"

"Mm. I literally don't, though--"

"And you *missed* me."

George laughed as he tightened his grip around his shoulders, "I could choke you to death right now."

"Don't think so with them twig ass lookin' arms," Sapnap playfully jeered as he turned them around.

Dream tossed the bags onto the trolley before pushing it alongside them as they walked towards the exit. Sapnap and George continued to playfully argue about the sudden urge that had coursed through George to act so out of character--especially in a public setting.

George was sure to put the blame on the fact that he was exhausted--as if he hadn't spent most of the flight sleeping--Dream did not chime in to reprimand him.

In reality, George *did* miss Sapnap. It was a weird feeling, the one he received from landing in an airport that seemed unfamiliar to him on his first arrival.

And he felt as though it was due to the serotonin that surged through him when he singled out Sapnap in the busy area, which was because of the comfort; the comfort he unmistakably found in Sapnap.

London was always going to be home, but you could have two, George concluded. One that felt like a retreat and one that felt permanent.

Florida itself wasn't his permanent home; *it was them*, George wedged himself in between Sapnap's and Dream's seats just as he had when Sapnap was dropping them at the International departure, *his home was wherever he was with them*.

-

The week they returned to Florida offered them one single day of rest before they were thrown into the chaos that is moving houses.

Dream and Sapnap had gotten in a total of fifteen arguments, all petty and non-effective on their

bond.

Most of them consisted of Dream getting angry with Sapnap for not packing things from the kitchen in the right boxes and Sapnap getting mad at Dream for not labelling the boxes.

"I know which box is which," Dream had said when taping up the box that Sapnap had fought to label 'Kitchen shit'.

"How? They all look the fucking same, dumbass." Sapnap had said, after graciously taking the box from Dream's hold.

And their arguments had stemmed from the stress that came with moving houses; George had never really had to move, maybe only once, but he was too young to have been actively aware of the process.

So, he sat back and found amusement in the screaming matches interrupted by Sapnap or Dream saying something dumb which would cause the both of them to laugh briefly, calming them down from their impulsive rage.

It was a Saturday afternoon when most of the unpacked things had been slotted and set in their respective rooms of the new house.

The echo of empty rooms slowly evading the space that was now filled with furniture. They retired on the couch, in their new living room that differed in size from their previous one.

"I want wagyu steak so bad, dude." Sapnap moaned as he shut his eyes, the thought of his desired food filling his mind.

"We can make that for dinner," Dream suggested as he looked up from his phone.

George returned from the kitchen with a glass of water occupying his hand, "I've never had that."

"What," Sapnap's body jerked forward as he stared at George, wide-eyed, "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

George's brows knitted, "It's not like I was actively avoiding it--"

"Dream, bro, we're having wagyu steak. There's no way this motherfucker is gonna stay in my house not having tried *wagyu steak*."

Dream giggled and nodded, "Alright. We have to go buy it, though."

Sapnap groaned as he threw his head back onto the couch's headrest, "If I have to leave this house one more time today, I'm gonna quit the act of living."

Dream let out a tired sigh, "Fine, I'll go."

"Can I come?" George swallowed the bit of water he had consumed as Dream spoke.

Dream smiled softly at him, "Of course."

"Try not to take ten years," Sapnap shot them a look.

Dream flipped him off as he made his way towards the front door, twirling the key ring around his index finger.

"No chance," George chuckled lightly, "Dream always drives like he's late for something."

And his statement was further justified when they arrived at the plaza in record time. Dream pushed on his sunglasses before flapping up the visor mirror.

George tried not to stare at him for too long; something about Dream wearing sunglasses had him feeling a certain way.

They purchase the steak, Dream holding the door open for George as they exited the butcher shop. A shop had stood out to George the moment he mindlessly looked around the plaza as they walked through the parking lot to return to Dream's car.

"Dream," George tugged at the hem of the blonde's shirt.

Dream slowed in his tracks, following George's pointer finger which was directed to a--,"
"The *adult* store?"

George cackled, "What is this place?" He looked over the plaza, "Why is there a sex shop three doors down from the butcher's?"

Dream snorted, "Fuck if I know," They momentarily seized in their spots until the blonde smirked, "You wanna go in?"

George whipped his head in his direction, tilting his chin slightly to look into his eyes, "What? What is wrong with you--"

"*You* pointed it out--"

"I point a lot of things out--"

"Oh my God, you really do--"

"Doesn't mean--shut up--doesn't mean I wanna go in there," George concluded their small back and forth with a sigh, sliding his hands into the pockets of his shorts.

Dream stifled a laugh, there was a small tint of pink that coursed through his cheeks, "Nick and I went in here once."

George's brows furrowed briefly before a laugh whisked past his curved lips, "For *what*?"

"We were bored, he was high, and I was trying to find things for us to do." Dream spoke so fast, his tone was laced in embarrassment.

George placed a hand over his mouth, a laugh begging to course past his lips, "So, you--" His shoulders jerked up as he suppressed his laugh before dropping his hand from his mouth, "So you go into an adult store--"

"We were *curious*," Dream looked down at the ground, the sunglasses sliding down the bridge of his nose slightly.

"Well," George took in a small breath as he glanced at the store, "I mean..." He shrugged, "I guess it's not as weird as when Ponk bought that lube on our night out--" Earning a laugh from Dream, George giggled as he turned his head to look up at him, "Do you want to go in?"

Dream recollected himself and dwelled on George's suggestion, "I mean, okay, to be fair," He cleared his throat and took his sunglasses off, hooking the temples over the neckline of his shirt, "I

never did get you those handcuffs."

George, for a moment, was as confused as he could be until a memory resurfaced his mind; the text messages exchanged through them when Dream was in the studio recording with Parker.

'I think you'd make them look good'

'Prove it,'

'Get me the handcuffs and I will'

A blush crept through his cheeks as his face began to warm up with slight embarrassment, "Oh," He chuckled timidly, "Right."

"I'd say we've gotten pretty comfortable with each other in that...department," Dream burst through a small fit of giggles when George covered his eyes with his hand, "This could be a fun thing to try."

George slid his hand from his eyes to tilt his cheek into that palm, "I...guess? You're going to be the one wearing them, though, so."

"Oh, trust me, George," Dream walked past him, placing a firm grip on the door handle to the taunting sex shop, "I know."

George glanced up at the 'open' neon sign before flitting his gaze to Dream, "This is so fucking weird."

"...But?"

"But fuck it, let's go." George's lips cracked into a grin as he nodded his head to the door.

And it was so fucking awkward, at first. George made sure to avoid all eye contact with the person at the counter, Dream gave him a small wave as he laughed nervously.

George was old enough to be acquainted with most of the things he saw on display as they first walked into the store. And having lived in London and attended British UNI added 'entrance into a sex shop' to a summation of five times.

One of which was his call, when he was plastered with his housemates on a night out, Ponk excluded; they were stumbling about, touching things and picking up items that had them roaring in laughter as they made obscene visualizations with their hand movements around the toys.

But being twenty-four, with his internet best friend that he's only physically been with for two months, made the situation feel like the first. Until Dream's immature side began seeping through every time he'd pick something up from the shelves or racks.

One of which was in the shape of a tear-drop, a fake gemstone embezzled on the other end of the one-inch stem.

"Dream--"

"Is this a--" Dream's wheeze whistle through his grin, his face had gone red from suppressing his laughter, "This is a butt-plug."

George chortled and slapped his hand over his mouth as he looked over Dream's shoulder at the attendant at the counter. Dream leaned into him, hiding his face into the crook of George's neck as

he continued to laugh quietly.

There was nothing funny about this sex toy, but it was *them*. They were in this store together, scrutinizing these things next to each other. *Everything* was funny. And incredibly awkward, which provoked their nervous and insuppressible laughter.

"Shut *up*," George spoke against his shoulder before knocking his head into it to lightly shove him away.

"Do we add it to the--bask--et?" Dream spoke through his strained throat, still keeping his laugh at bay.

George burst into a cackle before he quickly covered it with a cough, "Put it--" He sucked in a sharp breath, "Put it back."

"No, you're--" Dream took in a deep breath and placed it back onto the shelf, "You're right. Back to business, we came here for handcuffs."

George's eyes fluttered shut as he beamed, "Yeah, I..." As he re-opened his eyes, they unintentionally fell onto something he was *not* acquainted with.

"What?" Dream giggled as he followed his eyes.

"What..." George trailed off as he walked over to the item that caught his eye, he unhooked it from the rack and turned to face Dream before lifting it up so it levelled with his eyes, "...the fuck?"

"What is *that*--dude, it looks like--"

"Tugger penis ring," George read off the label out loud, not a single thought being processed.

"Tugger--I," Dream's hand flew to his crotch instinctively before he squirmed in his spot, "Why are there *two* fucking holes?"

"Why are you asking me?" George's brows furrowed as he asked through a half-smile.

Dream shrugged, "You're twenty-four."

"Okay?" George lifted an eyebrow, "And you're a freak."

"*You're* a freak." Dream shoved his shoulder lightly.

George returned the sex toy to its rack with a giggle flowing past his lips before he turned to Dream, "Entering this place was a mutual decision, we're both freaks."

They spent a couple more minutes nervously laughing at some of the items they picked up out of curiosity; like a couple of teenagers in a Sex-ED class laughing in between themselves.

Before checking out after retrieving the fluffy handcuffs, they were both sure to spend a solid fifteen seconds giggling like idiots while picking out a colour as if it mattered. George just wanted to pick a random one and get out of the store; the longer they stayed, the more apparent it became to him: the absurdity of what they were doing.

"I'm not checking it out--"

"*I'm* not looking into that person's eyes holding fluffy handcuffs, George--"

"I'm *not* doing it--"

"Alright, fine, but," Dream smirked as he looked him down, "You're grabbing the lube--"

"What? No. Just come get it with me--"

"Nope," Dream said, making his way to the register.

"Dream--"

Before George could reach out for his hand, Dream moved past him and made a b-line for the register.

George sucked in a sharp breath, shutting his eyes momentarily as if he were calming himself down. He looked at the back of Dream's head and shot daggers his way; *fucking idiot*. He broke into a bitter smile when Dream looked over his shoulder to winningly grin at him.

George's cheeks were hot when he was stood in front of a shelf that displayed a series of lube; *what the fuck was he actually doing? And how had they gotten to this point in their "relationship" for them to be casually hanging out in a sex store, leaving with handcuffs and lube?*

The thought made him inwardly cringe, but he grabbed a random one off the shelf before making his way towards Dream who was speaking with the cashier.

As he neared Dream, George heard something escape past Dream's lips; a term he hadn't heard Dream say other than the night they had gotten in that fight.

And the difference lied within the tone, how it rolled off so naturally and fluidly off of Dream's tongue.

"...--waiting on my boyfriend--" But he *had* stopped himself, almost as if he had taken himself aback by what had come out of his mouth, "--to get...something else."

And it was because Dream had let it slip just as George reached his side, the two of them meeting each other's eyes; Dream's own wide with surprise as the corner of George's lips curved upwards out of shock, but also because Dream's expression was priceless.

George passed him the bottle of lube before turning around, giving his back to the cashier as he pressed his curved lips against the ball of his palm. *There is absolutely no fucking way he just said that*, George scoffed out a muffled laugh as Dream followed through with the purchase.

The cashier bagged their items before bidding them a nice day; George made his way to the exit, Dream followed in silence. Neither of them exchanged a word until they settled inside the car.

George was the first to break the silence when he croaked out, "Boyfriend, huh?" He drew his bottom lip between his teeth as he stared at the windshield.

Dream dropped his forehead against his steering wheel, "I can't believe I slipped up and it was in a fucking sex shop."

George burst out laughing before clasping his hand over his mouth; he glanced over at Dream who still had his eyes shut as he pressed his forehead against the steering wheel.

"I actually think it's sort of fitting." George ran a hand through his fringe before clutching it in between his fingers.

"George," Dream whined as he lifted his forehead off the steering wheel only to hide his face in his hands.

"Aw, *Dweam*," George's laugh sputtered out as he reached for Dream's back, placing comforting taps, "It's alright."

"I'm sorry. I know we're not...like," Dream took one hand off his face and flailed it in the air, "You know."

George pursed his lips, his smile still cracking through as he shook his head, "Let's just get home, yeah? Sappnap's going to shout at us."

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The wagyu steak was cooked and served, courtesy of Dream. Sappnap gave a helping hand the best he could. George had been playing with Patches while not really paying attention to the NBA game that unravelled on the TV screen ahead.

He was eventually forced into watching it when they were sat in the living room having their dinner; George would make sure to voice out his indifference towards the game whenever Dream and Sappnap would enter a debate on the players. They made sure to playfully berate him, which only had him giggling to himself.

That was Saturday.

The following Sunday started off slow in the morning; Patches was wedged in between Dream's and George's sleeping bodies. She was carefully placed on the ground shortly after Dream wanted to cuddle George because he insisted he didn't get to hold him enough throughout the night—George pretended to be reluctant about it, but he wasted no time in allowing Dream's arms to envelop him.

The Monday that followed, the trio streamed together. George was finally able to use his own setup in the spare room. They still hadn't told the viewers of George's whereabouts.

The three of them spent the night in the living room, watching a film until they all eventually fell asleep—not a single one of them getting up throughout the night to return to their beds.

Sappnap also hadn't seemed fazed when he woke up to his two best friends enveloped in each other's hold.

It wasn't something he hadn't seen once before—but after everything that had happened since things had seemingly started getting serious between them, this was the first of being openly touchy in plain sight.

The following days of the week had gone likely; most nights they all fell asleep on the couch, watching a series that they had all somewhat mutually grew a liking to.

The days on which Sappnap returned to his room, Dream and George would retrieve to theirs. They were immensely thankful for the thick walls and the distance between theirs and Sappnap's room seeing as they were now comfortable entering the engagements in which they initiated in London.

George's mind seemed to have eased out since their talk in London. And when he would sometimes shy away from certain things, on behalf of the poisoning mindset, Dream was there to coax him. As he had promised he would.

The mention of the term "boyfriend" which had slipped in the sex shop hadn't been brought up again. And the handcuffs purchased in the aforementioned shop hadn't been used, the lube, however, was resting at the one-third mark.

It's not like it was constant; Sapnap still occupied the same space they did. They decided to reserve those carnally driven prompts for when they were positive Sapnap was busy with something or asleep; that was mostly late at night, which worked better for them.

There was one night, however, that had the three of them emotionally vexed in the most awkward situation.

Sapnap was in his room, Dream and George were certain that his attention would be preoccupied for the next few hours.

So, when Dream didn't think twice about hoisting George up on the dining table as their lips fervently chased the taste their mouths offered the other, neither of them thought they'd be interrupted.

"Oh, holy shit—" Sapnap's voice seeped through their space.

Dream and George had jumped off each other in a vast movement. George slid off the table immediately, his back turned to Sapnap who teetered between the last step and the floorboards that lead to the living room. Dream had the back of his wrist pressed against his spit-licked lips as he stared at Sapnap with slightly widened eyes and flushed features.

"Fuck," Dream breathed out as he dropped his hand to his side, "Fuck, sorry Sap—"

"Don't—" Sapnap held his hand up and looked down at the ground, "I don't...please don't say anything right now," He chuckled nervously.

"Dude, I thought you were—"

"You..." Sapnap began as he brought his eyes up from the ground slowly to fix them on the dining table, "*We eat there.*"

"We weren't—we weren't going to...like we were just—"

"I don't wanna know." Sapnap cut him off indefinitely.

The silence that followed pushed George to not want to turn around because he felt as if facing Sapnap would only aggravate the way he was feeling, and he couldn't bear the thought of having to be faced with the look of absolute shock, disgust, or blatant disbelief that the younger held catching his two best friends ferociously making out.

If George had the slight bit of willpower to turn around and face him, however, he would note that in his and Dream's defence, they rarely ate at the dining table.

"Sorry, Nick." Dream breathed out, the sole of his shoes peeling off the floorboards as he shifted in his spot.

"Nah, it's...it's nothing you have to be sorry for, I'm just...it just took me by surprise." Sapnap's voice was quiet.

George could only feel the cold flash progress into a rundown through his body as the seconds elapsed around them.

A pained laugh emitted Dream's lips, "That's...fair."

And George really wished he could fall off the face of the earth at that very moment, and Sapnap's elongated silence before he spoke up again certainly didn't help.

"I was just gonna fill up my water," Sapnap's voice remained quiet, but the sound of his windbreaker moving with his steps towards the kitchen took some relief off George's shoulders.

Only a fraction of it, though, as the thought of the image of Dream and him making out would be permanently engraved in Sapnap's mind—no matter how brief of a look he'd gotten.

Ever since that incident, Dream and George had gone the extra mile of keeping a friendly distance between themselves around Sapnap.

It wasn't too much for them to do; they weren't constantly going through cravings of filling their sexual desires, some nights were spent just playfully arguing and being annoyed at each other.

Sometimes they'd even temporarily ignore each other out of pettiness, just as they had in the past five years of their friendship.

And Dream was loaded with work, as was Sapnap and George, so that had them preoccupied most days and nights.

-

They had then been residing in their new house for a month, including the day filled with the awkward incident and the time Dream and George went into a sex shop, attaining a whole new level of absurdity.

Dream was in the kitchen, playing around with Patches after having fed her and George was on the couch, mindlessly scrolling through Tik Tok, switching the positions he laid in until he found one that was momentarily comfortable.

It was fairly silent; the only sounds heard in intervals were the Tik Toks on George's phones and Dream's sweet coos to Patches.

Until Sapnap strolled into the room, the sound of his keys bumping against the keychains emitting clinking noises, "Alright, boys. I'm off."

Dream poked his head out from the kitchen, holding tightly onto Patches whose head rested softly against his clothed bicep, "Your girlfriend?"

"Yeah," Sapnap's voice distanced itself from George when the younger reached Dream's side to pet Patches, "Probably gonna spend the night there, honestly."

When George indolently turned his head to the side to glance at Sapnap and Dream, his eyes immediately caught the familiar long sleeve that Sapnap sported.

The brunet sat up in his seat, turned around so he could face Sapnap, "Is that my shirt?"

Sapnap glanced down at his shirt and looked back up at George with a timid smile, "Yeah--"

"You look good, Sap." Dream tilted his head to the side, taking a small step back to admire his outfit.

Sapnap grinned, "Thanks, man."

George stood up from the couch, "How did you get my shirt?"

"It was on top of the dryer--"

"I left it there on purpose--"

"You snooze you lose, bud."

"Give me my shirt back, idiot--"

"No," Sapnap said nonchalantly before he made his way to the front door, "See you--"

"Sapnap!" George yelled after him, through a small laugh.

"Bye!" Sapnap sing-sang as he closed the door behind him.

"You can't lie, he does it justice." Dream turned to look at George.

George groaned and fell back onto the couch dramatically, "He's been dipping into my closet a little too much lately."

"To be fair, you two share a very similar style." Dream shrugged lightly, disposing of Patches onto the ground.

She leaped out of his arms and jumped up onto the couch where she rested on the headrest. George tutted at her, putting his hand out for her attention, which had her moving from her spot to join his side.

"George," Dream stated after a moment of watching Patches and George.

"Hm?" George hadn't looked up at him, eyes still washing over Patches as he fondly smiled down at her.

"Sapnap's gone." Dream stated, immediately ceasing the rhythm of George's fingers against Patches' fur.

George shot his head in Dream's direction, the corner of his lips twisting upwards. Dream mirrored his smile, a small laugh escaping him the moment George got up from the couch.

"Geor--" Dream was cut off when George reached his side at the fastest pace he could muster before he jumped up in his hold, which Dream was prepared for.

George's lips captured Dream's own instantly; the rush of it all had caused breathy laughs to pass through their mouths every time their lips briefly separate from the other. Dream adjusted his grip at the bottom of George's thighs, riding his hands up to cup the brunet's ass.

George rolled his head back, an opened mouth smirk forming itself on his lips, "Dickhead."

"And I'm the freak," Dream mumbled as he desperately tilted his chin upwards to chase George's lips.

George smashed their lips together, their teeth's accidentally clashing against the other. Dream slotted their lips back together fluidly, their saliva travelling from their battling tongues to the corner of their mouths as their lips ground against each other desperately.

A moan resonated in Dream's throat as George redirected his hands from the back of his neck to his

hair.

"Bed," George's words came muffled into their embrace but were definitely heard when Dream began directing them up the stairs.

They both momentarily broke the kiss when Dream tripped on a step, George's back lightly hitting the steps as Dream tried his best to assuage George's fall as well as his own.

"Shit," Dream chuckled, his breath oscillating with George's whilst the tips of their noses bumped.

George giggled and placed one hand on the step behind him, bringing his lips back to Dream's, reinstating their embrace.

Dream hummed a laugh against their moving lips, "Geor—" He pulled his neck back to look down into George's slitted eyelids, "Bedroom is just a few steps away."

George rolled his eyes before fisting his shirt and readjusting himself on the stairs so they both stood up simultaneously. Dream smirked at George when the brunet turned around to jog up the stairs, but not before he took Dream's hand in his.

Dream placed one hand firmly at George's waist as they picked up their pace, making a b-line for the bedroom. The blonde barely had time to close the door before George shoved him against the wooden surface.

Dream curved his hands around his neck, pushing George back into his steps to move them towards the bed. George moved back, following the steps encouraged by Dream, their lips never growing tired from the arising deprivation of each other's taste.

George turned them around so the top of Dream's calves hit the mattress. He pulled his lips away from his, a line of spit stringing their bruised skins. Dream looked down at him, breathless and through lidded eyes. George dragged his eyes across his features, smirking as he did so before settling them on his lips.

George brought of his thumb to tap his bottom lip, the spit causing his thumb to glide across the skin fluidly, "Handcuffs."

Dream's breath had audibly hitched, his warm breath no longer aerating onto George's thumb; they both looked into each other's eyes.

George cocked his head to the side lightly, "Where are they, Dream?"

George took notice of the bob from the blonde's adam's apple, following the swallowing noise, "Um," His bottom lip moved against George's thumb, "Top drawer." He briefly flickered his gaze to the dresser behind the brunet.

George slicked his lips, pausing for a moment as his umber eyes swam in Dream's verdant irides, "You're okay with this, right?"

"Yes," The corner of Dream's twitched up, "It's definitely new, but," He breathed out quietly.

Suddenly, their voices had adopted a whispering tone.

"You don't have to do anything you're not ready for," George lifted the pad of his thumb off his jutted lip before brushing it across his cheek, "We're still sort of new at this whole thing."

Dream smiled softly; all of the sexual tension that lingered heavily between them momentarily dissipated—replaced by a softness they simultaneously felt for the other, one that stemmed from genuine care.

The blonde jacketed his hands around George's face, "I want to," He asserted.

George nodded, placing his hand against his chest before stepping back. He turned on his heel retrieving the handcuffs from the drawer, smiling dubiously to himself before facing Dream after having shut the drawer.

"Jesus Christ," Dream puffed out his cheeks, the redness in them more and more apparent, "What have we become?"

George walked over to him, the black fluff of the handcuffs contrasting against the paleness of his forefinger which hooked itself around the cuff, "This is insane," He glanced down at the dangling cuffs before looking up at Dream, "Right?"

"Yeah," Dream snickered as he met his eyes.

"Should we...not?"

"No," Dream pressed his lips into a thin line as a smile begged itself into the tightened skin, "We're just," He dipped his head down, pressing a soft kiss against George's jaw line, a soft sigh issuing from the brunet's nostrils, "Getting creative."

"Mm," George giggled through a hum, angling his neck to the side so as to allow Dream's lips more space against his jawline, "Creative is—" He gasped when he felt the blonde's teeth graze against his jaw, "—definitely one way to put it."

Dream brushed his knuckles along George's side before reaching the hem of his shirt, tugging onto it, mentally asking for the riddance of it. George happily complied, Dream pulled it off him with ease, the handcuffs hung loosely in George's grip as he felt lightheaded when Dream returned his lips to his neck.

"Fuck," George cursed under his breath, rolling his head back when Dream sucked the tender skin between his teeth.

Dream brushed both sets of his fingernails down George's bare spine, the pad of his fingers catering to the canal the dip created. George's arm felt numb as they rested indolently at his side; his eyes shut, head lulled back to grant Dream's lips more space for their paradoxical sinful and godly work.

Dream wrapped his fingers as his waist, George's skin was warm under his touch; the blonde squeezed the fat in between his grip when George stumbled into him; the brunet's forehead gently colliding against Dream's shoulder.

Dream poked his tongue out, dragging the tip of the wet skin alongside his collarbones before grazing his teeth on George's bare shoulder. At that, George swung his forearms across Dream's shoulders, rolling his hips against Dream's lower half.

Dream slipped his hand past the waistband of George's sweats and briefs, the pad his thumbs pressing down on the dimples resting just above George's ass causing the brunet to press his chest against his.

Before George could allow him to proceed, he pulled back entirely, placing a firm hand on the

blonde's shoulder, "Nice try," He smirked up at Dream, who shut his eyes defeatedly, though a smile grew on his face before he looked at George through a lowered gaze, "Don't exhaust yourself, Dream," He teased, causing growth in Dream's smile as he veered his eyes to the side, "I'll take care of you tonight."

Dream rolled his eyes, "I'm so sure."

George tilted his head to the side, eyebrows knitted, "What was that?"

Dream bit his lip, his smile forming itself into a grin as he hung his head, "Nothing—"

"That was a little bitchy, wasn't it?" George's words caught Dream's eyes in an instant.

"Yeah?" Dream mimicked the way George had tilted his head, "What's it to you?"

George paused momentarily; the two of them staring each other down as their smirks grew with the seconds elapsing around them.

"Sit down, Dream," George calmly ordered.

Dream drew in a breath, lifting his chin up slightly as he took a step towards George; the way their bodies were previously close in proximity made it so that George had to incline his jaw the most he could to peer into Dream's eyes as the blonde hovered over his height.

"No." Dream rasped, the curve in his lips still apparent.

George's eyebrows shot up challengingly, "You say no?" He pretended to be unfazed, playing it off as if he had actually missed what Dream had said.

"Ye—" Before Dream could reply, George shoved him harshly against the mattress, a punched-out huff escaping past Dream's lips as he allowed the mattress to dip beneath him.

George smiled down at him when Dream looked up into his eyes with a small surprise, "You gonna be annoying, then? That's the road you've decided to take?"

Dream licked his lips as his eyes looked drunk with avidity the more he scanned George's features, "Maybe," His voice came out into a near-whisper.

George found it amusing; he counted back to their first time fooling around with each other. How Dream had said he liked it best when the things he did left George breathless. And the more they fuelled their libido, the more George understood the high Dream received from making him flustered.

Seeing Dream with his eyes glossed over, almost in a pleading and obedient-like manner triggered something in George he wasn't sure he felt was right to like—but those morals became invisible to them when they were feeding each other's cravings through obscene actions.

"Wrists," George wasn't sure what caused the hoarseness in his voice, but it had slithered into his tone the longer he looked at Dream, "Please."

Dream cracked a soft smile through his flustered countenance before he slowly lifted his wrist up in front of his own eyes. George took a step forward, Dream spread his legs a tad bit so the brunet could fit in between the frame his limbs offered.

George lifted his eyes off undoing the handcuffs to glimpse at him, "Off," He nodded his head at

his shirt.

Dream was slightly taken aback, a surprised smile grew on his face as he hooked his fingers on the back of the neckline of his shirt before pulling it over his head and tossing it on the ground.

George had suddenly lost a tad bit of confidence that had been previously inputted when Dream was challenging him; with the blonde now looking up at him as George fastened on the cuffs around his wrists gently, the brunet felt weak at the knees. They caught each other's eyes; George timidly smiling down at him through the ends of his fringe as Dream mirrored the curve of his lips, almost as if he were encouraging him.

The last click on the cuffs caused a drawing of a breath from the both of them; the black fluff complementing the tan skin it circled.

"Gonna be a little hard not to touch you while you're riding me, George," Dream admitted as George hooked his finger around the chain that connected the cuffs.

George, then, furrowed his eyebrows—containing the smile that begged to surface, "Who the fuck said I was gonna be riding you?"

Dream's face fell in an instant; shock had filled his features as he was made aware of George's plan, "You're joking."

George smothered a laugh, shaking his head.

Dream's eyes fluttered shut, "Oh my fucking God."

George bit his bottom lip as he watched Dream dropped his head lightly, eyes fixated on his wrists, "Second thoughts?"

Dream's head shot up as he looked at him quizzically, almost as if George had asked the stupidest question, "Second thou—are you—*fuck no*. I'm just already..." He looked down again and it was then that George understood that he had not previously looked down at the cuffs, but rather the bulge that already formed itself through his sweats, "...just by you..." He looked back up into George's eyes, "Like, taking over—taking control."

Stuttering, George held back a laugh. *He was so fucking flustered.*

George dug one knee into the spot next to Dream's thigh, the springs of the mattress sounding through as he pushed his weight into it, "Taking control?" He asked as he placed his hands on Dream's shoulders, "You like when I take over, do you?"

Dream's lips remained parted in awe as he looked up at George, "You look so fucking good doing it, it drives me insane."

George crushed his laugh through a hum as he lifted one hand off his shoulder, hooking his finger under Dream's chin to lift it up slightly, "How insane?"

Dream looked absolutely out of it; glazed over eyes, pupils dilated, and lips emitting small laboured breaths, "I don't..." He trailed off, swallowing so he could assuage his dry throat.

George shook his head, pretending as if he awaited an answer from him, "You don't...?" He dragged the pad of his index finger across Dream's jawline before he leaned down, bringing his lips against his ear, "Hands and knees, please."

Dream's forehead collided against George's shoulder, his own shoulder relaxing under George's free hand.

Dream slowly reclined back until his back hit the mattress, his cuffed wrists against his chest, the black fluff contrasting against his cream skin. He shuffled back as much as he could, given that his hands were of no use to him.

George climbed onto the bed seconds after, his knees digging into the mattress on either side of Dream's legs as his fingers tugged down the waistband of the blonde's sweats.

Dream bucked his hips so George could slide off the piece of clothing with ease before he tossed it to the floor behind him.

George dragged his fingernails down Dream's bare chest, his touch seeming like it was sparkling fire as the blonde squirmed underneath him. George stopped at the band of his briefs, looking down at Dream suggestively as the blonde looked up at him, at a loss for words—lips parted, soft breaths coursing through them.

George leaned down on his forearms, caging the warmth of Dream's body in between his arms as he rejoiced their lips. Dream sighed into the kiss, his knuckles pushing into George's sternum as it was all he could reach.

George pulled away briefly, pressing a chaste kiss on the corner of his mouth until he brought his lips to the blonde's temple, "You gonna be okay?" The wisps of Dream's hair tickled his lips as he spoke.

"Yes." Dream whispered, his fevered breath extending onto George's neck.

George moved his lips to Dream's forehead, placing a gentle kiss upon the skin, "Good," He looked down at him, admiring the way the emerald in Dream's eyes were slowly being conquered by his pupils as George sat back onto his knees, "Ready?" He drummed his fingers alongside Dream's ribs before placing a firm grip at his waist.

Dream drew in his bottom lip, his head tilted to the side as he looked at George through heavy-lidded eyes, "Mhm." He nodded slowly.

George lifted himself off his lap slightly, to flip Dream over; the blonde's compliance made it so his forearms were pressed underneath his body and into the mattress in a suave movement. Dream's chin brushed against the linen of the pillow before he rested his cheek against it.

George's heart began pumping through his chest; it was a common occurrence whenever he would top—Dream was always so quick with his thought process, not thinking twice about how he would assess the situation. George realized he wasn't taking as much time to follow through with his calculations, but to him, one thought felt like it lasted ages.

George's grip returned to Dream's waist as he yanked his hips off the mattress causing Dream to prop himself up on his elbows.

George glanced at the mirror that reflected the bed and his heart swelled at the image projected onto the looking-glasses; Dream looked inexplicably angelic with his back arched, his forehead pressed against his forearm, the blonde of his hair mingling with the black of the cuffs.

George returned his eyes to the curve of Dream's back; being met with the dip in his spine as his body snaked itself underneath his touch. The brunet leaned forward, pressing feather-light kisses on his shoulder blades. Dream's impulse had him jerking his lower half against George's own,

causing a light chuckle to course past the brunet's working lips.

"Be patient," George whispered against his skin, earning a suppressed moan from Dream.

George flattened his tongue against his lower lip, dragging it across the slope between Dream's shoulder blade up to the nape of his neck where he flicked the tip of his tongue, earning another jerk from Dream, which caused George to tightened his grip around his waist.

Were it not for Dream, George wasn't sure he'd ever think of executing the salacious actions he implemented onto Dream's body. These calculated thoughts stemmed from somewhere; experience with the very person that was already writhing underneath him.

"Do me a favour?" George hushed against the nape of his neck, his eyes flickering to the mirror as he watched Dream nod.

George shifted his eyes to the back of Dream's head, lifting his chest off the blonde's back as he placed one hand around his neck; his fingers lightly pressing against Dream's throat as he lifted his head up.

Dream complied and as though he had caught movement in the corner of his eyes, he looked over at their reflection in the mirror. George watched the way Dream had paused at the sight, almost as if he, too, was in a marvel of the image.

"You look pretty," George praised as he ran his fingers through the back of Dream's hair with his free hand.

Dream hung his head after having bit his lip to suppress another moan, nearly choking out at the grip George held on his neck which caused him to look back up at the reflection. George looked, as well, and their eyes met.

George kept their gaze locked in the reflection as he brought his hand to cup Dream's jaw. The blonde pushed his lower half against him once more, George licked his lips before pressing them into a thin line—the sound of pleasure begging to escape taking the form of an exhale through his nose.

George dragged the pad of his forefinger across Dream's lips, watching the blonde's reflection and taking notice of the way his eyes fluttered shut; *he was so sensitive, every little touch was drawing him to the edge*. George hooked his finger into his mouth, Dream's breath reeled as his eyes fluttered open to catch their reflection again before wrapping his lips around George's digit.

And when Dream purposely looked into George's eyes through their reflection, George felt like he was going to combust into pieces. The feeling and the sight of Dream putty in his hands as he sucked on the second finger George slid past his spit-licked lips nourished his licentious mind.

George could feel the blood aiding the pulse that throbbed within his tightening briefs when Dream swirled his tongue around his fingers, his eyes rolled back before they flickered shut. *How the fuck did someone look so pretty doing something so obscene?*

George wasn't sure what prompted him to follow through with the next non-calculated thought as he pushed the pad of his fingers onto Dream's tongue, the blonde's mouth opening ever slightly as he uttered a small gag.

At that, George pulled his fingers out—resting them in between Dream's gums and his bottom lip, eyelids heavy and his heart thumping against his chest as he momentarily locked eyes with Dream's glistening ones. He brought the hand he had around Dream's neck to the band of his briefs before

slipping them off.

Dream lifted each knee off the mattress so as to aid George in the process of ridding the suffocating fabric. A small whimper had slipped past Dream's lips when the air of the room fanned over his newly exposed skin.

George returned one hand to Dream's shoulder before pulling his fingers from his mouth. Dream hung his head once more, his fringe sashayed against the fluff of the cuffs.

George gave his shoulder a tight squeeze, a non-verbal warning that he was about to prep him and Dream glanced at their reflection in the mirror—George met his eyes once again; their cheeks were flushed and Dream's eyelids were shielding the move of his irides, but he nodded affirmatively.

George flickered his eyes to the back of Dream's head, he could see half of his features—Dream kept his eyes fixated on the mirror the best he could, but George kept his eyes on the sight of him; the raw sight of Dream, in front of him.

George drew in his bottom lip between his teeth before he pressed the pad of his forefinger against Dream's cleft, earning a gasp followed by a quiet sigh as the blonde momentarily looked away from the mirror.

The brunet's eyes coursed through the way beads of sweat had already begun forming in the dimples of Dream's back.

George slowly pushed his finger past his tight walls, Dream adjusted to the feeling—something that wasn't new but still felt weird on the first go after a while.

George drew his finger in and out, in slow pumps, before adding the other—two usually had Dream reacting differently already, George had already gotten accustomed to it.

And he loved that he had familiarized himself with Dream's reactions to certain touches—it kept him on track, he felt as if he knew what he was doing.

Pumping his fingers at a rhythm that graduated from slow and careful to accelerated with a few curves of his digits, George had worked Dream up to soft breathy moans.

George leaned forward, pressing the knuckle of his ring finger against Dream's stretched hole; the brunet ghosted his lips over the warmth of Dream's ear. George probed the tightened skin with the ends of his ring finger, sensing the hitch in Dream's body as he sucked in a sharp breath.

"Three okay?" George whispered against his ear.

Dream borderline whined a "yes", and George nearly had to hold himself back from sliding his finger to join the other two that were already in its pumping process—*hearing Dream begging for it with a single word, because it was all he could muster, was George's ultimate witness.*

George slid in his ring finger, slotting it next to the middle as it joined in the steady rhythm—Dream sucked in the air through his gritted teeth before releasing a drawled-out moan.

George began pressing light kisses and kitten licks against the back of his ear, which only aggravated Dream's breathless panting as he writhed underneath George's ghosting weight.

"George—" He knocked his head back, the softness of his hair brushing against George's lapel, the brunet's lips slipped past his ear as they fluidly met the curve of Dream's neck on which he transposed the previous kitten licks to, "George...fuck," Dream grunted as he rolled his hips against

George's working digits.

George grazed his teeth over the supple skin before releasing it, the skin fading from bubblegum pink to white as he brought his lips to Dream's jawline, "Sh, sh, sh," He coaxed him, earning a lamented moan from the blonde, "You already good?"

"I'm read—ready. Just go," And then the sound of disobedience against the restraint of the cuffs sounded through the yanked chains—*it had become unbearable, but in the contradictory sense that he wanted more of George within him*—George turned his head to look at him, but Dream lulled his head forward causing George to distance his chest from the blonde's back, "Please. I fucking need you," Dream's voice was hoarse, pleading and desperate.

George glanced at their reflection; Dream had his pink-tinted cheeks contrasting against the white linen of the pillowcase; loose fluff from the handcuffs had also dispatched across the white of the fabric.

George slowly withdrew his fingers, his eyes travelling down to the rosy ring that his pumping fingers formed. The brunet glanced over at Dream—whose shoulder blades were defined through his skin as his shoulders tensed with the lack of the feeling he had gotten accustomed to.

After George retrieved the lube from the top drawer of the nightstand, coating his dick in the thickness of the liquid and making sure to circle Dream's hole so as to assuage the process, the brunet placed one firm grip on his shoulder, the other around his cock as he eased the tip past Dream's stretched skin.

"Oh my fuck—" Dream's breath caught as he leaned forward onto his forearms, his chest flush against the cuffs as his head fell against the pillow, "Holy shit," He turned his head into the pillow, the last syllable of his profanity muffled.

George drew circles with the pad his thumb against his gripped skin as he continued to inch into him, not taking pauses or breaks as Dream began inching himself back onto George until his ass was pressed up against the brunet's bare hips.

George looked past his fringe and watched as Dream shifted on his knees, re-propping himself up on his elbows as he glanced over at the mirror.

George brought the hand he had on Dream's shoulder and gripped the blonde's vacant side before sliding him off—to which elicited another cuss from Dream—before he thrust back in gently.

The sound of restraint being heard through the cuffs had George looking at their reflection; Dream had fisted the pillowcase, his teeth sinking into his bottom lip slowly as he arched his back.

George began entering a steady rhythm, thrusting into him with more and more fervour, the sound of Dream's moans augmenting in volume urged the quickening of his pace.

The sound of their colliding skins when George had begun pounding into him mingled with Dream's loud moans and harmonious, yet salacious complaints.

George would elicit occasional moans but almost wanted to suppress his noises of pleasure because he wanted to single out Dream's—because *holy fuck did he sound like an absolute angel begging for George to go faster and harder with every thrust*.

George purposely slowed down at one point, wanting to readjust so his tip could collide with Dream's prostate—and so that he could ride him out into the best high he could muster—because he deserved that much.

The brunet leaned forward, his hand pushing Dream's almost damp-like fringe off his forehead as he brought his lips to his ear. Dream rolled his hips against him, George's cock rested within him still, but the lack of movement had Dream's body impulsively reaching for more.

George grabbed his free hand and cupped his jaw harshly, turning his head so Dream could look at their reflection; Dream looked at George's reflection through wispy eyelashes—and *that fucking open-mouthed smirk had George at his collapsing point.*

George lifted his chest from where it laid against Dream's back before pressing his palms just above Dream's ass causing Dream to fall into the mattress underneath the weight of George's pressing hands.

George pulled out only slightly, his tip still expanding Dream's hole until he firmly thrust back in, knocking a gusty moan from Dream's lips—the way his eyes rolled back, his eyelids fluttering shut with a whimper covering his moan added to the justification that George had bottomed out.

This time, George didn't work up to the fast-paced thrust as he swiftly fucked into him because it had vocally and visibly become easier for Dream to withstand his heavy rhythm.

George lifted one palm off his back to press it into the mattress so he could lean down, "Doing so good for me, Dream," He breathlessly whispered, smirking knowingly against cheek as he continued to thrust into him.

"Say—*fuck*, say that again," Dream's eyes were barely opened when they met each other's gaze through the mirror.

George's mouth was shielded by Dream's head, but his eyes zeroed in on Dream's as he began slotting in harsh thrusts which had him lose brief eye contact with the faded green pair, "You're taking me so well."

Following the string of moans that coursed past lips, Dream began pushing back to work with George's thrusts in tandem.

George leaned back, a smirk clear on his face as he continued to pound into him, readjusting his grip on Dream's hair so he now had a fistful of his threads filling his palms.

"I'm c—clo—" Another moan chased out by the harsh pull George had on his hair, pulling his head back, cut Dream off mid-sentence as he failed to keep his eyes opened on their reflection.

And as George could feel the hot warmth rise in his stomach, the climax edging past his tip, he leaned forward, keeping a tight pull on Dream's hair as he praised him, "Good boy."

"Fuck," Dream's voice cracked through the syllables, the dryness in his throat coming through as he released the spews of white that mimicked the one pooling into him on George's end.

Dream's arms gave out from under him, the sound of the cuffs sounding through with their panting, and George's dragged-out moan as he pulled out from the warmth and tightness his dick had pleased itself to.

George shakily hovered Dream's body, the blonde weakly glancing over at their reflection when he nuzzled his face into the pillow, his eyes fluttering shut. George dropped his weight onto his forearms, caging Dream in before his lips elongated a peck into Dream's hair.

A sound of contentment laced with the hum that spoke Dream's gradual comedown from his high sounded through the walls of his throat, "You're..." He swallowed, the dryness in his throat having

worsened with every breath he took, "...so fast with..." He continued slowly, fluttering his eyes open as he looked at George whose body ghosted his, the brunet laying gentle kisses across his shoulder, "It takes me...by surprise every time."

George chuckled against his rosy skin, the sweat barely noticeable on his complexion, "You okay?"

Dream nodded, his hair rustled against the pillowcase, "I wanna touch you."

George's lips paused against his skin before lifted his body off his, sitting back on his ankles as Dream moved underneath him; he watched the blonde's features imperceptibly cringe as he was already entering the recovering process.

Dream dropped his cuffed wrist onto his chest, looking up at George who had his eyes raking down from Dream's neck to the beautiful mess emulating white thick smeared streaks onto his stomach to the rigidity of his cock—laying pretty against his stomach—the blush pink blasphemously complementing the white.

"George?" Dream croaked out, earning the brunet's eyes—the brown swirling in marvel.

George kept his eyes on him as his hands moved underneath him, undoing the cuffs. He watched as Dream wrapped his fingers around his wrist, massaging the skin that had left red circles on his complexion.

"Hurts?" George asked quietly.

Dream shook his head, he reached over to curve his fingers around George's thighs, kneading the cream skin with his palms, "Uncomfortable, but no," He lifted his eyes from his own hands before looking up at George, "It doesn't hurt."

George could feel the heat rise through his cheeks as he watched Dream's hands dip into his skin. He waited a few seconds, the two of them lingering in their highs as it slowly came down around them before he lifted himself off from the mattress.

He turned around as he leaned forward to pick up his ditched briefs from the ground, slipping them on before his feet met the ground, "I'll be right back," He looked over his shoulder to offer him a small smile.

Dream turned over, his body twisting into the sheets as he reached for the pillow next to him, almost as if his body was aching with repose; though George could tell his mind was wide awake.

George returned with a wet warm hand towel, grabbing water from Dream's mini-fridge before he joined his side at the bed, handing him the retrieved items.

"Thank you." Dream softly said, taking the items from his hands.

George giggled before leaning over and pressing a gentle kiss against his cheek; Dream faltered under his touch, leaning his cheek against his lips.

After Dream had cleaned himself up and taken a few sips of his water, he insisted to hold George because he wasn't able to touch him the entire time his hands craved it.

And as they laid with their limbs tangled, lazily and sloppily moving their lips in harmonious sync, Dream's hand travelled across George's body, chasing contented sighs from the brunet.

And they dwelled in each other's hold as the sun retired in the horizon, passing the moon as it did so when she took over to reign the sky.

And when Dream had already fallen into a deep sleep, the overstimulation wearing him down, George whispered a quiet, but meaningful, "I love you."

Chapter End Notes

oK. i KNOW i said this was gonna be the last chapter, but i wrote it over the past three weeks and came up with THIRTY FUCKING THOUSAND WORDS. so i decided to separate them into two chapters, so there WILL be one more chapter after this one.

i stg it's gonna be the last one FR fr.

i guess i underestimated the amount of content left in this fic, that's my bad lmaooo.

next chapter is gonna be so fucking soft yo; more sapitus content, quackity as well, pretty much every thing i promised in the last chapter thinking this one was going to be last.

aNYWAY.

sorry for taking so goddamn long what the FAWK. three weeks is the absolute most I've ever taken, but we still made it boys and girls. we are here.

ALSO. because i already wrote the other chapter and edited it, I'm gonna let this one simmer for a day and then release the last one, like, a couple days later or sum? idk.

ok peace! thank u for the love, as always.

i appreciate u mfs so much, ur comments make me so goddamn soft, fuck all y'all (affectionate) x.

Show Me Love

Chapter Summary

George had never known love. And for the first time, in a really long while, he thinks he can finally accept it from the only person he's certain is capable of showing him.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Title Song: [Show Me Love](#) - Hundred Waters (Big Wild Remix is also preTty pog ngl).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I love you.

The moment those words sailed past his lips, George sensed the difference.

Admittedly, he knew it before he had even said it.

It had been marinating inside his mind as he awaited for Dream to fall asleep because he couldn't, and didn't, want to say it to him when he was awake to hear it.

George wanted him to know, but he was also scared. Scared to admit to himself, and to Dream, that he had in fact, fallen in love.

He didn't mind telling him when they were in London.

Then, it was the type of love he felt accustomed to, with Dream, at least.

Then, he was still stumbling into love; blindly and not fully aware of the candidness and gravity of the situation. He was slowly progressing into the truth his tactic kept rejecting.

Now, he had undeniably fallen. There was no getting out of this.

And thus began his mental downfall.

The voices returned to pester; *you're stuck*.

And it was almost as if they were *angry* with him; *you're past salvation, we can't pull you out of this*.

And he didn't *want* to be pulled out of it. He *wanted* to love Dream, he always has.

But his mind turned it into blame. Made him feel as if it was his fault for letting himself fall, for allowing the marionettes' restraints to fall onto deaf ears.

You've fallen and now we can't pull you out of this definite situation.

And of course, George had begun to feel bad.

And of course, George didn't sleep for the next two hours as he allowed himself to get berated by the puppets in his mind, telling him off for not holding himself back.

And of course, George couldn't silence them, no matter how hard he tried.

And so, at one point, in an urge of wanting to scream his lungs out from how loud his thoughts were getting, George turned to his side to face *him*.

Asleep and at peace, faint breaths escaping past his parted lips: *Dream*.

Don't feel bad for loving him, George brought a careful hand up to the blonde's face, ghosting his palm above his hair as he moved a slack strand away from his shut eyelids, *this is what you want. He is who you want.*

You love him, George drew in a quiet breath, his palm lightly curving around Dream's cheek, *you love him and that's more than okay.*

And even if he was being pulled side to side; one accepting of the love and the other making him feel bad for no way out, George managed to drift off to sleep.

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George woke up to the sound of a thud. When sleep began leaving his system with the several nictations of his eyelids, he was met with Dream's clothed back.

Dream was in his briefs, the hem of his white shirt dancing just above the elasticized waistband.

"Dream?" George asked through a grunt as he propped himself up onto his elbows.

"Shit, did I wake you?" Dream asked through a light laugh before joining his side.

George rubbed the last bit of sleep from his eye, "You're throwing shit around, what do you think?" He shot him a capricious glare, earning a light shove on his shoulder from the blonde.

"It slipped out of my hand. I'm still waking up." Dream brought his hand to the brunet's hair, running his fingers through his fringe to push it away from his eyes.

George shut his eyes when the drowsiness re-settled; a quiet hum generated by the feeling of Dream's fingernails lightly grazing his scalp.

"You were talking in your sleep." Dream's voice was almost speechless, mediating with the quiet of the house.

George's eyes flew open, a slight concern in his flushed complexion, "Did *I* wake you?"

Dream chuckled gently, shaking his head, "No, I was already awake. I came back and you were, like, low-key thrashing around in bed," George slightly hung his head out of perplexion, "I tried to get you out of it, but you eventually calmed down. Figured if you weren't screaming, you were probably fine."

George contained a small laugh, keeping his eyes on his lap, "Sorry. This is the second time you've had to witness my nightmares."

"I don't mind." Dream's tone, though quiet, still held its fervency, "What happened in the

nightmare?"

And for the first time, George couldn't remember.

He wasn't sure if it was because he had been abruptly pulled back into reality. Or if because the first thing he saw when waking up was *him*, but George *couldn't fucking remember*.

Quite frankly, he wasn't sure he even was having a nightmare until Dream had pointed it out.

His eyes had drifted off to the side when he soundlessly replied, "I actually can't remember."

He could feel Dream's eyes on him as the blonde answered, "Well," He cleared his throat, "I guess that's good."

"Mhm," George nodded, his mind elsewhere as he continued, "What's the time?"

The dipped mattress under Dream's weight unsprung when he stood up, "Around six in the morning. Why?"

George glimpsed up at him, "I don't really feel like going back to sleep."

Dream nodded, momentarily looking over his head, "Yeah, me neither," He looked back into his eyes, a small smile playing on his lips, "Wanna go for a drive?"

The corner of George's lips drew up, "To where?"

"You'll see." Dream extended his hand, staring him down as he awaited his compliance.

George eyed his hand before his own hesitantly joined the warmth Dream's offered.

And they were off on a somewhat sleep-deprived adventure.

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Dream and George embarked into the car; resting in the driveway, sat underneath the golden light of the sun which bathed the sky in streaks of orange.

Dream was lightly humming along to the song that travelled through the speakers, George would steal glances at him; sometimes he'd join along if he knew the song, but most of the car ride was spent admiring him.

There was a small moment where George re-acknowledged the nightmare. He wasn't determined to figure out what happened in the nightmare, but he felt as if he knew where it stemmed from.

Actually, he knew exactly where it stemmed from.

It stemmed from the "*I love you*" which he had inaudibly whispered to Dream after the boy had already fallen asleep.

And the realization behind wanting to wait until he wasn't awake to hear it was tearing George apart.

It was fighting with his emotional rejection of love and the sensational surge of the *good* he received when looking at Dream's resting features—the events prior to the blonde's exhaustion that evoked the thought of George's "*I love you*".

Loving Dream was intense. It was probably the most emotionally draining, yet fulfilling thing George has ever had to do.

And the draining part didn't have to do with Dream in the slightest bit; because Dream made the pain worth it. And he felt it as pain because that part of him only accepted the bad and the cold.

The fulfillment, however, happened every time Dream spoke to him.

No, every time Dream was around him. Every spoken word, every felt touch, everything that Dream emitted onto his being, completed George on an unutterable level.

And the realization lied within the intensity in between the different proclamations; the one he had voiced out under the rain in London and the one he quietly uttered last night.

The clear difference of the "*I love you*" being repeated rashly from a surge of serotonin to the calculated, well-processed one.

The "*I love you*" that George wanted to say when Dream would catch him staring from afar, offering a smile holding muted words comprehensible solely through their link.

The "*I love you*" George wanted to say when Dream's fingertips grazed against his skin as they lay in a circle of their own heat, beads of sweat portraying their carnally driven efforts to please the other—in a way only they knew how.

The "*I love you*" George wanted to say when Dream peppered him with kisses in the morning, his hands exploring George's skin as the blonde talked about his ideas, epiphanies—the ones George could spend hours listening to.

The "*I love you*" George wanted to say when Dream's forehead was pressed against his, the flutter of his eyelash glistening in the morning sunlight, the laugh that made everything inside of George *move*.

And holy shit, if George had felt even an ounce of this feeling prior to Dream, he'd have said it. He'd have felt comfortable saying. Feeling it.

Because when he looked at him, his entire being enraptured at the sight and sound of Dream, George thought—*Oh*. Love.

Love. When Dream backed into the parking lot, his hand on the back of George's seat as he looked over his shoulder.

Love. When George rolled his head back so it rested against Dream's wrist before he placed a chaste kiss onto his forearm.

Love. When Dream took a split second to press on the breaks, just so he could tenderly smile at him, ruffling his hair before returning his attention to backing in.

It was *every* little detail.

It was one thing to love from a distance; in tune with the sound of Dream's voice, picking up on his audible mannerisms and only the things attainable to him when they were miles apart.

It was another to love in their newly imposed proximity; literally and metaphorically. What with everything they've been through since George had landed and now settled in Florida.

It was now the little details that he could fall in love with. The simple, subtle things. The soft noises that even the best microphone in the world couldn't pick up. The glint in his eyes that no camera in the world could do justice. The laugh that sounded against the walls of their connected mouths.

"We're here," Dream pulled the lever down, setting the car in park before his hand reached for the keys, "You re—...ready?" His tone uptook a smile when his eyes left the ignition slot before placing them upon George's love-replete stare, "George."

God, I fucking love you, George thought as he kept his eyes on him, his smile striking the prominence of his cheekbones, "Hm?"

Dream's terse laugh sounded through his throat, "We're here."

George's smile grew with the pigmentation of Dream's rosy complexion when the blonde blushed under his stare, "Good," It took everything in him to break eye contact as he unlocked his door, prompting Dream to do the same, "Let's go."

It didn't take long for George to recognize the park; the one they had visited when Karl and Quackity were here.

The two of them walked through the forest, as George once did by himself in the dead of night. He was almost thankful that they chose to come here at times that the entire area was unoccupied.

George would seize any moment alone with Dream.

They travelled the same path that led to the pool of water they lingered in under that moonlight. The one that cast down on them the night of their realizations.

Their comfortable silence had settled between them as they walked shoulder to shoulder; the sound of snapping twigs sounding underneath the sole of their shoes.

And with the naturistic sounds, and Dream by his side, their relationship at its peak, George had no right to be in his own head, but he knew it wasn't going to be that easy.

George wasn't lying to Dream; technically, Dream didn't ask what had prompted the nightmare. So, the brunet felt he could spare him the details.

The thoughts were still circling his mind, but Dream's presence seemed to pacify them.

Why would George fuel their attempt into ruining the good by speaking the bad into existence?

But fuck, he still hated the way his mind wouldn't let him rest for longer than a month before reaching its next predicament.

"Woah," Dream hissed as he nearly slipped onto a wet patch, "Okay, be careful," Without a thought crossing either of their minds, George took the hand that Dream put out for him as he aided him down the slope that led to the body of water.

Dream settled down onto the ground, legs propped up in front of his chest as he rested his elbows atop his knees.

George sat beside him, hugging his knees to his chest, "It's so nice."

The wind rustling through the leaves of the trees surrounding the water was the only thing heard

between them for a while until Dream broke the silence, "You gonna tell me what caused that nightmare?"

George couldn't help the smile that grew on his lips as defeat ran through him, which earned him a light laugh from Dream, "You are *so* annoying."

Of course, he fucking sensed that something was wrong. Freak. George thought, not a trace of malice in the mental statement.

George turned in his seat, scrutinizing Dream's features, "You just know everything, don't you?"

Dream smirked, "No, I just know you."

George rolled his eyes, "*Such* a simp."

Dream turned to face him, leaning his weight onto his palms as they dug into the ground behind him, "I would watch what you say to me, George."

George cocked an eyebrow, "Yeah?" He leaned forward, his tone exuding challenge as he persisted, "Or what?"

Dream's expression read, 'Aw, *cute*', before he jerked his chin to the water beside them, "Do you realize how easy it would be for me to toss you into the water right now?" He reposed his eyes onto George, a triumphant smirk edging the corner of his lips.

George poked his tongue against the back of his teeth, suppressing a smile, "Whatever."

They paused for a moment, their playful expressions lingering in the air between them before it dissipated.

Dream momentarily flickered his eyes to the ground before looking over at him, head slightly ducked, "Is it getting bad again?" He seemed hesitant to ask, George almost felt bad.

"I think it's actually getting better," A feeble smile tugged at the corner of his lips as he continued, his trifling brown eyes ostensibly interested in his lap, "It just comes back whenever I have, like, a good realization. It's like you said, though," He finally looked up, his brows relaxed at the sight of those familiar eyes, "I just need to start accepting it. And, I've been doing that? Like, I've been dismissing them all day. I think," George swallowed as he sat up slightly, "I think as long as I don't pay attention to it, it eventually goes away."

Dream took a small pause, allowing a tad bit of concern to dwell in his tone before he asked, "Doesn't that drain you?"

"It does," The curve in his smile increased with Dream's concern, "But it's okay, Dream," He searched for his eyes, though admittedly, he already had them, "Process is gonna be shitty, but I'm doing it," That earned him a proud smile from Dream, the shift in his mood reeled a giggle out of George, "Practice makes perfect, right?"

After receiving an assuring nod from him, George followed his eyes to where they retired onto the calming waters.

Dream repositioned himself after a moment, George's attention was already on him, "I watched this movie when I was younger? Can't remember when exactly, but the girl in there said something that I held onto for a while," He chuckled lightly, "And lately, I've been thinking about that a lot. Especially with what you're going through."

George nodded, waiting for him to proceed.

"The story of the Russian cosmonaut," Dream began.

George furrowed his eyebrows, "*What?*"

"Shut up," Dream said through a smile, "Have you ever heard the story of the Russian cosmonaut?"

George laughed lightly, "*Obviously* not, Dream."

"Okay, well," Dream's hand left the grass behind him as he leaned forward, "The cosmonaut goes up into space and all of the sudden, he hears this annoying ticking noise. Like, just, constantly," He dawdled his forefingers to imitate the pace, "And it keeps going. And it's obviously pissing him off, right?" Earning a small nod and chuckle from George, Dream continued with a smile, "And he's got no way out of it. He doesn't know where the noise is coming from, he can't shut it off, he can't jump out of the spaceship," Dream scoffed, George's smile only grew with his interest.

And maybe a little bit of concern. Because what the *fuck* was he going on about? And why was George endeared by it?

"And so...to prevent himself from going insane, the cosmonaut decided to fall in love with the sound." Dream concluded.

George's brows knitted; puzzlement had become of him as he stared back at Dream expectantly, "Is that it?"

Dream chuckled, shaking his head, "So, he shuts his eyes, goes into his head, and he listens. And when he opens his eyes, the ticking noise disappears into a melody," George's skeptic smile had disappeared, his lips parted as he blinked at Dream, "He turned the ticking sound into a song that saved him from going insane."

"Wha—" George stifled a laugh, "Dream."

Dream laughed lightly, "So, turn those thoughts into a song."

George breathed out a curt laugh, looking at him as if Dream had absolutely lost the plot, "I don't *have* a favourite song that—"

"Then a voice," Dream reclined in his position, his palms returning to the grass, "A voice that can pull you out of your own head. Don't just ignore the bad shit that's going on in there, George. Fight them off."

"Dream—"

"Close your eyes." Dream ordered.

George shook his head, "This is so stupid—"

"*This is so schew-pid*—just do it, moron."

After reluctantly complying, George feigned the bitterness in his tone as he said, "Now what?"

Dream's voice was merely detectable, "Just listen."

George didn't need to have his eyes opened for Dream to know that he was sporting a glare as he

replied, irritated, "For *what*?"

And then, silence.

Only the rustling of the leaves until that, too, began to escape him.

And slowly, but surely, George began losing his grasp on reality.

He wasn't sure what it was that began to detach him from his reality; the fact that he hadn't gotten enough sleep? He wasn't sure.

He was usually good at keeping himself grounded in public situations, keeping up his facade and never losing track of his emotions.

But he was with Dream; someone he could be entirely himself around. Someone he felt connected to. Someone who was omnipresent in his life.

So it didn't matter if Dream was sitting right in front of him; George was still being brought back into his head.

And sure enough, the marionettes reappeared. Tugging at his strings, reprimanding him once again because they had finally gotten his attention.

"Dream," George called, eyes still closed.

They had finally locked him into place. The voices he'd been ignoring all day because he didn't want to bring attention to them. And they began procuring a sense of contrition within him, just as they had last night.

"Dream, say something." His own voice sounded muffled, George wasn't sure what the *fuck* was happening to him.

It almost felt otherworldly; the way this inhuman pull into his own head had caused his detachment to reality.

"Dream." George nearly shouted.

And the voices got louder, and George could feel himself wincing at the thoughts that began invading his head until Dream spoke, "What?"

And his eyes flew open as he stared back into the pool of verdant, sinched at the corner of their supporting eyelids as the blonde smiled up at him.

"Why did you open your eyes?" Dream asked through a smile, one that seemed knowing.

"What?" George asked quietly, re-adjusting to his reality, "You weren't...saying anything."

"So? You seemed pretty preoccupied up there." Dream flicked his eyes to the top of George's head before settling them back onto his face.

"Yeah, but...I wanted..." George's eyes momentarily left his as they darted across the water, "I wanted to hear your voice, not..."

Not the ones in my head, George thought when he looked back at him.

"But *why* did you open your eyes—"

"Because you finally said something," Being pressed into an answer after experiencing *whatever that was*, George's voice rose unexpectedly.

And Dream's lips cracked into a smile that accented his cheekbones, "I think you found your favourite sound."

George blinked at him until it clicked. *That was his escape, that was his way to get out of his own head.*

"Oh my God," George groaned as he rolled his head back, "That was the dumbest fucking thing—"

A cackled burst past Dream's lips, "Except it worked it, didn't it?"

"No—" *It had*, "—Why are you *like* this, you idiot?" George repressed a smile as he looked away from him.

"'Cause I'm epic," Dream nonchalantly said as he stood up from the ground, dusting off his shorts before tending a hand to George, "Swim?"

George looked up at him before slapping his hand away, which earned an easy laugh from Dream.

After George had helped himself up, they stripped down to their shorts, entering the water that had their shoulders up to their ears as the warmth of their bodies settled in the near-freezing temperature.

And it didn't take long for George to complain about how cold it was. Nor did it take much time on Dream's end to submerge the brunet into said freezing water.

And when angrily asked as to why he did so, Dream coolly responded, "Because your hair looks good when it's wet."

Nonetheless, George's arms found their way around Dream's shoulders, Dream's own returned to his waist; they relished in the sight of each other, a held back smile pressed onto both their lips.

George pretended as if the compliment hadn't gotten to him, "Flattery isn't going to get you out of this."

"Shut up and kiss me like how you should have the last time we were here." Dream gave his waist a small tug.

George broke into a grin before bringing one hand to the back of his head, threading his fingers through Dream's wet locks, "Like I *should* have, huh?" He slicked his lips, knocking his forehead against his.

Dream chuckled lowly, tilting his head to the side, "Yeah, you should have."

George giggled before closing the space between them, interlocking their lips as he initiated a tender and swift engagement.

The water sloshed in between them before their chests were pressed; George pulled away momentarily, licking a wet stripe along Dream's bottom lip which curved up into a smirk at the feeling. Before George's bottom lip could mirror the upturn, Dream grazed his teeth over the plumped skin, earning a breathless sigh from the brunet.

And though they had been in this exact spot before, everything else was different. The weather, the

tension, or lack thereof, the sound around them, the sound *they* made as they elongated their embrace.

Everything was so much lighter.

And with every breath Dream stole from him, George felt as if he could finally breathe.

-

The ground began casting the shadows of the leaves belonging to the trees towering above them as they walked through the forest, the car being their current destination.

And Dream was talking about something, George was listening, but he had also noticed something, which had momentarily snapped him out of the conversation.

Silence.

In his mind.

And George knew it would return, but even *if* it did, the volume would be near inaudible. He knew it was his efforts, too. It wasn't all Dream. But the mere fact that Dream could even have that effect on his mind absolutely baffled him.

George knew Dream had an effect on him; had ways to make him feel as if he was floating up in space, but this was so much more different. *This was real shit*, he thought.

Dream was helping him, mentally.

Not in the way that Dream touched him; appeasing the ache of the butterflies in George's stomach by kissing them.

This wasn't a result of the physical. This was Dream being the only one capable of easing his mind.

George began slowing down in his tracks and Dream had noticed because he had slowed down as well.

Dream turned on his heel to properly face him, "What's up?"

And it's when he really looked at him that George realized he had to say it. *Just fucking tell him*, George thought as his brown eyes glazed over Dream's sunlit features.

"You alright?" Dream insouciantly asked.

Tell him you're in love with him because you are. And he deserves to know that. George swallowed, an ache coursing through the fences of his throat.

Dream's brows furrowed as he looked at him; half-expectant, half-concerned.

Tell him you want him. Tell him you wanna call him yours. Make him yours. George took in a deep breath and released it, a prickling feeling forming at the corner of his eyes.

"Dream," George could barely hear his voice, he was surprised Dream had caught it when the blonde took a small step towards him.

Fucking tell him, you idiot, George thought as he began losing himself in Dream's stare.

George shut his eyes, entering his mind that almost always seemed like it was a city burning down to its ashes.

Until a voice matching the delicate face in front of him flowed through; extinguishing the fires: "*Just take one thought, work it out slowly, and move onto the next*", and so he did.

"Boyfriend." George had voiced out before he could catch himself.

They both sported the same wide-eyed look. A small state of shock coursed through them as the word lingered in their space, resonating with the rustling leaves.

"You called me your boyfriend." George reiterated.

Dream's eyes fluttered shut before he scrunched his features, "Fuck," He opened his eyes and shook his head, "I'm sorry—fuck. It slipped. I knew it was gonna throw you off—"

"Dream, Dream," George reached over and placed a hand on his shoulder, "Shush. Stop apologizing," He chuckled faintly and Dream relaxed under his touch, though now, he was a tad bit confused, "I've been thinking about that day."

Dream was attentive; there was a little bit of fear in his expression, but he masked it with his impatience as he hung onto every word that was slowly being pumped out past George's lips.

"And how if and when people ask us what we are...what we would tell them," George cleared his throat, his eyes having a hard time focusing on Dream due to his inability to keep eye contact on the verge of submission, "Dream," He sucked in a sharp breath as an unstoppable smile cracked across his lips, "Fuck. Hang on." He placed his hand over his face.

"What?" George could hear the smile in Dream's tone, which had the brunet moving his palm from the front of his face to his cheek, where he briefly laid his head to rest, "What's wrong?"

"It didn't throw me off," George started, watching Dream's smile drop in an instant, "I know we said we were going to wait until...until we felt comfortable calling each other that, but," His smile was faint when glanced down shortly before looking at Dream through his lashes, "I mean...it's clear you've already, like, you know—cause—it...you must already feel comfortable if it rolled off your tongue so easily."

Dream pursed his lips as he dwelled on his statement, "*Well*, I mean...I *was* talking to a stranger. Maybe that's what made it easy, but."

George blinked before looking to the side, "Maybe."

"What are you getting at, George?" Dream softly asked.

George looked back at him, "We said we were going to tell people that we were still figuring it out, right? Like, that's what we were going to tell the boys if they asked," Receiving a nod from Dream, George continued, but not after having taken a pause, "D'you feel like...you've already figured it out?"

Dream smirked as his eyes waved the ground, "I mean," He chuckled lightly, "I seriously think that we needed that week in London, you know?" He retired his eyes onto George, "A lot happened in between then and now, things that would mean that we're...*together*, together. So, yeah," His lips wavered into a smile, "I'd say I figured it out."

Dream's smile echoed onto George as the brunet nodded, "Right."

If Dream hadn't seemed puzzled before, he most definitely was now, and it developed with his eagerness the longer George took to formulate his words.

"On the topic of London, um, I was in my head because..." And it wasn't easy, voicing this next part out, but he knew if he didn't do it now, he never would, "...because I had started falling for you, harder than I ever had before," His breath was still caught, his voice strained in his aching throat, "And when you called me your boyfriend, I didn't necessarily hate it. I still think it's a powerless term for us, but," He exhaled, his smile widening with Dream's relaxing features, "If our friends want a conventional answer—" He paused to break into a grin when Dream's features beamed at him, "—I would *not* mind telling them that we're dating. I want...I *want* them to know that you're mine because," George's breath vacillated, "'Cause I think..." His throat went dry, and George was sure his heart was about to burst, "...I think I've fallen madly in love with you."

Dream's lips were parted; quivering between shock and disbelief as he stood frozen in his spot.

George swallowed the bile in his throat, nervously smiling back at him, "So, I want to ask you something."

A punched-out breath escaped Dream; they both knew what was coming. There was no secrecy to the road this conversation had taken the moment George had started.

Bringing his hands to his face, his cheeks filling his palms as he grinned brightly, eyes oscillating across George's features, Dream listened for him.

"Would you, um," George slicked his lips, the unmeasured breaths having dried them out, "Dream, would you...like to be...my boyfriend?" He exhaled a laugh while Dream, whose hands slipped to cover his mouth, his tanned skin contrasting with the pink tint in his cheeks, "Because I'd really love to call you mine—"

The breath was nearly knocked out of George as Dream lurched his body forward to pull him into his embrace, one arm tightly wrapped around George's middle while his free hand rested against the back of his head, "Yes, you idiot," His laugh sounded muffled against the crook of the brunet's neck, "Yes, I wanna be yours," His arms tightened when he felt George's arms wrap themselves around his shoulders, "You have me, George."

Dream was wrong about many things, but he was also right about many of them.

Dream was extravagant, sounding absurd when passionate about a topic, but he was also successful in his attempts of passing them on to the next person.

Dream had made him shut his eyes, go into his own head, and re-arrange the sound of his thoughts because a movie had inspired him to do so.

And George felt like an absolute idiot following through with his tactic, but he did it anyway.

Because even if Dream was a lot in many ways, his approach was selfless and helpful, in the most charming sense.

Dream was right about as many things as he was wrong, just like any growing human is.

But the one thing he had gotten right that day was that his voice was most definitely George's favourite sound.

And as George allowed the sole of his shoes to lift off the soil, Dream's arms pulling him to higher ground as he squeezed him into his tight embrace, George realized he'd be hearing his favourite

sound for the rest of his life.

And it fucking terrified him, and it felt immeasurable, and it made his heart ache, and it made his body feel warm, and it made his stomach churn, and it made his cheeks hurt from smiling so hard.

And it all hurt.

And he didn't mind one bit.

Because love *did* hurt. And he had been facing the bad for a while that he was now left with the good.

And it all hurt.

And it all felt *so fucking good*.

-

Dream spun around in his swivel chair after checking the time at the bottom right of his screen.

8:11 AM.

He leaned forward, his elbows digging into his knees as his eyes settled over the sleeping brunet's body; his fair skin coveted with the white sheets. The dark brown of his hair contrasting with his complexion. His long lashes; pretty and soft, just like his parted lips as he breathed soundlessly.

Dream drew in a breath before standing up from his chair, making his way over to him; the comforter swallowed his palms as he bent his head down to press a soft kiss atop George's forehead.

George didn't move under the tender touch, Dream seemed content as he pulled away.

The blonde exited the room, carefully shutting the door behind him. He jogged down the stairs and immediately stopped in his tracks when a familiar face poked through the front door.

A faint smile grew on Dream's lips as he leaned his side into the railing, watching the younger attempting to close the door as quietly as possible.

Sapnap was borderline tip-toeing until he caught Dream's stare. They both watched each other; Sapnap wide-eyed, Dream smirking.

"Where the *hell* have you been, young man?" Dream jokingly asked before descending the steps.

Sapnap chuckled, "Dude, I'm so fucking beat."

"Yeah, you look exhausted," Dream squeezed his shoulder as he walked past him, "What are you doing here so early?"

The two of them met each other in the kitchen; Dream didn't have to ask before handing Sapnap a glass of water after pouring one for himself.

They left the kitchen, entering a small talk about each other's whereabouts.

"Fuck y'all going to a lake at six A.M for?" Sapnap chided as he led himself and Dream back to his room.

It was a muted understanding that they were to retrieve there to continue their conversation.

"We couldn't sleep." Dream mindlessly replied as he shut the door behind him.

Sapnap let out a deep grunt as he threw himself onto his bed, rolling onto his back so he was facing the ceiling. Dream disposed of his glass onto his nightstand before joining his side.

One could assume they had laid as such before since neither of them batted an eye.

Sapnap let out a deep-seated sigh, "Did you get my call?"

"My phone was dead. I noticed like thirty minutes ago. Figured it was pointless to call you back," Dream placed one hand onto his stomach, "Why were you calling me at five A.M anyway?"

"I couldn't *sleep*," Sapnap whined, dragging out the last few syllables.

"Damn. We're in our insomnia arc." Dream lightly joked.

Sapnap chuckled, "Where's George?"

Dream lifted the back of his head off the mattress so he could lay it into his palm, "Asleep."

Sapnap rolled his eyes, "Of course he is."

The white of the ceiling danced in their pupils as they laid in silence; the ceiling fan that aerated Sapnap's room filled the silence in intervals.

"George and I are dating." Dream deadpanned.

Sapnap sat up in a vast instance, the springs of the mattress sounding underneath the weight of his propped up elbows, "What the *fuck*—"

"Sap—"

Sapnap's eyes flew to his face as he sat up more, his back brushing against the headboard, "Way to fucking lay it out on a guy."

Dream covered his face with his hands, a wheeze whistling past his lips before it muffled itself into his palms.

A small silence proceeded Dream's laugh until Sapnap emitted a similar sound, "Dude, I swear I can't leave this fucking house anymore—"

"Sap—Sapnap," Dream choked on his giggle, "Wait—"

"No, man. Every time I come back, it's some new shit--"

"I'm sorry." Dream laughed before dropping his hands from his face, placing them back onto his stomach.

Sapnap looked at him, Dream stared back; their smile grew with the seconds that elapsed around them.

Sapnap let out a small sigh before he rested his back against the headboard, "Don't be." His voice had dialled down, the humour had left his tone.

Dream turned his head so he could look up at his friend, "It happened like, an hour ago. I wanted you to be the first to know."

Sapnap looked down at him, his cheeks puffing up with the bashful smile that grew in his expression. Dream turned his face away before settling his eyes back onto the ceiling, Sapnap mirrored his actions.

"*Fuck*." Sapnap whispered shakily.

Dream huffed, "Yeah."

Another silence passed them; they both seemed to be dwelling on their thoughts.

"How do you feel?"

"Scared," Dream said under his breath, "But also just about the happiest I've felt in a *very* long time."

Sapnap looked at him, a warm smile plastered on his face before he looked away.

Another silence.

"You guys are completely good, though, right? Y'all didn't just act on a whim?" Sapnap caught Dream's look, "He's figured his shit out?"

"We're good," Dream chuckled lightly before his eyes fell onto his lap, a bright smile bursting through his lips, "*Really* good. He, um," His smile widened, "*He* asked me, actually."

Sapnap's eyebrows jerked up, "Oh, shit."

"Yeah." Dream's words evaporated into a whisper.

"Okay, but," Sapnap let out a toiled breath, "He's a hundred percent good? You're not just...being too in love?" That earned a small laugh from Dream, "I'm serious," Sapnap chuckled, shoving his shoulder, "Nothing's one-sided?"

"Definitely not one-sided," Dream replied quickly, almost cutting him off, "No, Sap. We're good. We figured the important stuff out, that's for sure."

"Just checking, you know." Sapnap leaned back into the headboard, "I *am* happy for you guys, I just...you know—"

"I get it," Dream nodded as he caught a glimpse of him, "A lot of shit went down prior to this and you were pretty much there to witness all of it, so I understand," He reached over, giving his thigh a small tap before retrieving his hand, "Look, I know George will always have trouble telling me how he feels, but he's working on it. And," He shrugged lightly, "I'm not gonna rush that."

"Good," Sapnap nodded with a radiant smile; one that illustrated a proud friend.

"It's not that I can't say 'no' to him," Dream stated, "It's not that kind of situation. I've been sure of this for so long, I was just waiting on him."

Sapnap snorted as he shook his head lightly, "Motherfucking George, bro. Took him long enough, but he got there."

Dream chuckled, "We're still gonna get into dumb little arguments, every now and then, but..." He

readjusted himself, sitting up so his back was against the headboard as well.

"No, yeah. I'd be weirded out if you didn't, honestly." Sapnap scratched his beard as his eyes drifted to the covers, "Part of this whole thing isn't it?"

Dream looked at him with a small smile, "Yeah," He chuckled lightly, "He's still my idiot of a best friend, you both are. And you both know *exactly* how to get on my fucking nerves."

"I mean, it's not like you don't deserve it sometimes." Sapnap pretended to sound nonchalant, but still, side-eyed Dream, earning a small laugh from the blonde, "No, but, um," He sniffled, setting his eyes on his friend, "I'm really glad this worked out for you guys. I can tell you're losing your shit right now." He laughed when Dream looked down, a blush creeping onto his face.

"Nick, I've..." He sighed, running a hand through his hair as he stared up at the ceiling, "The way he looked at me? When he asked me to..." He paused, almost as if he was contemplating saying the term in front of his friend, "...Sometimes, I realize that he doesn't even need to tell me he loves me, you know?" Receiving Sapnap's eyes on him, Dream returned the attention, "I can just hear it when he's looking at me, with that fucking dumb little cute smile he has."

Sapnap laughed, "Man, what the fuck?"

"What?" Dream chuckled.

"You assholes make people who aren't even single feel like they are." Sapnap released a deep sigh as Dream laughed at his remark, "Shit's making me all soft and shit."

Sapnap and Dream locked eyes for a moment, their smiles so bright it could light up an entire room.

"I'm proud of you, you know?" Sapnap said through a beaming smile.

Dream chuckled, waving him off, "Fuck, Sap—"

"Nah, I'm serious," Sapnap bumped their shoulders, "You didn't give up on him when it got tough," Earning the small decline in Dream's smile, yet the happiness of the news still lingering in their space, Sapnap continued, "Look at you, bro, you're so in love with this nimrod."

Dream burst into a grin, his hand flying to his mouth as he chuckled timidly when Sapnap added, "I really am happy for you guys," Sapnap leaned over, pulling him into his hold, "'Cause it was about fucking time—c'mere, you dumbass."

They both laughed because they were hugging on Sapnap's double bed, and it was funny, but it was heartfelt and sweet.

And they were both suffering a soft hit; Sapnap being on the receiving end of the news Dream had just delivered.

"Alright, alright," Dream pulled away, laying his back against the headboard, "Fuck, sorry, dude."

Sapnap scoffed, "For what?"

Dream gave a one-sided shoulder shrug, "Got all emotional and shit."

"Nah, it's all good," Sapnap rolled his head back, the soft blow assuaged by the pillowed headboard, "Hearing this is gonna cleanse my soul for all the sins I committed last night."

Dream's brows knitted as he turned in his seat slightly, "What do you mean?"

"Bro," Sapnap's eyelids slit as he broke into a grin, "I just had the best sex of my life last night—" Dream burst out into a wheeze, "—I'm talking that shit had me laying awake for a whole two hours after it happened—"

"Stop," Dream lightly begged through a strained voice as he recollected himself.

Sapnap was speaking through broken laughs as he continued, despite Dream's feeble request, "She did this thing that made my *eyes* water, bro."

"*What?*" Dream threw his head back as a loud laugh coursed past his lips, "Fuck, okay. Now, I gotta hear this."

"Before I get started," Sapnap lifted a finger, "I just wanna say that was fucked up of you to pretend like we don't normally talk about this shit with each other."

Dream tilted his head, "What? When did I say that—"

"When I dropped you two off at their airport and you were all, *we didn't need to know that*," Sapnap reached over and lightly back-handed slapped him, "Fucking idiot."

Dream ducked his attempt of playful assault, "Okay, okay, George can't know that we talk about shit like that," He, then, thwacked him on the forehead, "Smartass."

Sapnap chuckled as he struck Dream's hand away, "Why? I'm sure he's had these talks with his friends before."

"Well, yeah, but it's me and him now. I doubt you wanna hear about the shit that we do." Dream looked at him through a floored gaze.

Sapnap sighed, "Okay, I'm gonna be dead honest with y'all. If I catch you motherfuckers making out right in front of me again, I'm kicking George out of the house—"

Dream's laugh came out in a sputter, eyes mingled with artificial concern, "*What?*"

"But hearing about it is different, I don't know how to explain it. Like, a few months ago—okay— if you told me that you two were fucking around, like, a few months ago, I'd probably be weirded out, but now I know to expect it," Sapnap shrugged, earning a steady gaze from his friend, "I mean it, dude. We should be able to talk like we always used to, regardless of who you bang."

Dream snickered, "Okay, I mean, if you say so."

"I do," Sapnap countered, "Just don't do it right in front of my face."

Dream sat up in his seat, "To be fair, to be fair, we thought you'd be busy in your room for hours —"

"Well, I *wasn't*," Sapnap said through gritted teeth.

"*Well*, we didn't know *that*." Dream parried before they both broke into a small smile, "You sure you're good to hear about what we do?"

Sapnap squinted his eyes at him, sporting a slight close-lipped smile, "...Why? Did something happen—"

"No, I just gotta make sure you're good with that, Sap. This is serious—"

"No, wait, wait—what happened?"

Dream looked away, fighting back a small laugh, "Fuck, I regret this already."

"What *happened*?" Sapnap raised his voice, the way he always did; half-jokingly when people ignored his questions.

"Let's talk about your night first—"

"Nah, mine can wait. I gotta hear about this shit—look how red you're getting, motherfucker."

"Are you sure you're comfortable hearing this? This me and *George*." Dream wavered his eyes onto him.

"Dream," Sapnap leaned forward, "I hope you do realize that hearing about this gives me blackmail material over him—"

"Oh my God, okay. Here's what we're *not* gonna do," Dream held up a finger, earning a laugh from Sapnap, "We're not gonna make George feel awkward about this."

"I was kidding, obviously," Sapnap playfully rolled his eyes, "I won't tell him shit. Can you tell me now?" He drawled out the last syllables, reaching over and shaking Dream by the shoulder.

Dream took in a deep breath before releasing it through a timid laugh, "We, um," He cleared his throat and forced his eyes onto Sapnap, wincing a tad bit as he said, "We used handcuffs."

Sapnap burst out laughing, his hand slapping over his mouth in an instant, his complexion growing a tad bit red.

Dream covered his face for the second time in the duration of that conversation, peeking at Sapnap through his parted fingers when the younger dropped his hand from his mouth.

Sapnap had a massive grin on his face as he nosily asked, "Who...who wore the handcuffs?"

"Me," Dream muttered into his palm.

"No..." Sapnap whispered in disbelief before taking a pause, "...wait, wait...George topped?"

Dream grimaced through his smile, "...Yeah."

"Holy shit, dude," Sapnap howled a laugh, "I can't believe what I'm hearing right now."

"He's, like," Dream took in a deep breath to quell his laughter encouraged by Sapnap, "He's kinda insane in bed, dude."

"Gogy's not so *Gogy* after all," Sapnap wiggled his eyebrows, eyes squinted with his ever-growing grin.

Dream's eyes momentarily shut as he shook his head, feeling perplexed, "You're an idiot."

"This is so fucking funny. Wha—" Sapnap took in a deep breath in order to calm himself, "I always thought George would be taking it up the ass—"

"Oh my God, Nick." Dream's hand flew to his face as his palm met the warmth of his skin from the

evolving embarrassment.

"You guys take—" Another laugh travelled past the younger's lips, "You guys take turns or something?"

"Yes." Dream whispered, through gritted teeth.

"Dude. My girlfriend and I didn't start exploring each other's kinks until we reached the four months mark."

"Okay, well, George and I have known each other for years."

"Yeah, but you just started doing this shit as of recent." Sapnap snorted, "It's gonna be so hard not to tease George about this, but I need to know more--"

A cackle exploded from Dream's mouth, "I don't know if I can say more, honestly. Both him and I agreed, at one point, that we weren't gonna say shit about what we did behind closed doors, but I was more so reluctant about it because I thought it'd freak you out."

"Nah. As I said, maybe a couple of months ago, but we gotta be able to talk about this shit. We did it when you had a girlfriend, it can't end just 'cause you're with him now," Sapnap puffed out his cheeks, the pink tint in his complexion decreasing in pigmentation, "Look at us. A couple of Minecraft streamers getting laid."

They fell into a chorused laugh and teased each other a little more before Sapnap went on to describe his own euphoric experience from last night.

-

Dream not being next to him or in their room when George woke up had him adjusting to his surroundings a lot faster than the average person.

He slipped out of bed, hands in his hair as he tussled it to mildly repair the mess that had procured throughout his sleep.

While making his way to the dresser, a ring erupted from his nightstand. His eyes flickered down to his phone as he approached the wooden surface and the screen displayed a name that brought an immediate smile to his face.

George brought his phone to his ear after having answered it, "Who's this?"

"I'm calling you on Discord, motherfucker. I know damn well my name is in a bold font," Quackity jocularly seethed.

George laughed lightly, "*Quackityyy*," His voice went high, taking up the instinctive tone they jokingly conversed with.

Quackity wasted no time falling into the habitual pitch, "*Geooorge*, Gogy,"

The giddiness danced around the line connecting the call. George hadn't realized how much he'd miss hearing his voice, even though they had briefly spoken when George was in London.

"What are you doing?" George asked after a while of them playfully tantalizing each other.

"I was gonna stream—"

"Wait, I was going to stream—"

"No way. Stream train?"

"Mm," George squinted his eyes at the screen situated on Dream's desk, "I actually don't want to anymore."

The laziness that consumed him every now and then arose as he thought of going into the room next door to switch his PC on, set his camera up; the unravelling list of tedious tasks just drove him further and further away from the pre-imposed motivation.

"What is the matter with you?" Quackity giped, "How do you change your mind so quick?"

"People change, Quackity." George nonchalantly replied.

Quackity laughed through a hum, "Like the tides in the ocean."

George's heart did an abnormal switch in its beat.

Quackity's smile was heard so clear through his tone as he said, "Speaking of—"

George's eyes flapped shut, "No—"

"Yes—"

"*Not* speaking of—"

"Where *is* our main man?"

"*Our*?" George feigned the disgust in his voice prompting a loud laugh from Quackity.

Quackity tutted, "Jealousy is a disease, George."

"Whatever. Move on," George could feel the heat rise through his cheeks; he absolutely hated how flustered he was already getting when the brief mention of *him*—not even his name—was implemented, "What are you gonna stream—"

"I don't know yet," Quackity quickly said, brushing it off before speaking through a smile, "How's the honeymoon phase?"

"Stop," George said through gritted teeth, though a smile was so apparently etched across his lips.

"I can't believe your fucking *cab* driver said that shit," Quackity burst out laughing, "You guys just look like a couple, huh? You radiate that energy."

"He was sleeping on my shoulder. That probably did it for her." George calmly said, leaving out the part about them holding hands, which was most definitely a dead giveaway for the taxi driver.

"Mhm. He *was* sleeping on your shoulder, wasn't he?" Quackity teased, his laugh flowing through his words when he heard George sigh.

George rolled his eyes, "You need to shut the fuck up."

"But I won't," Quackity lightly said, the sound of him leaning back in his chair sounding through a squeak on his end, "Seriously, how has it been since London?"

Suddenly, George had lost all perception of his vocabulary.

Was he to tell Quackity about their talk this morning, at the lake? His friends were to eventually find out about them. And breaking it to Quackity first could be a good practice? And why not tell him? He knew almost everything, at least all the impactful points in their timeline.

Quackity's voice had suddenly lost its humorous edge as he quietly asked, "Shit, what?"

"What?" George blinked until he caught on, "Wait, no. It's nothing bad. We're good."

"Jesus Christ, dude. You went quiet for so long." Quackity laughed nervously, "That's usually *never* a good sign from you."

George chuckled quietly, "No, we're good...really good," The last couple of words were quiet, but Quackity had heard it, and of course, he made sure to point it out.

"Yeah?" Quackity was so clearly speaking through a wide smile, it increased the warmth in George's chest.

George drew in his bottom lip to stop the grin that began to cement itself onto his face, recalling the inexplicable happiness he felt this morning when asking Dream to be his boyfriend.

His fucking boyfriend.

George wanted to gag at the thought—and the way he was smiling told him that the queasiness stemmed from overstimulation. A good kind. The best kind of emotional inundation.

"George?" Quackity asked, breaking through his thoughts.

George hummed in response as he took a seat in Dream's chair.

A silence passed them; if George was trying to imagine Quackity's state, he would have assumed that he was smiling to himself, too.

And George would've assumed right.

"You know you can, like, tell me anything, right?" Quackity urged quietly and George sucked his teeth as his smile grew through his now pressed lips, "Given, like, all the talks we've had about this."

And he was so right because he *could* tell Quackity everything. He learned that through the hardest times in his life because *he* was there to lift him up and push him along.

"Yeah," George said, his voice coming out through a near-whisper, "I know."

"So...?" Quackity trailed off.

And who was he to deprive Quackity the result of his help? Because Quackity did help him in getting there, no matter how big or small, he had helped.

George sighed as he leaned forward in his chair, his elbows digging atop his knees, "Um..." He placed one hand over his eyes, letting out a flustered chuckle, "Dream and I are..." He trailed off, not finding the confidence or courage to finish his sentence.

At first, the silence from Quackity had George thinking he'd have to spell it out for him until the younger spoke up.

"Wa—wait," Quackity audibly sat up in his chair, "No fucking—*wait*," George laughed nervously, "You're...together?"

George's subdued laugh came into a small whimper, which was enough confirmation for Quackity.

"Like, officially?" The volume in Quackity's voice grew with each syllable.

George simpered, "Yeah."

"Holy shit!" Quackity yelled, his explosive laugh swirling into a cheer, which was quickly reduced when he calmed himself, "Wait."

"What are you pausing so much for?" George asked, his hand moving from his eyes to his cheek where he could feel the heat radiating off.

"Why am I pausing—are you being serious? I'm fucking happy for you, you dumbass!" Quackity exclaimed, "Holy *shit*."

George bit his lip, his curt laugh sounding through the exhale of his nose, "Thank you."

"How do you feel? 'Cause, like..." Quackity didn't have to expand, they both knew how feelings this strong jostled George.

George dragged a breath, having calmed down from his surmount of delight that Quackity aided greatly, "Um," He breathed out, "I mean...overwhelmed, for sure."

Quackity puffed his cheeks, "Yeah, I get that."

"But," George cleared his throat as he leaned back into his chair, "I'm trying not to...fight it."

"That's my boy!" Quackity's hand colliding against his desk a couple of times was heard from his end as he cheered.

George didn't have much to say, or he did, but Quackity's reaction held enough excitement and turmoil for the both of them.

And that was a relief.

"Does Sapnap know—oh, I guess he lives with you guys. He can't not."

"I don't think he does," George's brows knitted and a thought surfaced in an instant, his eyebrows shooting up, "Oh my God, Quackity," He face-palmed.

"What, what?" Quackity asked, eagerness clear in his voice.

"He fucking...he walked in on us one day—"

A shrill laugh exploded from the other end of the line causing George to keep his face in his hand from the embarrassment that continued to haunt him, and the newly inflicted, "Oh my God," Quackity gasped, recovering his breath, "That's—fucking—mans really watched two of his best friends make-out."

"*Fuck*, man." George sputtered an abashed laugh, "I'm still recovering from that."

The call continued for another solid hour; the conversation fluctuating from Dream and George to Quackity's plans for the rest day—which George was thankful for—because it alleviated the

pressure that came with breaking the news.

"Dream's here, I think," George pulled the phone away from his ear as he let the sound of footsteps travel in, "Yeah, he is," He brought his phone back to his ear, "Okay, I'm ditching you now," He feigned the nonchalance in his voice.

"Wow. That's fucked up. No, that's actually so messed up." Quackity joked.

They bantered for a few more minutes before Quackity broke the chain of back and forth, "Before I go—"

"Don't." George blushed, knowing his kind advances.

Quackity chuckled inwardly, "I'm genuinely happy for you, man."

"Thanks, Quackity," George ran his fingers through his hair as he inhaled slowly, "Like, actually."

"*George.*" Quackity cooed.

And normally, George would have run with that and started another string of jeers, but he knew that if he didn't pass his gratitude at that moment, he would never do it.

George's heart rate sped up as he continued carefully, "You helped a lot more than you know."

"You told me he seemed a lot happier, right?"

"Mhm."

"I may have helped, George. But that?" He referenced the aforementioned, "That's all you, man."

George was very wary of his effect on Dream; how he didn't want to hurt him, how he wanted to offer him what he rightfully deserved.

So, when Quackity—someone who wasn't physically around to witness the lift in Dream's mood—wholeheartedly believed and praised him for being the reason behind the change--George was on a whole new level of flustered and overwhelmed.

With the warmth sparking up all the fibres in his being, George suppressed a groan, "Alright, bye Quackity."

Quackity laughed knowingly, "Bye, man. Text me."

George exhaled, regaining the composure he usually held around Quackity, "Hm, no," He coolly said.

"No, you know what? Fine. Didn't wanna hear from you anyway—"

"Yeah—yeah—guess what, if I hang up first, you're an idiot." George fervently tapped the dark red phone icon, ending the call before Quackity.

As if on cue, the doorknob to his room twisted open; Dream peaked his head in, "Hey," His voice was quiet from where he stood, even if George stood aimlessly in the middle of the room, "You're up."

George wasn't sure why his heart rate had suddenly picked up at the sight of him; it wasn't a rare occurrence, but it hadn't happened in a while, "Yeah."

Dream lingered in the doorway as he brought his hand to the back of his head, "Um, how was, uh," He cleared his throat, nodding his head to the bed before looking at George, "How was sleep?"

George, for some reason, needed some time to digest his words as if he wasn't speaking English. That was until he realized that the silence had gone by for way too long for such a simple question.

His eyebrows shot up lightly, "Oh, uh," He looked at the bed before looking back at Dream, "Goo—yeah, it was good."

"Good, good." Dream nodded, his eyes deflecting to the ground as he went into thought.

George watched him, not expectantly, though, as he, too, began drifting off into his mind.

There was clear tension in the air blanketing them, but something told George it was the aftermath of their moment in the woods.

He figured that if it was just now dwelling on him that the boy standing in front of him was officially his, that he, too, at the sight of George, realized the truth of their status.

But none of it stemmed from what prompted their previous tense silences and awkward pauses; this tension derived from an overflow of adoration for the other.

An addendum to the love that lived between them before they had made it official.

And it wasn't the label that caused this high-strung feeling, it was more so that it was defined in order to inform their friends that they were together.

And though it has always felt *real* between the two of them, it was something else to share the news with their friends.

George was never big on proclamations outside of his and Dream's space. However, ever since Dream had begun teaching *what* love was and how exactly it made someone feel, George felt as if he almost liked the term 'boyfriends'.

Because *that* gave him something to say when people would ask.

And the more time George spent with Dream, the more he *wanted* people to ask.

And not only for flaunting purposes, but also because the conquering amount of love he received from Dream made George feel as if he could burst into a million pieces if he didn't tell someone.

Keeping it all in, suddenly, wasn't something George could do. Not when it came to *him*.

"Uh," Their eyes caught each other, the two of them momentarily seized in their spot, "My mom's coming for dinner. She just called," He juttied his thumb behind him, motioning to the hallway, "I think she's, uh, bringing my sister with, so."

"Cool," George quickly responded with a nod, "Yeah, that's cool—"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Yeah," George forced a smile, even though it came easy, it was hard to automatically display it due to the nervousness they shared, "That's...good—haven't seen—it's been a while."

"Yeah, right?" Dream chuckled lightly.

"Yeah." George nodded.

"Cool, well, uh," Dream took a step back, his shoulder bumping into the doorframe causing him to whip his head around at the hit before looking back at George with a sheepish smile, "Uhm," George let out a terse, breathy chuckle, "I'm gonna...clean up, downstairs."

"Yeah—um, do you need...help, or?" George took a step forward but stopped when Dream shook his head.

"No, no, it's all good," Dream cracked a soft smile, "Thank you, though, George."

George nodded once more, Dream diverted his eyes to the ground; it was so clear they both wanted to say something, yet the sheet of nerves draping over them lagged the words dripping at the tip of their tongues.

George had already turned around, anxiously tapping the back of his phone against his palm as he debated telling Dream about the conversation he had with Quackity.

He wasn't sure how he knew, but he had a feeling Dream was still lingering in the doorway, so he turned around and caught his eyes in an instant as Dream seemed to have mirrored his actions.

They called out for each other's name at the same time, George immediately biting back Dream's name when a smile tightened his lips shut.

"Sorry," Dream lightly held up his hand, "After you." He motioned to George.

George chuckled, shaking his head lightly, "No, you go."

Dream inhaled quietly before his words took the form of an exhale, "I told Nick that we're dating."

George's breath caught as the words left his tongue so fluidly, in a way that didn't make him inwardly cringe, "Oh," He shrugged with the lift of his eyebrows, "Well, that's good," He caught Dream's confusion and let out a small giggle, "Because I *just* told Quackity, so."

Dream's left brow jerked up before he looked down at the ground, George was momentarily alarmed as he asked, "Sorry, wait. Did you want to keep it between the three of us for now—"

"No, no. *God* no." Dream quickly replied with a timid laugh before taking a pause, inspiring a shy smile, "George, you can tell whoever you want."

"Yeah? You sure?" George searched his eyes.

Dream nodded assuringly, "Remember when you said I deserve the type of love that someone would shout on rooftops?"

George blushed, looking away from him as the memory resurfaced in his mind.

"Quackity isn't *rooftops*, but—" They shared a tender laugh, "But that's what that feels like. When you're willing to tell people that you're with me, even when I'm not around. Especially then."

George looked up at him through his lashes, his chin ducked as his chest warmed at the sight of the smile on Dream's face; a delight *he* was responsible for.

"Go ahead and tell it to whoever. Even the people you bump into on the streets—"

"Okay," George winced, still sporting a smile, "I don't know about *that*."

"I would." Dream shrugged.

George scoffed, "Of course you would. You're insane."

"Yeah. Insanely in love with you." Dream overused the zest in his tone, to purposely attain the cringe that was projected onto George's face.

The pink that had tinted his cheeks contradicted his words, but certainly not the fondness in his tone as George quietly said, "Such an idiot."

They shared a hesitant smile before it eventually grew into a knowing one.

Dream was the first to look away, out of timidness as his complexion coloured at the ground. George drew in his bottom lip, biting down on the skin as he tried to keep his giddiness laced with nerves at bay.

"I'm gonna—" Dream jerked his thumb behind him.

"Yeah." George nodded, a smile beaming through his alit features.

They were acting so strange, but it was making George's heart flutter so much it almost physically pained him.

And when he watched Dream knock his shoulder against the door frame for the second time, he could tell Dream was also in his head; but in a way that had the both of them smiling like lovesick idiots around each other.

And when Dream was completely out of sight, George's hands flew to his face, which was hot with the blood creeping through as his grin made his cheeks hurt.

He nearly whimpered from how much his heart ached with ardour and adoration for the boy that he finally made *his*.

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Around 6 in the evening, Dream opened the front door to reveal his mother. And his sister.

There were a few instances that George had spoken to his sister; most of those instances being on Sappnap's streams when she would visit.

"Damn," She walked in, eyes fixed to the ceiling as she took in her surroundings in awe, "This is definitely an upgrade from the last one."

Dream giggled at the amazement that brightened her eyes before he turned his mother, enveloping her into a hug.

Both George and Sappnap stood up from the couch, Patches' paws collided with the ground when she left Sappnap's side to join Dream's and his mother's.

George could faintly hear a few exchanges between them, but his attention was ripped from the sight when Dream's sister called out for Sappnap.

"Hey, bud." Sappnap playfully shoved her shoulder.

"Hey," Her giggle swerved into a small gasp when her eyes went slightly wide at George before she smiled at him, "*GeorgeNotFound?*"

George stifled a laugh, "*Drista?*" He joked.

George knew her name; he and Dream had been friends long enough for him to be on a first-name basis with his family.

It wasn't like he asked, Dream had just let it slip in conversation but didn't make an effort to cover it up.

"In the flesh." She grinned, putting her hand out.

George shook her hand, the both of them giggling softly at the way they referred to each other using their pseudonyms.

"Nick!" George's attention was directed to the familiar and sweet voice of Dream's mother when the woman wrapped her arms around Sapnap, "I've missed you."

Sapnap swayed the both of them side-to-side, "I've missed *you*."

After George allowed Dream's mother to envelope him into the tightest embrace, Dream suggested a tour of the house to his mother, which she happily accepted.

+

"Christ, Clay," Dream's mother let out a deep sigh as she turned on her heel.

The two of them were in the garden; the green in the grass saturated under the bright rays of the sun.

Dream pocketed his hands, "Not too shabby, right?"

She elbowed him playfully, "This is impressive," She overlooked the house from where she stood in the middle of the yard.

Dream followed her eyes, his green irides scanning over the structure of the house, "Yeah, pretty solid."

Her silence caused Dream to glance down at her, his features immediately softened when he caught the tears brimming her eyelids.

"*Mom*," Dream's laugh sounded through a slight groan, "Please don't cry."

She placed a gentle hand against his cheek, "I'm just so proud of you."

Dream pursed his lips into a smile; his mother dropped her hands from his face, interlacing her fingers with his as she guided him to the outdoor seating.

"So," She smiled knowingly, "You know what I'm gonna ask."

Dream shook his head, his fringe flopping onto his forehead as he hung his head slightly, "I don't —"

She cocked her head to the side, "Last I heard, you two went to *London*. You still haven't told me how that came about. And then I hear, over the phone, that you two are *dating*—I mean..."

"I know."

"So?" She chuckled, looking at him expectantly.

"A lot has happened since then." Dream's laugh increased in volume when she shot him a look.

"Well," She straightened her posture, "I've got time."

Dream narrowed his eyes on her countenance before he surrendered, "Honestly? It didn't go well, the day I told him how I felt. We actually got in an argument. Um," He cleared his throat, "So, I left for a couple of days. And when I came back...he wasn't...he wasn't well. We both weren't, but," He stirred in his seat, "Long story short, we had a talk, figured the big stuff out, and...then he asked me to come to London with him."

"Hold on," She furrowed her eyebrows, eyes having deflected to the sofa cushions as she went into thought, "You *left* for *two* days?"

Dream momentarily shut his eyes before he dejectedly replied, "Not my proudest moment."

"Where did you even go? I'm so confused." And it showed in her expression as she looked absolutely lost.

And if Dream looked a little closer, he could almost see a trace of anger.

And that anger only set off when Dream spoke his ex's name.

"Have you lost your mind?" She asked, an icy glare glossed over the blue of her eyes as she spoke through slightly gritted teeth.

"Mom—"

"No, what the *hell* were you thinking?"

"I wasn't," Dream nearly raised his voice until he re-settled his eyes onto hers, "I had just confessed my feelings to my *best* friend and he pretty much shut me down. I wasn't...I wasn't thinking, mom."

She dragged the pad of her fingers across her forehead before pressing them onto her temple, "Jesus, Clay."

"Nothing happened between me and her," Dream reeled a sigh, "She was just going through some stuff with her dad," There was a small declination in his mother's glare, Dream continued confidently, "She needed my help. And all I really did was help her move stuff into her new place," His mom inhaled slowly, swerving her eyes to the ground, "Nothing happened, though."

"I just...don't understand why you're even still talking to that girl."

Dream tilted his chin slightly as he shot her a mild look, "She showed up at my house in tears. What am I supposed to do? Shut the door in her face?"

His mother rolled her eyes up as she reluctantly said, "...No."

Dream smiled lightly, but it disappeared in an instant, "I, um," He cleared his throat, "I called her one last time. Before I went to London."

She sat up in her seat, "Clay."

"No, no, hear me out," Dream mirrored the way she sat up, looking slightly alarmed as her glare returned, "The morning before I returned to Nick and George, we got in an argument. And halfway

through that argument, I realized that I didn't want her in my life anymore. Up to that point, I actually thought I still had feelings for her," Receiving an alarmed look from his mom, he quickly continued, "But the entire time I was there, with her, *all* I could think about was *him*. Going back to him, holding—" His lips flapped shut and when his mother relaxed in her seat, he realized he didn't need to finish that sentence, "But she was already going through so much shit, right? So, I didn't want to end on a bad note. I called her to tie loose ends, and...to tell her I didn't want to keep in contact anymore."

His mother leaned into the armrest behind her as she crossed her arms over her chest, "I doubt she took that well."

"Definitely didn't." Dream shrugged lightly, seeming unaffected by the memory of his ex's response to when he had told her he wanted to cut contact.

"What did you tell her exactly?" His mom looked at him through a grounded gaze.

Dream looked to the side, pursing his lips as the words dallied on his tongue, "Told her that we weren't beneficial for each other. That I didn't exactly have the time to look after her. Not when I wanted to spend every second catering to someone who I think deserves it more."

"George." Dream's mother concluded, re-connecting their eyes.

"Yeah," Dream nodded slowly, "She didn't take it well, but...I don't think I care, mom," She deflected her eyes to the pillow sat in between the both of them, "I know that's messed up, but...fuck, it's like she wasn't even an option when I barely had to consider choosing who I wanted to exert all my energy on. George was a no-brainer."

Before she could say anything else, Dream continued, "It doesn't even feel like—I don't know. Like, with her, it *feels* so draining. Like I can tell I'm using everything I have in me to help her, you know? But with George, I don't know...it doesn't cost me anything."

There was a small silence, the both of them had gone pensive.

Dream's mother leaned forward slightly, "I remember you texted. You said that you two figured it out, but you didn't say anything else, so...? What happened?"

"Yeah, it was a few nights before we went to London, sorry," Dream grimaced slightly, "It got really busy here, we were working out the move, as well." He motioned to the house.

She nodded apprehensively.

"But yeah," Dream ran a hand through his hair as he took in a small breath, "He explained his situation, pretty much. And I'm not gonna go *too* much into it because it's not my place," Receiving another understanding nod from her, Dream proceeded, "But he's just..." He swallowed before picking up again, "Mom, he's never really *known* love. He was just scared." His voice came quietly at the end, rendering a softness he had yet to see behind his mother's eyes.

It's almost as if it hurt her to hear so.

"The first time you two met," Dream blinked down, "George said he understood why I was the way that I was," The way she smiled endearingly had Dream confident that he didn't need to explain his previous statement, "And I guess I didn't *really* think about those kinds of things, you know? How your parents can actually affect the way you turn out? But," He drew in his bottom lip as his eyes impassively flitted across her features, "I met his parents and...it all made sense."

She clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth as she winced, looking away slightly, "Dear God."

Dream huffed, leaning his side into the backrest of the couch, "Don't get me wrong, they were sweet and kind, but...they're not the most emotionally expressive people I've met."

Her jaw shifted as the words projected from her son tasted bitter in her head, "Ah, shit," Dream chuckled lightly upon the curse word that rolled off her tongue, "This *has* to be a little hard on him."

Dream exhaled deeply, "He knows it's all in his head, though. It's just gonna take a while for him to...work on that part of himself."

"Shouldn't he talk to someone about that?" She raised an eyebrow.

Dream's tongue emitted a 'tsk' sound as he shook his head once, "He has a hard time opening up, he's not going to find it any easier doing that with a therapist."

She drew in a deep breath, "Clay, are you sure you want to take on that responsibility, though? If you're saying it stems from the way he was brought up...that's a *lot* of stuff to sift through."

Dream remained on the thought for a moment, "It doesn't feel like a responsibility, though. I'm the only one he trusts enough, so when he needs my help, it...I don't know. He's been in his head a couple of times since we had landed in London, and not once has it felt like a task when I've helped him."

There was a brief moment in which she had paused on his words; then she broke into a grin, shaking her head.

"What?" Dream smiled uneasily.

"Remember the last time I was down here? George and I were clearing the dishes? You weren't around."

Dream nodded, attentive and eager as he sat up in his seat.

"Well, he and I were talking about how you liked doing things your own way. How you can stubborn," She shot him a glare and Dream playfully rolled his eyes, "How you can do rash things, sometimes," She said, her tone a lot more serious, "And when I asked him if it exhausted him having to deal with you, your mood swings," She lifted her chin and squinted her eyes, "He said 'it never really feels like a task'," She seemed to have been quoting it word for word, "And that he could listen to you, almost like it was something he was meant to do."

Dream's eyes left hers as he shifted them to the side, the corner of his mouth twitching up.

"That's..." She jutted her bottom lip, appearing impressed, "...special. How you both feel that way about each other."

Dream kept his eyes on the wall the couch rested up against as he entered his thoughts, which continued to derail.

"I guess nothing can really compete with that, then, huh?" She pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear, "If you just are that way with each other. Taking on each other's worries without taking a beat," They met eyes again; a faint smile was painted over her lips, "He makes you happy, doesn't he?"

"I—"

"He does." She nodded as a smile lit up her features, "It's the first thing I noticed when I saw you."

"*God*, mom. You should have heard the things he was saying to me that night, I—" His lips pressed shut once more before he slowly reopened them with a small breath, "No one's ever spoken about me in that way before."

"About you?"

"About how I...deserve...the good kind of love."

There was a glint in his eyes; whether or not it was accentuated by the sun was hard to tell, but it felt as if his words and expression could've procured the same twinkle in the dead of night.

Dream's mother's lips quivered up into a smile, "Oh, honey." She brought her hand up to his face, cradling his cheek.

Dream jutted his bottom lip out as he shut his eyes, a memory clearly projected onto his eyelids, "I wish I could have recorded the things he said to me, so I could keep replaying them over and over again. I've never heard him open like that before," He glimpsed up into her eyes, "So I never knew if it was possible for him to love me as much as...I love him. But he does—*oh my God*—he does and it's...so scary, but it makes me feel so good, mom," The grin plastered on her face mirrored his and he kept rambling because, at that moment, he had never felt more comfortable doing so, "And...I swear I've—" And he blinked, stopping dead in his tracks.

Through curved lips, eyes sparkling with an impassioned gloss, she asked, "What?"

"I've never thought it possible to love someone as much as I love him." Dream said, his words sounding through a whisper.

She tilted her head to the side as her shoulders came down with her breath, "Clay." She took his hands in his.

Dream chewed on his bottom lip as he paused at a memory of a certain someone before he spoke up again, tone dripping sincerity, "He makes me so incredibly happy, I feel like my head and heart could explode sometimes."

After a small mutually heartfelt silence, her eyes began brimming with tears, which earned a small laugh from her son as he snorted, "Again?"

"*Ugh*," She brought her knuckle to the corner of her eye as she looked up at the sky, keeping the tears locked in, "Can you blame me? You've..." She sniffled and dropped her hand, interlacing their fingers, "You've bought a house thanks to your own success, you've found love—the *real* kind—and you're not only telling me you're happy, but I can also see it in you."

Dream shut his eyes, a small tear forming at the corner of his eye, "Mom—"

"Did I make you cry—Christ, I'm sorry."

"You're the worst," Dream gently pulled into her hug before softly mumbling an honest, "I love you."

-

When Sapnap and Dream's sister began a back and forth, George's attention had left the conversation. He looked over his shoulder and noticed the way Dream and his mother held tightly onto each other. He could only see a fraction of Dream's face, but he was so clearly wearing a smile, it eased George's mind.

Dinner was filled with chatter, non-stop back and forths between certain pairs--Sapnap and George's banter had chased out most of Dream's mother's laughs--she didn't fail to point out that they did in fact act like siblings.

"He's the brother I never wanted, honestly." Sapnap had said.

The way Dream had kept his arm slung over George's seat had the brunet momentarily alarmed because he wasn't made aware, until later, that Dream's mother was notified of his and Dream's conventional status.

He eased into it, though. It had gotten to the point where George had even begun unknowingly leaning into his side, the heat between their bodies increasing with proximity.

When it came time to clear the table and wash the dishes; Sapnap and Dream's sister were quick to run away from the possibility of being asked to help.

George was in agreement when Dream denied his mother's offer to help with the dishes to which Dream's mother replied, *"You boys are absolute angels,"* before she retrieved to the couch, something on TV having occupied her attention.

Dream and George returned to the kitchen, their hands encumbered with the dirty dishes before they filed them into the sink.

George punched his side the moment Dream looked at him.

"Ow! What the *fuck*, George?" Dream lightly shoved him back.

"What was that shit you pulled at dinner?" George asked; he wasn't really angry, but he feigned the edge in his tone.

"*What?*" Dream asked, annoyance clear in his mood as he rubbed his side.

"You put your arm around me, *dickhead*." George shot back.

"Wha—" Dream's hand ceased against his clothed side before his jaw went slack, *"That's what you're being annoying for right now?"*

"Annoying," George repeated with an eye roll.

"I told her, George," Dream quietly said.

George blinked, "What?"

"That...we're together."

"Oh," George blinked down at the ground, "Well..." He veered his eyes up to meet his, "What did she say?"

Dream looked over his head, bringing his hand up to fix a loose strand that stuck out on George's head before looking down at him, "She cried."

George puffed out a curt laugh, "Fuck. Happy tears, I hope."

"Yeah," Dream laughed, "No, actually, they were sad tears—she's definitely gonna cry herself to sleep tonight thinking about how her son fell for this absolute idiot," That earned him another punch from George, "You need to *stop* doing that."

George cocked his head to the side with a smirk, taking a challenging step, "Or what?"

Dream's glower moulded itself into a similar smirk, "What's that?" He brought his hand up to the brunet's neck, gently wrapping his fingers around his throat, "Are you challenging me?"

George slowly drew in his bottom lip, his eyes fluttering from Dream's own as they danced on his lip.

Before he could utter an answer, footsteps were heard at the kitchen entrance and they quickly pulled away from each other.

Dream's hands dug into the counter as he laid the lower half of his back against it, George leaned his hip into the edge of the sink.

Dream's sister stood underneath the archway, eyes teetering between the both of them as they stared back at her in slight fear.

The three of them stood in awkward silence as it clearly pained them to hold each other's gaze.

She broke the silence, "I just wanted mom's pie...to be honest."

Dream nodded his head to the platter that supported the mentioned pie wrapped in cling form, "Yeah, go ahead."

"Oh, wow, I can go ahead? Thank you *so* much." She said with a smile that quickly downturned into an ingenuine glower.

Dream smiled as he shook his head at her, "Why are you like this?"

She progressed into the kitchen, not before lingering her judging gaze a little longer,.

Dream looked over at George, who immediately looked away from him because he was on the verge of bursting out laughing from how fucking awkward this situation was.

And it was just like George to want to laugh in positions that people normally wouldn't.

Dream's sister opened the drawers, a few, at that, as the place was new to her and she didn't know where things were, which wore Dream's patience.

"The far left one, dummy." Dream huffed.

"*Yeah*," She said through slightly gritted teeth, "Was wondering how long you were gonna hold onto that information."

Dream snorted, "You're so sassy today."

"And you're annoying," She sent him an insincere bright smile, "Every day."

"She's not wrong," George chimed in.

"Thank you, GeorgeNotFound."

George's body jerked with a chuckle he failed to suppress.

Before she could exit the room and put Dream out of his misery, she turned around on her heel, bringing the fork to her bottom lip where she tapped it before blatantly asking, "Are you guys dating?"

"*What?*" Dream exclaimed.

George, for the life of him, could not have held back a laugh if he wanted to; so he turned around, his back to Dream's sister as he hung his head, shoulders shaking with his muted laugh.

"I'm just saying, it looks like—"

"Don't you have games on your phone to play or something—"

"Are you calling me an iPad kid?"

Dream inhaled through his nose as he kept a firm glare on her, "*Dude.*"

"Fine, don't tell me," The sound of her fork scraping against the saucer plate filled in the brief silence, "I'll get it out of mom."

"No, you won't—"

She took in a deep breath before shouting, "Mom!"

Dream left George's side as he stalked towards her, earning a shrill scream from her as she audibly ran out of the kitchen.

George turned around, face flushed from having had a moment to himself, but eyes wide as he watched Dream chase after his sister.

"What is it, hon—*hey!* Woah!" Dream's mother's voice sounded through the wall as she stumbled backwards into the kitchen, having bumped into her kids on the way in, "What the hell are you guys doing—Clay, *stop* it."

The moment she caught George's eyes, she let out an infirm whistle, "You'd think they would have outgrown this by now, but," She waved her hand behind her, motioning to her kids, who had already fled the area they occupied.

George chuckled as he awkwardly moved the dish soap to the counter before moving it back to its original spot; *he was so fucking nervous right now, he was sure to have felt immediate cold sweats.*

"Thanks again, sweetheart, for the dishes." She joined his side, leaning her hip into the island as she faced George.

George leaned his back against the sink and pocketed his hands, "It's nothing, honestly. Dinner was great, by the way," He quickly added.

He felt as if he always would be a little anxious around Dream's mother, no matter how comfortable she made him feel.

But it was more so because he knew that she knew that he and Dream were together.

"You think so?" She crossed her arms over her chest, sending him a warm smile.

George nodded, "The chicken pot pie soup might still be my favourite, though."

She chuckled warmly, "Ah, yes. That's my specialty." She cleared her throat, "Do you cook, George?"

George's bottom lip tugged itself to the side as he grimaced lightly, "Not really." He added with a small giggle.

"Maybe I'll teach Clay, then." She glanced over at the doorway before looking back at him, "That way whenever you have a craving for it, he can make it for you."

George briefly rolled his eyes back, "I would love that, actually."

She smiled softly at him before her eyes flickered down to the ground, George drew in a quiet breath as he fiddled with the loose fluff from the cotton of his sweats that trickled off in the pockets.

It was clear she wanted to say something but didn't know how to initiate it.

George almost wanted to help, but he wasn't even sure if he could bring himself to speak on the topic that was pestering the tip of their tongues.

"George," She broke the silence, her eyes lifting off the ground as she directed them to his, "I wanted to thank you."

George wasn't sure if the way he braced himself was visibly noticeable, but he nodded nonetheless, encouraging her to continue.

"Clay told me about the two of you." She started and George wasn't sure what he was feeling at the moment; he felt as though he wanted to remain in the limbo of welcoming the surmount of emotions that rose within him and the lack of reaction that he projected upon her words, "He's also told me that you guys went through some stuff before the two of you figured it out."

George could only nod; though his mind was screaming at him with a rivulet of thoughts, he was numb to his core.

Not numb in the sense that he was drained or empty, but rather because he was feeling so much that he couldn't feel anything at all.

Except for the slight happiness that came from the tone Dream's mother used.

The more she spoke, the more George was put at ease with the fact that she wasn't starting this conversation to discourage the idea of him and Dream being together.

She continued, treading lightly, "He didn't tell me anything that he didn't feel entitled to. He knows it's not his place." She reassured, though she didn't need to, George knew that much already, "But some things, I kind of figured out on my own." She settled her eyes onto him, George's own oscillated across her features, "And with that, I just wanted to thank you because... even if you find it terrifying, you continue to choose him, to...to love him."

George chewed on his bottom lip as he kept a jittery stare on her: *fuck sake, why was he so shit at this?*

Her lips curled into a genuine smile, "I also wanted to thank you for another thing." She uncrossed her arms as she took a small step towards him, George's shoulders relaxed with his inaudible exhale, "He seems a lot happier than he did the last time I saw him," Her smile broke out into a grin, "And I have a feeling you had a little something to do with that."

George's features instantly loosened as he simpered, "It's a..." He swallowed, blinking his eyes a few times as he felt a prickling feeling at the corner of them, "It's a team effort."

"Oh, that I'm sure of." Dream's mother reached over for his arm, giving it a small squeeze before smiling with her eyes, "Thank you, George."

George was so bad with this; he knew he looked like a complete idiot, at a loss for words as he struggled to explain that she didn't need to thank him.

That from his perspective, Dream was helping him a lot more, not the other way around.

It was a team effort, he meant that. George was just always going to feel as though he shouldn't be shown gratitude for how he loved Dream.

George, still enraptured by her words, his eyes spaced out on the island which she previously leaned against, could only voice out, "It's..." *It's my honest pleasure, to make him happy*, "You're...yeah. It's honestly no problem." He rushed, stumbled over his words, and absolutely cringed within himself when his gratitude hadn't been properly expressed.

"Alright, well," She chuckled as she bowed her head lightly, "I think we're going to be heading out soon."

And as George momentarily shut his eyes, cursing himself for being so fucking trash at stringing words together to express his honest thoughts, Dream's mother spoke up again, "One more thing, sweetheart," She giggled and George finally mustered the courage to look at her, "Welcome to the family."

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"It's honestly *no problem*?" George practically threw his hoodie at Dream's swivel chair causing it to spin in a half-circle, "What the *fuck* is wrong with me—"

Dream tried to chime in from where he sat at the edge of the bed, "George—"

"This lovely woman is thanking me for things she shouldn't even be thanking me for," He pulled his shirt over his head, the cold hitting his bare skin had him unfazed as the fabric joined his ditched hoodie on the chair, "And I say, *oh yeah, no problem—*"

"I'm sure she didn't—"

"*No problem*, like some shit you say when someone thanks you for having passed them the salt over the dinner table."

Dream whispered to himself as he chuckled lightly, "*What?*"

"Like, yeah, here's the salt, it's *no problem—*"

"*George.*" Dream raised his voice, finally cutting George off indefinitely as the brunet came at a stop in his tracks, "You're giving me fucking whiplash."

George steadied his eyes on him, chest rising and falling from his mental downfall that prompted his discourse.

"You're. Pacing. And you're driving yourself insane," Dream said before breaking into a light laugh when George pouted, rolling his head back as he let out a loud groan, "For nothing."

"She welcomed me to the *family*, Dream." George said exasperatedly; barely taking notice of Dream when he walked over to him, arms tended, "And I just didn't say anything because I'm an idiot—"

"Shh—shut up." Dream giggled softly as he pulled him into his hold.

George whined, burying his face into his chest, nearly shuddering at the warmth that enveloped him; the fact that he was shirtless had just now dawned on him as he began coming down from his distress.

"You're worried about nothing." Dream coaxed, his arms tightening around George's frame as the brunet snuck his arms in between them so he could lightly clutch the fabric of the blonde's hoodie, "I doubt she even questioned it. And if she did, that's on her. I told her not to freak you out by being too sappy and emotional."

George huffed, his breath fanning onto the fabric of Dream's hoodie.

George had his ear pressed up against his chest and the steady rhythm of Dream's heartbeat was almost lulling him out of his misery.

"You okay?" Dream began pulling away, but George only moved his arms so they were now wrapped tightly around Dream's torso, keeping him fixed in his spot which earned a low laugh from the blonde.

"Yeah, today was just..." George trailed off, his cheek stroked the softness of Dream's hoodie when he tilted his head up slightly, the tip of his nose brushing against the crook of Dream's neck.

"A lot." Dream softly said.

George hummed in response before he moved his head away slightly, his chin brushed against the neckline of Dream's hoodie as he looked up into the blonde's eyes.

"You know," Dream's eyes zeroed in on his, a smile immediately growing on his lips as he brought a hand to the brunet's hair, tucking a loose strand behind his ear, "She's never said that to anyone else I've dated." He rested his hand in the crook of George's neck, "It might be because we've been best friends for five years, but," He brushed the pad his thumb against George's jawline, "I think it makes a difference that she said it only after finding out about us. You know, when she could have said that when you two first met."

George quirked an eyebrow as the realization settled in, "I didn't even really think about it that way."

"It doesn't matter what you said, or didn't say, tonight, George." Dream's tone swirled into a murmur, solely audible to George, "She loves you."

And that said a lot. How Dream's mother hadn't said that to Dream's past girlfriends. Ones he dated for a *lot* longer than he had George.

And being welcomed to the family was something that George didn't think could affect him as

much as it had.

Maybe because he never had that sort of love and attention from the people that were meant to supply him with that.

Maybe because he wasn't accustomed to it growing up and now the sudden realization that he was eligible to receive that type of love was shocking.

And maybe it was because George had always wanted to be part of something; something that held so much love and care.

Because it did feel like he was being welcomed to the family; one that consisted of good, genuine and honest people.

People that were going to continue to help him accept all the pretty things life had to offer, all things love—no matter what form or relation in which that embodied—George was going to receive it.

He wasn't sure when it happened, but tears had begun welling up in his eyes, causing him to look away the moment they surfaced.

Dream immediately cradled his face, keeping him fixed so George had no choice but to look up at him, but the brunet instantly shut his eyes, "Hey, hey," He brushed the pad of his thumbs across his cheekbones, which were defined because there was a huge smile plastered on his face, edging the happy tears in his eyes, "What's up?"

"I'm..." George inhaled deeply before blinking his eyes open.

And he was met with *his*.

And holy fuck, was he so madly in love with him.

Every time he looked into his eyes, George felt an infinite amount of emotions puncturing his soul, all resulting in one ultimate sentiment; *love*.

"I'm scared, Dream," George said through a smile, his vision beginning to blur.

Dream's parted lips turned upwards slightly, "Me too." He breathed out into a whisper.

George wrapped his fingers around Dream's forearms as he leaned his head into the blonde's hands, "But I sort of love it."

Dream broke into a grin, "I kinda love it too. A lot."

And as George continued looking into his eyes through a cloudy gaze, his soul emitting a heart-melting scream, he thought: *I love you*.

And his smile only widened with Dream's as he allowed a single tear to roll down his cheek, *I love you*.

"What?" George asked when he noticed Dream's smile, one that reached his eyes.

"I love you too." Dream said, causing a jumpstart in George's heart as he stared slightly taken aback.

Because he hadn't said it, but Dream had somehow heard it.

And at that moment, George was positive no one on this earth could make him feel as loved and as wanted as Dream did.

And when Dream knocked his forehead against his, George was certain that he couldn't love anyone as much as he loved Dream.

And when Dream brushed the tips of their noses, George heard that soft laugh that hugged the butterflies in his stomach.

And when Dream leaned in to press a soft kiss onto his lips, George's soul had entirely surrendered to the familiar feeling.

And they were simultaneously plummeting into a pool of adoration, hand in hand.

And he was scared, but he didn't pull away, didn't shut him out, because even if he *was* scared, he had never felt so safe in his hold.

And because at that moment, George was undeniably and helplessly in love with his best friend. And his best friend was in love with him.

And not a single thing could stop them from shamelessly expressing that; no marionettes, no past relationships, no facades, no hesitations.

And through years and years of mental torture, George could finally hear the imperceptible chains around his mind and heart coming undone, opening his soul to something only Dream could offer him; *love*.

Chapter End Notes

....omg hey.

pfffttt. okay. throwback to when i said i was gonna update a couple days later, but then re-read it before putting it out and was like ?? absolutely not. so i actually re-wrote the whole thing and this is what we've got (:

OMG IT'S OVER WTFFF bro. if i ever said i was falling out of love with this fic, no i didn't.

i am going to miss this, writing them and whatever.

for everyone that interacted with this story, u were the sole reason i kept this shit going, im NGL. or like, the sole reason i actually put a lot more effort into the writing (u can see the shift from the first couple of chapters to now). i appreciate you all endlessly, even the readers that are in their Callahan arc. thank u for silently appreciating.

I'm most definitely NOT done writing DNF. i have gone too far down this meyt hole, way past salvation at this point.

anyway, yeah. idk really know what else to say??? i APPRECIATE YOU GUYS ENDLESSLYYYYY. thankyouthankyouthankyou (:

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